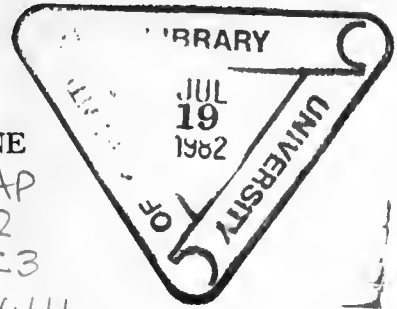


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CONTENTS.

After Seven Centuries.— <i>E. F. Mac Kenzie</i> ,	364	Jugo-Slavia, Church Conditions in.— <i>Elizabeth Christitch</i> ,	351
"Apologia Pro Vila Sua," Frederick J. Kinsman's.— <i>Henry A. Lappin</i> ,	145	Last Stronghold of Boyhood, The.— <i>S. H. N.</i> ,	42
Armenian Tragedy, The.— <i>Walter George Smith</i> ,	485	"Les Jonchées."— <i>Henriette Eugénie Delamare</i> ,	358
Aspen Tree, The Quaking.— <i>Harriette Wilbur</i> ,	627	Literature, Imagination and Emotion in.— <i>F. P. Donnelly, S.J.</i> ,	223
Atonement in St. Paul, The.— <i>L. E. Bellanti, S.J.</i> ,	20	Literature, The Revelation of an Artist in.— <i>Maurice Francis Egan</i> ,	289
Blessed Oliver Plunket.— <i>A. I. du P. Coleman</i> ,	307	Lithuania, Reconstruction in.— <i>Thomas Walsh</i> ,	175
Benedictine Life, The.— <i>W. E. Campbell</i> ,	200	Lyric-Politeo, The.— <i>Margaret B. Downing</i> ,	604
Boyhood, The Last Stronghold of.— <i>S. H. N.</i> ,	42	More, Sir Thomas, Saint and Humorist.— <i>James J. Daly, S.J.</i> ,	463
British Imperialism and Poison Gas.— <i>P. G. Smyth</i> ,	503	Morlalx, When Mary and I Went to.— <i>Tod B. Galloway</i> ,	494
By a Western Shore.— <i>J. F. Scofield</i> ,	659	National Religion of Japan, The.— <i>Joseph Frerl, D.D.</i> ,	65, 212
Caliphs, The City of Too Many.— <i>Edward Francis Mohler, Litt.B.</i> ,	756	"N. C. W. C."—The Church in Action.— <i>Benedict Elder</i> ,	721
Catholic Church and Science, The.— <i>Francis Aveling, S.T.D.</i> ,	330	Nietzsche, Tolstoy, and the Sermon on the Mount.— <i>Lewis Watt, S.J.</i> ,	577
Catholic Literature as a World-Force.— <i>George N. Shuster</i> ,	454	Noble Ursuline, A.— <i>Dudley G. Wooten</i> ,	588
Catholic Societies, Federation of.— <i>Frederic Siedenburgh, S.J.</i> ,	433	On the Abolition of Critics.— <i>Johu Bunker</i> ,	790
Children of Shakespeare's Dramas, The.— <i>R. J. Gradwohl</i> ,	77	On the Road to Domrémy.— <i>James Louis Small</i> ,	190
Church Conditions in Jugo-Slavia.— <i>Elizabeth Christitch</i> ,	351	Passing of W. D. Howells, The.— <i>Henry A. Lappin</i> ,	445
City of Too Many Caliphs, The.— <i>Edward Francis Mohler, Litt.B.</i> ,	756	Poetry of Father Garesché, The.— <i>Katherine Brégy</i> ,	32
Co-partnership in Industry.— <i>Anthony J. Beck</i> ,	51	Pearl of Paray, The.— <i>L. Wheaton</i> ,	738
Domrémy, On the Road to.— <i>James Louis Small</i> ,	190	Poison Gas, British Imperialism and.— <i>P. G. Smyth</i> ,	503
Drama With an Ideal.— <i>May Bate-man</i> ,	318	Quaking Aspen Tree, The.— <i>Harriette Wilbur</i> ,	627
Dramatic Successes of the Season.— <i>Euphemia van Rensselaer Wyatt</i> ,	471	Ralph Hodgson.— <i>Theodore Maynard</i> ,	730
Early Jesuit Missions in Canada, The.— <i>G. Alexander Phare</i> ,	343	Recent Events, 127, 267, 414, 560, 703, Reconstruction in Lithuania.— <i>Thomas Walsh</i> ,	841, 175
Episcopal Church, "Salve Mater" and the.— <i>C. G. MacGill</i> ,	762	Revelation of an Artist in Literature, The.— <i>Maurice Francis Egan</i> ,	289
Father Garesché, The Poetry of.— <i>Katherine Brégy</i> ,	32	St. Paul, The Atonement in.— <i>L. E. Bellanti, S.J.</i> ,	20
France, Soldiers of.— <i>George N. Shuster</i> ,	10	Saints or Spirits?— <i>Agnes Repplier</i> ,	1
François Coppée Once More.— <i>Joseph J. Reilly, Ph.D.</i> ,	614	"Salve Mater" and the Episcopal Church.— <i>C. G. MacGill</i> ,	762
Federation of Catholic Societies.— <i>Frederic Siedenburgh, S.J.</i> ,	433	Science, The Catholic Church and.— <i>Francis Aveling, S.T.D.</i> ,	330
Frederick J. Kinsman's "Apologia Pro Vila Sua."— <i>Henry A. Lappin</i> ,	145	Sermon on the Mount, Nietzsche, Tolstoy, and the.— <i>Lewis Watt, S.J.</i> ,	577
Hands Across St. George's Channel.— <i>John Barnes</i> ,	649	Shakespeare's Dramas, The Children of.— <i>R. J. Gradwohl</i> ,	77
Hodgson, Ralph.— <i>Theodore Maynard</i> ,	730	Sir Thomas More, Saint and Humorist.— <i>James J. Daly, S.J.</i> ,	463
Howells, The Passing of W. D.— <i>Henry A. Lappin</i> ,	445	Social Aspects of Rights and Obligations.— <i>William J. Kerby, Ph.D.</i> ,	179
Imagination and Emotion in Literature.— <i>F. P. Donnelly, S.J.</i> ,	223	Soldiers of France.— <i>George N. Shuster</i> ,	10
Is Mars Inhabited?— <i>Othmar Solnitzky, M.A.</i> ,	301	The Church in Action—"N. C. W. C."— <i>Benedict Elder</i> ,	721
Japan, The National Religion of.— <i>Joseph Frerl, D.D.</i> ,	65, 212	The Pearl of Paray.— <i>L. Wheaton</i> ,	738
Jesuit Missions in Canada, The Early.— <i>G. Alexander Phare</i> ,	343	Tolstoy, Nietzsche, and the Sermon on the Mount.— <i>Lewis Watt, S.J.</i> ,	577
John Ayscough, Novelist.— <i>Leo W. Keller, S.J.</i> ,	164	Ursuline, A Noble.— <i>Dudley G. Wooten</i> ,	588
		When Mary and I Went to Morlalx.— <i>Tod B. Galloway</i> ,	494

STORIES.

A Magician of Globes.— <i>Lestic Moore</i> , . . .	631	The Loyalist.— <i>James Francis Barrett</i> , . . .	86, 229, 371, 512, 665, 797
The Baptism.— <i>L. MacManus</i> , . . .	780		

POEMS.

Chastity.— <i>Francis Carlin</i> , . . .	493	The Holy House.— <i>Elizabeth Barnett Esler</i> , . . .	778
Dawn.— <i>Alice Cashel</i> , . . .	41	The Rainbow.— <i>J. Corson Miller</i> , . . .	502
For Your Birthday.— <i>S. M. M.</i> , . . .	357	The Road to Bethany.— <i>Captain Harry Lee</i> , . . .	64
Jerusalem.— <i>Katharine Tynan</i> , . . .	31	The Silver Maple.— <i>Charles Phillips</i> , . . .	787
Jesus.— <i>Edward Roberts Moore</i> , . . .	199	The Source.— <i>Captain Harry Lee</i> , . . .	664
St. Francis of Assisi.— <i>Jane C. Crowell</i> , . . .	796	The Visitor.— <i>Caroline Giltinan</i> , . . .	613
The Assumption.— <i>Eleanor Rogers Cox</i> , . . .	603	The World.— <i>J. Corson Miller</i> , . . .	317
The Beggar-Knight.— <i>James J. Daly, S.J.</i> , . . .	174	Upon Discovering a Rose in a Book of Poems.— <i>Charles J. Quirk, S.J.</i>	470
		Were You to be Out.— <i>Francis Carlin</i> , . . .	329

WITH OUR READERS.

Aims and Purposes of the Catholic Welfare Council, . . .	279	English Propaganda, . . .	430
American Contribution to Propagation of the Faith, . . .	862	Francis Thompson on Blessed Thomas More, . . .	575
Appeal for Austria, . . .	718	General Green Not an Irishman, . . .	143
Bolshevism, . . .	856	Gothic Art and Belief, . . .	863
"Christianity and Industry," by Albion W. Small, . . .	715	Hospital Progress, . . .	574
Dr. Shanahan's "St. Matthew and the Parousia," . . .	286	Increased Cost of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, . . .	850
Catholic Federation of Arts, . . .	718	Inter-Church World Movement, . . .	715
Catholic Journalism, . . .	712	Irish Force Bill, . . .	860
Dangers to Catholic Education, . . .	570	Public Health and Public Morals, . . .	426
Dangers of Federalization, . . .	851	Revue d'Ascetique et de Mystique, . . .	575
Dr. Small's "Purely Secular Ethic," . . .	140	Spiritism, . . .	142
		Survey of Catholic Charities, . . .	138
		The Gregorian Congress, . . .	425

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Commentary on the New Code of Canon Law, . . .	540	Debs: His Authorized Life and Letters, . . .	836
A Cry Out of the Dark, . . .	261	Dust of New York, . . .	107
A Dictionary of Canon Law, . . .	256	East by West, . . .	554
A General History of the Christian Era, . . .	692	Europe, . . .	123
A History of France, . . .	256	Exposition of Christian Doctrine, . . .	405
A History of the Great War, . . .	694	Famous Generals of the Great War, . . .	699
A History of the Venerable English College, Rome, . . .	683	Father Ladden, Curate, . . .	701
A Short Grammar of Attic Greek, . . .	835	Father Tom, . . .	833
A Short History of Rome, . . .	257	Foreign Publications, . . .	265, 556, 839
A Singer in Palestine, . . .	122	From Dust to Glory, . . .	835
Alsace in Rust and Gold, . . .	688	Good Cheer, . . .	264
Altruism: Its Nature and Varieties, . . .	262	Growth of Religious and Moral Ideas in Egypt, . . .	545
American Marriage Laws, . . .	123	Happy House, . . .	407
And You Shall Find Rest for Your Souls, . . .	701	Health Through Will Power, . . .	109
An Introductory Course in Experimental Psychology, . . .	684	Hey Rub-a-Dub-Dub, . . .	260
Applied Mathematics, . . .	701	High Benton, . . .	409
Arthur Hugh Clough, . . .	831	Historical Records and Studies, . . .	837
Back to the Republic, . . .	408	History of England Series, . . .	837
Black Sheep Chapel, . . .	112	Holy Hour Manual, . . .	123
Bolshevism and the United States, . . .	259	Home—Then What? . . .	831
Cardinal Mercier's Own Story, . . .	360	Household Physics, . . .	696
Catholic Beginnings in Kansas City, Missouri, . . .	685	How to Speak French Like the French, . . .	556
Credo, . . .	406	in An Indian Abbey, . . .	829
Celebrated Spies and Famous Mysteries of the Great War, . . .	406	Ireland in Fiction, . . .	837
Coggin, . . .	698	Irish Impressions, . . .	540
Collected Poems, 1881-1919, . . .	700	Jacopone da Todi, . . .	819
Creation vs. Evolution, . . .	555	Jeremy, . . .	111
Current Social and Industrial Forces, . . .	681	John Brown, . . .	113
Daisy Ashford: Her Book, . . .	836	Judith, . . .	116
		Just Happy, . . .	696
		Keep God in American History, . . .	119
		Leaves on the Wind, . . .	838
		Liberalism in America, . . .	254

Life of the Blessed Virgin in Pictures,	556	The Chronicles of America,	396, 546
Life of the Ven. Anne Madeleine Remuzat,	833	The Church and Socialism,	392
Little Mother America,	555	The Cockpit of Santiago Key,	412
"Marse Henry,"	250	The Cossacks, Their History and Country,	542
Memories of Buffalo Bill,	544	The Credentials of Christianity,	820
Memory Sketches,	697	The Doughboy's Religion,	540
Mercier, the Fighting Cardinal,	687	The Drift of Pinions,	257
Messim's Messages from the Life Beyond,	552	The English Catholics in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth,	534
Mince Pie,	262	The Ethics of Medical Homicide and Mutation,	690
Months and Days,	124	The Fifth Station,	121
Morning Knowledge,	691	The Foundation of True Morality,	824
Moses and the Monuments,	691	The Future Life in the Light of Modern Inquiry,	121
Mount Music,	409	The Great Modern English Stories,	115
Mystics All,	263	The History of the Yankee Division,	107
Nothing and Other Things,	541	The Homestead,	411
On the Trail of the Pioneers,	697	The House of Love,	838
Open Gates to Russia,	536	The Interehurch and the Catholic Idea,	827
Our Saviour's Own Words,	556	The Judgment of Peace,	108
Outdoors and In,	838	The Letters of St. Teresa,	249
Outland,	407	The Loom of Youth,	693
Pages of Peace from Dartmoor,	830	The Love of Brothers,	542
Pamphlet Publications,	125, 412, 701	The Maid of Orleans,	254
Pax,	695	The Memorial Volumes for Sir William Osler,	826
Peeps at People,	116	The Modern Book of French Verse,	834
Penal Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law,	538	The Modern World,	538
Pierre and Joseph,	688	The Moral Basis of Democracy,	408
Poems, 1908-1919,	110	The Mountainy Singer,	541
Poetry and Dreams,	117	The New Black Magic,	252
Preaching,	255	The New Warning,	828
Primitive Society,	684	The Philosophy of Conflict,	123
Redemption and Other Plays,	411	The Policeman and the Public,	118
Religion and Culture,	393	The Power of God and Other One-Act Plays,	698
Religions and Moral Ideas in Babylonian and Assyria,	545	The Priesthood of Christ,	263
Robin Linnet,	539	The Priest's Vade Mecum,	124
Ronald o' the Moors,	408	The Principles of Music,	836
Schools of Tomorrow,	105	The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems,	261
Science and Morals, and Other Essays,	253	The Release of the Soul,	832
Short History of Harmony,	111	The Science of Eating,	110
Siberia Today,	682	The Science of Labor,	830
Simonetta,	412	The Settling Price,	699
Some Contributions to American Life and History,	264	The Skilled Laborer,	404
Stories of Great Heroes,	264	The Social Evolution of Religion,	258
Stray Leaves,	124	The Soothsayer,	123
St. Bernard's Sermons on the Canticle of Canticles,	689	The Sorrows of Noma,	544
St. Luke: The Man and His Work,	686	The Soul of the "C. B. B.,"	113
Sunrise from the Hill-Top,	120	The State and the Nation,	106
Swinburne as I Knew Him,	831	The Story of Jack,	838
Sylvia and Michael,	835	The Story of Modern Progress,	824
Talks to Nurses,	831	The Story of Our National Ballads,	834
Talks to Parents,	120	The Swing of the Pendulum,	700
Tête-d'Or,	395	The Tragedy of Labor,	108
The American Army in the European Conflict,	822	The Truth of Spiritualism,	552
The American Catholic,	697	The Virtues of a Religious Superior,	405
The Armour of God,	124	The Worldlings,	555
The Best Ghost Stories,	412	Theologia Moralis,	823
The Best Psychic Stories,	838	Three Poems of the War,	395
The Betrayers,	118	To Margaret Mary in Heaven,	263
The Book of a Nationalist,	121	Up the Seine to the Battlefields,	694
The Book of Genesis,	552	Voltaire in His Letters,	114
The Book of the Damned,	410	Westminster Cathedral and Its Architect,	821
The Born Fool,	119	When the World Shook,	117
The Brazen Serpent,	695	With Other Eyes,	829
The Business Career of Peter Flint,	120	Women of Ninety-Eight,	686
The Catechism of Religious Profession,	263	Worth,	825
The Cechs (Bohemians) in America,	104	Wounded Words,	554
		Your Own Heart,	837

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SAINTS OR SPIRITS?

BY AGNES REPPLIER.



THE great wave of Spiritism which is threatening the sanity of the world is based on a common, though by no means universal, desire to enter into some form of communion with the dead, to receive assurance of their survival, of their welfare, of the conservation of their human affections. There are men who do not feel this desire. There are men who love the light and who have no fear of the darkness; but to whom all borderlands are inexpressively repellant. David wept in the dust while his child lay dying, but bathed and dined when his child lay dead. The veil had fallen between them. "I shall go to him; but he shall not return to me." It is a clear-cut issue. Yet David's love for his sons was so strong that it dimmed his wisdom, and undermined his justice. It is in the mouth of Ulysses, whose affections were—to say the least—under admirable control, that Tennyson puts a sentiment so familiar to himself, a longing for the sight and sound of the dead:

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles whom we knew.

What provision has the Catholic Church made to rest the

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hearts which have suffered the pang of separation, what is the bridge she has built between the worlds of the living and the dead? The doctrine of the Communion of Saints, which in the Protestant churches of Christendom includes only the faithful on earth, who "being united to one another in love have communion in each other's gifts and graces" (Westminster Confession), embraces according to Catholic theology the faithful in purgatory and in heaven. The Church militant, suffering and triumphant, is united in a spiritual solidarity, and the links which bind all of her members together are invocation, intercession and veneration. When a Catholic dies, his friends follow him in spirit, praying for the repose of his soul. The fervor and insistence of these prayers prove the longing that lies in many hearts to reach the beloved dead. The sense of nearness, the devout belief that from the treasury of grace help may be drawn for the departed whose period of spiritual activity is over, fortifies the mourner by giving him a task to perform. Serenity is restored with the blessedness of service.

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* for March, 1919, asserts that Spiritism will in time be able to link "ordinary humanity with the Divine Hierarchy," and that it will do this by means of certain elect souls, "advanced leaders of our race, Masters of Wisdom and Knowledge." This has a familiar sound. What are the saints but advanced leaders, wise with the wisdom of incorruption? And what is their mission but to link "ordinary humanity" with God? It is hard for any one outside the pale of Catholicism to appreciate the sweetness and vitality which the Church triumphant infuses into the Church militant. Sixteen hundred years ago a child of thirteen was beheaded in Rome. Today, Catholic women bearing her name receive letters and flowers and gifts on the twenty-first of January, because that is the feast day of this little Roman saint. It is a long chain and a strong chain which binds us to our dead.

In all this there is an absence of curiosity, of restless and morbid prying into the supernatural. I do not say that such curiosity is unknown to the devout. How often in pious reading have we come across the phrase: "It was revealed to the blessed Saint ——;" and then followed particulars more or less edifying which we were at liberty to receive as we liked.

The Church has always maintained a discreet silence concerning these revelations. "What is called superstition is but suggestion in its unacknowledged and unconsolidated form;" says an acute English writer, endeavoring to straighten out the devious paths of psychical research.

There are upholders of Spiritism who claim that it will renew the faith of the world. Listening to the eloquent pleadings of Sir Oliver Lodge, one would imagine that there was no such thing as belief in the immortality of the soul, and that he was bringing this consoling doctrine to a race which had either never heard of it, or had forgotten all about it. Professor Hyslop admits the existence of faith, but proposes to render it superfluous by offering direct evidence of survival. He will replace the Communion of Saints with the communion of spirits, and the invocations of the Church with mediums and controls. Because these mediums are sometimes frauds, and the controls often give indications of feeble-mindedness (as in the case of Raymond Lodge's *Feda*), we are disposed to underrate the fast-growing influence of Spiritism upon a disturbed and sorrowful world.

In this we are at fault. Mr. Cyril E. Hudson, who has made a careful study of conditions in England (a land friendly to ghosts), says plainly that Spiritism is a rival to Christianity. Its advocates are wont to speak of it picturesquely as a "hand-maid" of religion, inasmuch as it fortifies belief in the unseen. "But, as a matter of experience, it is found that a man who becomes a Spiritualist ceases almost invariably to be a Christian in any traditional sense of the word. Not for nothing has the Christian Church throughout her history discouraged the practice of necromancy, the morbid concern with the dead which must interfere with the proper discharge of our duties in that plane of existence in which God has placed us."

Mr. Hudson also calls our attention to one phase of the subject which is often ignored, but which is of the utmost importance. In Sir William Barrett's *On the Threshold*, we find references to "mischievous and deceptive communications," as well as to the profane and obscene matter which occasionally intrudes itself into automatic writing. "Some who have taken the trouble to inquire," says Barrett, "have come to believe that Spiritism reveals the existence of a mysterious power which may be of a more or less malignant

character. Granting the existence of a spirit world, it is necessary to be on our guard against the invasion of our will by a lower order of intelligence and morality."

This is a great deal for an ardent Spiritist to acknowledge. No such word of warning comes from Sir Oliver Lodge's lips; yet it represents the darker side of this strange substitute for Christian faith. Without venturing to speculate too luridly on the nature of supernatural visitants, it is folly to assume that—if such visitants exist—they are necessarily benignant, or that evil spirits will not cross the threshold when the door is opened. And we cannot protest too strongly against the subjection of the medium to influences of which she and her clients are necessarily ignorant. If she is what she claims to be, she voluntarily surrenders the control of faculties of which she is the proper and the sole guardian, which have been given her for her own direction, and which it is the instinct of every sane man and woman to protect from assault.

If it be the mitigation of grief which Spiritists seek in their efforts to communicate with the dead, they are easily comforted. Sir Oliver Lodge has assured us that the messages sent by soldiers killed in battle have proved consolatory to their families and friends. But beyond vague assurances of happiness, and occasional references to "carrying on," the soldier spirits, like all other spirits, cling tenaciously, and with what has been termed "maniacal energy," to the least significant recollections of their mortal lives. The wider outlook has been lost, the larger purposes forgotten; but a pocket knife mislaid in boyhood, or a slang phrase, common to thousands of other young men, lingers in their memories, and becomes the pivot of their laborious communications. The parent of a lad killed in action went, at Sir Oliver's suggestion, to a medium who spelled out the word U-L-L-O-E-R-B. It seemed meaningless to the mother; but the father deciphered it as "Ullo 'Erb!" familiar syllables heard often from his son's lips, and he was perfectly satisfied with the identification.

The painful lack of intelligence manifested by spirits, the puerility of their messages, and the apparent narrowness of their confines, are accounted for by the difficulty of intercourse, and by the number of middle men employed. The spirit communicates with the control, who communicates with the me-

dium, who communicates with the sitter. Naturally something is lost in this multiplicity of parts, and naturally, as Lodge feelingly observes, "a great deal of rubbish comes through." One of "Raymond's" controls was an American Indian named "Redfeather," and another a little girl, Indian or Negro, named "Feda," who must have exasperated his family to the verge of madness.

The Spiritists are logical in asserting that the nature of the communications received from the dead cannot disqualify their validity. If it be proven that the messages are genuine, our disappointment at their triviality is not a determining factor. It does, however, materially lessen the number of intelligent converts to Spiritism. Sensitive minds are repelled by the earthiness of souls who have escaped from earth; practical minds by their incompetence. "If anybody would endow me," wrote Huxley, "with the faculty of listening to the chatter of old women and curates in the nearest Cathedral town, I should decline the privilege, having better things to do. And if the folk in the spiritual world do not talk more wisely and sensibly than their friends report them to do, I put them in the same category."

Mæterlinck, that great lover of borderlands who dwells preferably in the shadows, finds the company of accredited spirits (I use the term only to designate those who are introduced to us with the usual formalities) to be inexpressibly burdensome and depressing. He is not incredulous. He can relate with enviable gravity the details of an evening call paid by a monk who had lain in the cloisters of the Abbaye de Saint-Wandrille since 1693, and who broke a sleep of two centuries that he might spin a table on one leg for the diversion of the poet's guests. The simplicity of this form of entertainment was accepted by Mæterlinck with a tolerant shrug; but his taste, his scholarship, his vivid and delicate imagination revolt from the fruitless chatter of the séance.

"Why," he asks, "do the dead jealously hug the narrow strip of territory which memory occupies on the confines of both worlds, and from which only indecisive evidence can reach us? Are there then no other outlets, no other horizons? Why do they tarry about us, stagnant in their little pasts, when, free from the flesh, they might wander at ease over the virgin stretches of space and time? Do they not know that the sign

which will prove to us that they survive is to be found not with us, but with them, on the other side of the grave? Why do they come back with empty hands and empty words? Is this what one finds when one is steeped in infinity? Of what use is it to die, if all life's trivialities continue? Is it worth while to have passed through the terrifying gorges which open on the eternal fields in order to remember that we had a great uncle named Peter, and that our Cousin Paul was afflicted with varicose veins? Rather would I choose for those I love the august and frozen solitudes of the everlasting nothing."

More painful to contemplate than mere inanity is the evidence proffered us from time to time of the survival of physical and mental infirmities. Mr. J. Arthur Hill, writing in 1917, tells us of being present at a séance where one of the spirits was a very old and feeble man. The medium described him as "tottering with age," and having "a job to stand up;" but no one seemed depressed by his plight, or by the possibilities it suggested for all of them. Dr. Hodgson described a séance at which his dead friends were chatty and communicative with the single exception of a spirit who, having established his identity, refused to say another word. His silence was pregnant with meaning to the little group of sitters, because they knew that before death he had been reduced to mental exhaustion by severe headaches, and they understood that he was exhausted still. Things are as they are, whether we like them or not; but to offer Spiritism as a spur to human hope, and a solace to human affections, seems a bit beside the mark.

"There are as great fools in the spirit world as ever there were in this," said Henry More over two hundred years ago. Were he living now, and in active communication with the dead, he would intensify his language. The one thing made clear to us is that the spirits who manifest themselves by means of mediums, ouija boards, or rapping tables, are on a lower plane of intelligence than we are. Enamoured of trivialities, unconcerned about vital things, they exhaust what little rationality they possess in the laborious process of identification.

The famous "Julia's Bureau," established in London by Mr. W. T. Stead, and named after the letter-writing ghost whose correspondence he gave the world, was for long the favorite agency through which distinguished spirits communi-

cated with their equally distinguished friends. It was said that Gladstone, Disraeli, Victor Hugo, and even Cardinal Manning, appeared at this bureau, while Dickens, a bustling and clamorous ghost, could not be kept away. On earth these brilliant and versatile minds acquired with every year fresh ideas and increased knowledge; but, stranded by death in a stagnant land, they had apparently not taken one intellectual step. After the death of Professor Lombroso (an ardent Spiritist), in October, 1909, Signor Guglielmo Emmanuel visited London and Julia's Bureau, hoping to receive from his dead colleague some evidence of survival. What was his amazement to discover that, in the two intervening months, Lombroso had, indeed, learned the English language—hitherto unknown—but had forgotten the Italian of his lifetime.

Professor Hyslop unhesitatingly asserts that Spiritism speaks in the name of science. "It intends that its belief shall have the same credentials as Copernican astronomy, Newtonian gravitation, and Darwinian evolution. It is not uncertain in its sound." Yet, so far, the standard of evidence is low; and the investigatory volumes which are published in swift succession reiterate for the most part unsupported claims. There is not sufficient allowance made for the influence of that strange subconscious self of which we are just beginning to take cognizance. And for that radical weakness of the human mind, credulity, there is no allowance made at all. That people see what they come prepared to see, and hear what they come prepared to hear, and believe what they come prepared to believe, is a truth as old as humanity. Another truth, less taken into account, is that credulity strengthens with every indulgence. It becomes a habit of mind. The man who accepts insufficient evidence once or twice begins to lose his power of resistance. The walls of his mind give way.

This is what has befallen Sir Oliver Lodge. A scientist, trained in accurate thinking, and accustomed to sift evidence, he has little by little surrendered his intellect to a process of disintegration. He still clings to scientific terms, and has a charming clarity of speech; but the scientific spirit has collapsed under the insidious influence of the unearthly. He is no longer a cold and cautious investigator, but rather resembles a grandfather telling fairy tale after fairy tale to please confiding grandchildren.

And what happens when a current of credulity sweeps a civilized land? A rank growth of superstition springs up in its wake, and men turn back with startling ease to the least desirable delusions of the Middle Ages. Apparitions have become the order of the day. Sick people are proffered ghostly prescriptions for their maladies. Rectors have been asked by their parishioners for "charms" to ward off misfortune. Men whom we deemed sane write that a wooden table applauded the music which pleased it, or "fluttered like a wounded bird, and dropped gently to the door." Young women devote themselves to automatic writing, and reel off spectral literature of surpassing fatuity. It was testified in a New Jersey court that a man had bought some farm land because the spirit of a young girl (Feda must have crossed the sea) had revealed the existence of treasure—two million dollars worth of treasure—buried beneath the soil. Two gypsy women were arraigned before a Brooklyn magistrate on a charge of stealing the money they had been commissioned to "bless." And all this in the twentieth century, with the experience of the ages to enlighten us.

Moreover, twentieth century superstition is far more dangerous than was eleventh century superstition, because we are less fitted, mentally and physically, to face it. In the Middle Ages, men and women had no nerves. War, pestilence, violence, the sacking of towns, the savage cruelty of the law, the fate of unfortunates who languished in dungeons or died on the rack, failed to impair the vitality of the race, or dim its love for life. Men took their superstitions, as they took other picturesque and terrifying conditions, without more thinking than was necessary. But we, nervous, fretful, introspective, morbidly sensitive, imperfectly educated and ignorant of our ignorance, how shall we meet this tide of occultism, and keep our sanity and self-control? The horrors of the War destroyed our serenity, the sorrows of the War blighted our happiness. We believed vaguely in the goodness of mankind; and the ferocity of Germany's campaign shook the foundations of this belief. We have discovered that nothing is more possible than the thing we called morally impossible. What wonder that with the downfall of familiar convictions, the cession of familiar thoughts, there shall come this onrush of superstition which is not the less hurtful for its folly.

Gertrude Kingston, in a very able paper on telepathy and hypnotic suggestions, comments upon the general absence of ghosts in Italy. Every house in England or Scotland that has witnessed a crime of sufficient magnitude harbors its family spectre, who appears at appropriate intervals, and keeps alive ancestral traditions. But there are blood-stained old palaces in Rome, in Florence, in Perugia, whose very walls might shriek their tale of horror, yet where no man's sleep is broken. Miss Kingston attributes this peaceful atmosphere to the influence and practices of the Church. "Ghosts," she writes, "are not encouraged in Roman Catholic countries, owing to the habit of saying Masses for the repose of the dead, thus preventing all subconscious suggestion of an uneasy spirit's return, by removing the motive of its visit."

This is the Communion of Saints. This is the service rendered by the living to the dead. If we content ourselves with a spiritual bond, which is a real and vital thing, if we can dispense with rapping tables, and the spelling of words on a ouija board, and the intrusion of controls, then something stronger, sweeter, holier than the disjointed intercourse of the séance will unite us with the faithful departed. Like David, we shall go to them, but they shall not return to us.

SOLDIERS OF FRANCE.

BY GEORGE N. SHUSTER.



HIS article shall be dedicated to the point of view of that average, every-day American soldier whose comrade I have been. Despite necessary limitations, the motto stands with Montaigne's: "*C'est icy un livre de bonne foy.*" For the soldier has become the hour's man throughout the world. The people are made up of him, and it is clear finally that no government, no social philosophy, can prove stable or successful if it leaves out of account the sovereignty of democratic opinion. We may have recall of judges, but we shall never again consider recalling the jury.

Now men coming home from war bring with them memories of many important things. There are personal experiences, likes and dislikes—the myriad details that shaped heart and brain during that raging period in the crucible of fire. Much has been written, too, of the soldier's morals, his religion, his sense of patriotic loyalty. But after all these things are his individual American business, his contribution to the citizenship of his country. If our hard victory is to usher in, some day, the era we have so fervently dreamed of—a new coöperative world—is it not *most* vital to form an idea of what we now think of our brethren of the world? Hands across the sea will never mean anything if arm and heart go not with them. Have the men of America come out of the trenches and the muddy billet-towns of Lorraine and the Argonne with some definite appreciation of the common ground upon which two peoples can unite—with others—in the creation of a lofty-souled and harmonious peace? Or is such union at all possible?

No citizen and no soldier can avoid these momentous questions upon which the fate of world-friendship so largely hangs. For Catholics the duty of coöperating with the Church of France has been extended to fields scarcely thought of before. Not only must we try to influence the social trend of particular peoples, but we must succeed or fail in the supreme

attempt to bring the Gospel to all nations. Now the Versailles Treaty has not been idealistically successful; there seems to have persisted a mutual distrust in diplomatic circles; men in numbers have returned with nothing but resentment for bad treatment, for petty mercantile robbery, for the general squalor of their army life. To thousands idealism appears to have been a bad mistake. There is much of the genuine in all of this, but it is only the picture's evil side. I believe that most of us have caught glimpses of the fiery vision which sent two million men to death for a thing that was France and much more: a spirit that ran like lightning in countless souls after four years of unutterable war, and under which gave no thought of laying down its arms.

Naturally there are individuals who see no hope whatever in the situation. Thus an article from a German-American Catholic paper which reads as follows: "Your ape-like love for France has stricken you with total blindness. The Catholics of France have opposed the persecution (of the Government) with many words but no deeds. For this reason the enemies of the Church have succeeded in uprooting the faith from the hearts of the French people. The schools are entirely Masonic, godless and unmoral, and a generation is growing up which no longer knows anything of God or ethics. In order to verify this statement of the sad condition of France you have only to read the accounts of eyewitnesses. Thus Rev. William J. Munster, chaplain of the American 310th Field Artillery, reports in a letter to a friend in America that the irreligious and God-hating spirit is spread all over France.

"'One may paint for one's self ever so glowing hopes for the religious future of France and spread the most roseate articles about the religious revival in France, the fact remains undeniable that very little faith exists in France,' writes Rev. W. J. Munster. 'I have lived for long months here in villages and cities, and have conversed with the population ever since we landed on French soil . . . there exists everywhere a boundless indifference among men and women.' Before Rev. Munster entered the German occupied zone with his regiment, he visited Domrémy, the birthplace of St. Jeanne D'Arc. The village, according to him, is a mud-hole like the majority of French villages."¹ And much more in the same vein.

¹*Ohio Waisenfreund*, Columbus, Ohio, p. 177, August 6, 1919.

Obviously the Rev. Chaplain's account contains much truth, even as it would had it been written about any other country. But sweeping assertions like these about universal religious apathy and social putridness are quite thoroughly overdone. One must approach this matter broadly and realistically: it is too vital a question to be answered by chronic bias and narrowness. We have hopes for religion in the harrowing wilds of Senegambia: shall we shrug our shoulders in a land whose very soil is blessed by the footsteps of a thousand saints? The value of judgment rests upon observation and, unfortunately, most of us saw but a very little. But in all truth, out of a patient synthesis of impressions from the hearts of men that strove to understand, one may build a picture worthy of the splendor of our hope.

The American going to France had little idea of his journey's end: it was simply "Over There." The voyage was a great adventure unfulfilled, a storm brewing, a menace and a mighty hope. Land—France! The hasty landing, romantic with the spices of an alien tongue, novel costumes, and an everlasting difference. The soldier went his way through the virginal aroma of a film-clad spring whose robes were woven of blossom and fine grass. Dales and slopes, sun-colored and absorbingly vital despite their peacefulness, ever-recurrent spires and the hand-made poetry of each individual vista! It was beauty, indeed, and few have ever forgotten it. Except for the rude military train, there was no sign of war. And yet—

A busy town—modernity on the background of mediævalism—halts the train. A French soldier, who talks English well, comes up to say: "*Bonjour.*"

"You also are going to the front?" he asks sadly.

"Yes . . . As fast as we can get there."

"*Messieurs* must realize," he says slowly, "that it is no picnic one goes to."

Down at the age-worn Cathedral, a gray-haired Bishop reads the prayers for the dead. In his voice, too, there is no hesitation, but a yearning sadness which sways like a mantle of hope over the heads of widows and orphans. Already, then, the inevitable feet of pain tread on the heels of inevitable sacrifice. On every street there are living signs of a crumbled social order. The plainest necessities of life are doled out

by the State; woman is omnipresent for work and lust; the children even have put on a wierd impish boldness which even more than their dirtiness makes them seem young savages. War sits in the churches, on the marketplaces, at the hearths. He sits close to sleep and awakening, a terrible grinding king.

Under the sceptre of this despot the American himself was forced to bend the knee. Drop by drop the magic phial of his idealism began to dissipate. Nothing mattered beyond the mud and the everlasting fury of the guns. He had ridden out of a cloistered past into the terrible kingdom of hell, retracing every step of the world's history from Christ to chaos. In its depths he floundered, but it was far stronger than he. Against the dimming of his lamp of vision there was no succor in the environment. The bloody business of those unutterable years had ground the sanctities of existence into the slime. There was an excuse for the army perhaps; but the fringe of civilian population that had hung on doggedly was unendurably smudgy. In some fearful way it had gone *là bas*, believing in little, stolid and greedy as a beast. And yet it was not, in many ways, a bad population but only a starved and desolate one. I like to hope that strains of that *De Profundis* beat upon our hearts in their hungry way to God.

Behind all of this lay something equally malign, equally powerful, which the soldier did not understand. But there were times when he *knew* that war had nothing to do with the individual, it was the work of titanic forces that had set one against the other unto destruction. In a large sense he was correct. Although the great motive power behind the War was German lust for conquest, still that was only a colossal manifestation of something deep and bitter that had descended on the world. In French politics the word "*Liberté*" has been omnipresent for almost fifty years, and yet one came away convinced that in no sense of the term had popular government been achieved by the Third Republic. Indeed, rarely in history has the idea of freedom, though native in France, been so ruthlessly antagonized as by this régime. Its great achievements were not universal education or the unhampered development of labor—for in both these respects it was far surpassed by the kingdom of St. Louis—but the expansion of capitalistic schemes, the gain of colonial empire, and the erection of a great military ideal. Modern French schoolbooks, edited by

men like Gabriel Hanotaux, removed every trace of religious teaching and implanted instead an ethic whose basis was a France of wealth and power. The leadership of the Government was frankly materialistic, openly lustful of gain, and as crassly capitalistic as ever was the Prussian oligarchy. Owing to the fatal plural party system and the ballot law, this party held a firm seat until the War.

The spirit of domination had crept in from the world. Born out of an egoistic philosophy of force, built on the foundation of successful commerce, it preached democracy but practised the most insidiously selfish programme in existence since pagan Rome. Was it not Clémenceau who wrote some five years before the War that "God is always on the side of the strongest battalions?" On account of this, class-hatred has been fostered and the spiritual influences of religion scorned. French tradition succumbed apparently to the philosophy of finance. If anyone doubt what I say let him read René Doumic's recent addresses on the "Liberation of the French Spirit," or better still, the incomparable *Pages Catholiques* of J. K. Huysmans.

Out of these twin forces—a leaden philosophy and an iron War—was created the moral squalor which so largely surrounded the American soldier. In harrowing and acrid misery, France reaped what the "gospel of enlightenment" had sown: not only the losses on the battlefield, but treason in the high places, decay of vision and universal sackcloth and ashes. There were, however, two opponents, a traditional Catholicism and the newer Socialism. We are not concerned here with the vagaries of Juarès' doctrine. What has the Church accomplished during the War? Can it be asserted with reasonable confidence that she can reconquer the spiritual leadership of French society? Would that all of us had seen the back-areas where the candles of faith burned so steadfastly at the myriad shrines of God; that we had heard the prayer that gleamed like holy fire in millions of stricken hearts. But truly we shall do better to search for the spirit of Catholic France on the battlefield, close to the enemy and scarred with glorious wounds.

There is a great human truth in the mediæval idea of trial by fire. Only the pure and holy could survive it unscathed: it was the proving ground of saints. Now men who have

withstood with superhuman idealism the torture of this War, have something in them worthy of the traditional heroes. Mr. Louis Barthou of the Academy declared in his address on Guynemer, that the secret of the latter's prowess was that "he knew how to behave in battle and how to say his prayers." The universality of this knowledge among a type of French soldier is well illustrated by a page in the annals of the Territorials, those brave old fellows who have done such a difficult bit just behind the limelight of the War.

In an exchange of prisoners there was returned to France a fine old graybeard, who had been with the garrison of Maubeuge when that fortress was captured with its defenders. The first thing he did upon arrival was to present himself at the Ministry of War, and, having been admitted, to offer a bit of cloth signed and dirty with the simple words: "Mon-sieur, I have the honor to return the flag." It was learned that before the garrison had capitulated the flag had been burned, but that, when leaving, this soldier had detected the frayed bit and hastily concealed it upon his person. Despite four years of shifting misery and hardship, he kept the sacred remnant close to his heart and, at length, brought it out of captivity to the Invalides, where the ages will consider it holy, though it is very small and shabby. A glorious deed and typical of France! I have thought of how symbolic it is of the simple soldier, how like to him in sacrifice and glory and sacredness, with what equal right the old Territorial might have presented himself.

"To know how to behave in battle and how to say one's prayers!" How many vivid examples of that glowing art presented themselves to the American. In the eddy of life at the front, amid the passing of endless columns, we have met many who are dear to us. There has been gayety and oblivion in tumble-down cafés over a bottle of crude wine; there have been twilight Masses said by soldier-priests in dusty uniform when enchanted strains of the *Kyrie* and the *Gloria* rolled over a shell-pocked field. We have sat in dug-outs with elegant men and those who cut stone in ancient Vendée or fetched wood from the monotonous wastes of the Landes. There were artists who toiled at little things for the Paris Exposition, and an author who had written a book under fire, in which a cathedral awakens to life and the saints go out

from their pedestals to work for the glory of God. And I do not understand how there could have remained so much of humanity and fervent idealism after four years in the ghastly treadmill. These men were thoroughbreds of the traditional, Catholic France. The rest of it, which many of us have read about in *Under Fire*, was natural enough, but the spirit of these others is a holy thing. In an humble way we have seen a cinema of the soul of France, and we have not come away sad.

Indeed, they were men of action and of thought; men of prayer and beauteous vision; men whose laughter could not be dimmed by the everlasting scream of shells. Coming as they did from every stratum of society, one's association with them furnished ideas of the aspirations of every class. Though afterward I lived intimately with French families and in the leisure of University life came to know many people, it is of the *poilu* that I like to think as the hope of his country. He has been her saviour and he will not be absent at the resurrection. In a sense we, too, have been "Soldiers of France," and in an intimate way we can propose hopefully the question: What has been and what will be the influence of Catholicism in the battleground of the world?

First of all, the thinking Frenchman came to realize that he was fighting either for an ancient, Catholic civilization or for nothing at all. If the salvation of the Government had been the issue of the conflict, verily it would have been a sorry affair. But it became evident immediately that the contest lay between two incompatible civilizations, between a modern error and an ancient truth, between Force and Freedom. The individual beheld suddenly that there were social ultimates which if reached would make life intolerable. French liberty knew that its birthday had not been the Revolution but its mediæval emancipation: that its life had been blessed forever in the shadow of the Christian Church. And, just as the greatest fortitude was found to spring from Christian virtue and the sweetest consolation from faith in God, so the most successful appeals for sacrifice and unity came from those who preached the value of Catholic civilization. This lesson will not be forgotten. When *Le Temps*, established organ of conservative plutocracy, warns against the "spirit of the steeple," it is because that steeple has changed from a monu-

ment into a sword. The ancient voice, so long overpowered, has spoken again and the echoes roll from the battlefields to the Pyrenees.

The good that was in France has survived remarkably well this ordeal by fire. Despite the power of an autocratic and materialistic body in the shaping of French institutions; despite the fatal brutalizing in education of the spirit of intellectual freedom whereby license was held above liberty: there remains enough manhood to build up in the words of Milton, "a noble, puissant nation." The Church will not be relegated to her position of shame when the reconstruction of the martyred country shall have begun. The majority of French citizens are Catholics; from the hill of Montmartre to the sacred shrine of Lourdes, through a thousand cities of the saints, there winds a procession of faith which no banded interests can halt. Nor can the deep and gentle life of the provinces be severed from its ancient hopes.

French labor is restless, as it ought very well to be, but seated in his dingy *boutique* the worker remains master of the gentle art of getting romance from the winning of daily bread. Moreover, the ancient attachment to the soil still heartens the countryside. On the very last day of the War we came upon an old fellow sitting in his field and pulling up the grass in his agony. The peasant *patois* was difficult to master, but we understood that his only son had just been killed, and that he had come for consolation to the soil upon which his boy had fallen. There is nothing deeper or more appealing in all the world than the simplicity of this love for the homely sanctity of nature, this earnest and patient tenacity, bearing its pain as it bears the burden of the harvest. For the genuine beauty of France is not Paris or Nice, but the countryside and the toil expended there, the humility and prayer of the gleaning in the fields.

Such a country needs only the right sort of leadership to attain the fulfillment of its dreams; and rarely has the way been so open to Catholic direction. I am ignorant of what methods will be employed by the hierarchy to regain political freedom, but I have heard the Victory sermon of the Cardinal of Paris and the message of the Bishop of Toulouse in behalf of united action for the laboring classes; I have seen the rise of a powerful Catholic-spirited press—*La Libre Parole*,

L'Echo de Paris, L'Action Française—and I know that French Catholicism has never stood closer to the heart of the people or been so free of separatist tendencies. Aside from Socialism, it is the only constructive organization that is really alive. From one or the other must come the forces that will dispel the moral gloom of France. The infinite troop of mean-souled venders of merchandise and virtue, have reared upon the soil of St. Louis and St. Jeanne a degeneration of which every thinking man is aware. One hears on every hand the speech of deliberation: "*La France sera Catholique ou elle ne sera plus.*"

The significant strengthening of Catholic leadership is nowhere more evident than in literature. To some extent French art has always drawn its inspiration from religion, despite the peculiar American impression that is formed from Zola and Eugene Sue. Perhaps no two authors are more disregarded in their own country. Why have we never realized that France's most renowned prose writer is Bishop Bossuet and her most illustrious poet the spiritual Lamartine? No intelligent Catholic can afford to be ignorant of the marvelous contemporary renaissance in French literature. Led in journalism by such powerful men as Maurice Barrès, Leon Daudet and René Doumic, and in social effort by Charles Maurras, Alfred de Mun and Claude Cochin, Catholics have come to the foreground in every domain of thought. In history there are names to conjure with: Frédéric Masson, Pierre de La Gorce, and Thureau-Dangin. The novel is in the hands of masters like René Bazin, Louis Bertrand, and Henri Bordeaux; poetry has produced marvelous singers, such as Paul Claudel, Frédéric Lammès and François Jammes, while the theatre belongs in large measure to Brieux, François de Curel and Sacha Guitry. There is no need for more names. The fact that almost every recently elected member of the Academy is a Catholic, is, in itself, sufficient indication of the return of Catholic thought.

Plainly then, the religious and democratic effort of a new Catholic France will provide ample ground for our coöperation. There exist unfortunately certain prejudices which must be overcome. We need to forget the insinuation that the country is populated largely by the *demi monde*. Long ago Montaigne described his countrymen as essentially a people of

good common sense, and there is nothing of importance to append to the analysis. Perhaps their social customs, their ways of doing things are different than ours, but have we demonstrated our superiority? In all charity let us realize that an enormous burden rests on them whose fathers have fallen: the duty not only of rebuilding the national framework but also of realizing the ideal for which the dead have laid them down. Shall we not believe that out of the bounty of Providence has come this opportunity to aid in the resurrection? We, who have seen so much of the beauty of a new idealism, cannot afford to ease our standards now.

It is difficult to arouse concerted action among individualistic peoples. The soldiers of both countries have, however, stood together long enough to make us hope that, through them, will come the inspiration to united effort which we now so sorely need. They cannot drop the banner which has been carried ahead at such cost and be true either to themselves or to the dead. Americans must believe in world-friendship—whatever the present plans may be—or brand this war a hideous mistake. As Catholics we know that if the Church can gather its forces in this period of sweat and chaos, its influence in shaping the destinies of humanity will never have been larger. When Peter the Hermit preached the first Crusade a cry rang out over the Christian world: "God wills it!"

Now that so many of the old millstones of prejudice have been drowned in the sea, that the kingdom of brotherhood has become an actual aim in social life, dare we stand backsupinely and hearken to no less ringing a cry? Verily, if we do, we shall not be worthy of our Christian title. We shall have failed in a mission no less sacred than was the dream of Pope Urban, and forevermore we shall have doomed the world to the chains of intolerable and ghastly war.

THE EXTENSION OF THE ATONEMENT IN ST. PAUL.

BY L. E. BELLANTI, S.J.

II.



IN the previous article we tried to show how the substance of Catholic teaching on the atonement—that Christ by His Sacrifice and death redeemed us from sin and restored us to a new life by His Resurrection—is clearly taught by St. Paul. And that the gradually-evolved and carefully corrected theories of ransom, substitution and ultimately of satisfaction are fairly and manifestly deducible from his writings. Did not the Apostle carry us on with him beyond these limited, if extremely valuable aspects, of the mystery, he would still have added his inspired testimony to the independent teaching of the Gospels and so confirmed the solid basis of our belief in the atonement. Without adding to the sum of our knowledge, he would have added to the weight of our witnesses. But, in fact, St. Paul carries his teaching on the atonement so much further, that here we can only hope to follow him, hesitatingly enough, down a few of those avenues of thought along which he steps with such high and swift assurance.

St. Paul's theology gathers up past, present and future—God, God made Man, Christ glorified—and gathers us up equally into the comprehensive truth. It is, in a special sense, theology applied and extended to man. Nowhere else will you find less formalism or more vitality in religion. Hardly has he proposed a belief before he passes on to show the relation of that belief to ourselves. So his consideration of the Incarnation or the atonement merges almost at once into an application and extension of that Incarnation and atonement to the Church and the individual. Yet when, as against all this, we consider how many sided is this mystery of the atonement, and how limited the capacity of the mind which can only attend to one aspect, one reasoned theory or set of values at any given time, then how very incompletely at best may we expect to comprehend that supreme fact in itself and its overwhelming import for us!

We are, after all, and we cannot too often remind ourselves of it, in the land of images and shadows. Nevertheless, even though in this life we only see through a glass darkly and know only in part, St. Paul is very far from minimizing or depreciating or slurring over the surpassing value of his own witness to the truth. Fiercely he contrasts his personal insignificance with the divine significance of his message. Weakness, fear, much trembling, a sensible lack of the persuasive arts, he confesses to them all just on purpose that our "faith might not rest on the wisdom of men, but on the power of God."¹ "The gospel preached by me is not after man, for *neither from man did I receive it nor was I taught it*, but it came to me through the revelation of Jesus Christ."² And for fear we should still consider his particular presentment of the Gospel as rather the human expression of his idiosyncrasy than the inspired formulation of God's truth, he emphasizes and stresses and insists with deadly earnestness on the specialized character of his revelation; "the mystery which hath been hidden from former ages and generations; . . . which is Christ (dwelling) in you . . ."³ whereby when you read "ye can perceive my insight into this mystery of Christ," this mystery of fellowship by which "the nations are fellow-heirs, fellow members of the Body, fellow partakers of the promise in Jesus Christ."⁴ Nor is it untimely here to recall this insistence of the Apostle if the thought of it helps to give pause to such as would treat his doctrine of our incorporation with Christ as *merely* metaphorical, and his most inspired and dazzling inferences from this doctrine as the more or less pardonable exuberances of spiritual genius!

To St. Paul then we owe what is more than an application of the doctrine of the atonement to ourselves—a piercing principle, an irradiating generalization that seems almost to reach the heart of every mystery by the splendor of its beams. This generalization colors the whole context of his teaching; it is the key to almost every difficulty in the Epistles, even as it combines and coördinates, vitalizes and transcends all he has to say on dogma and devotion. In sum, it is the fact of our union with Christ, He the Head, we the members and He and we one Mystical Body—a body living with His life,

¹ 1 Cor. ii. 3-5.² Col. i. 26, 27.³ Gal. i. 11, 12.⁴ Eph. iii. 4-6.

sanctified by that life, sensitive to every surge of that life, sympathetic, growing, throwing off dead tissue, generating new cells, exercising faculties and functions, reasoning, willing, seeing, speaking, working, praying, expectant always of the final consummation, the gathering of the elect in the fullness of time. "He is the beginning . . . all things hold together in Him and He is the Head of the Body, the Church," and as the Body is the complement of the Head so is the Church "the fullness of Him Who is wholly fulfilled in all"—the Church being the complement of Him Who finds His full completion by being united with all of us, His members.⁵

The Apostle's generalization clasps and contains all past and future time. It takes us far back to man's origin and Fall and right onward to the fulfillment of man's high destiny. The race that came into being from God is to be borne back into the being of God. Fallen man is to be "deified"⁶ in Christ. The Saviour of man associates himself with our humanity by His Incarnation, sucks the poison from our wounded nature and, so doing, dies; by rising from the dead He raises us to a new life, imparts and extends that life to us through the channels of His grace, assimilates, incorporates, identifies us with Himself as members of that Church, a Mystical Body of which He is the Head till, at last, amazingly transformed and wholly free we pass to the blessed fruition and the complete fulfillment.

Once the synthetic value of this vast generalization is somehow understood, St. Paul, fearful ever of vagueness and mere word-spinning, presses home its particular application to the individual or the occasion. In common with every fruitful generalization its merit does not solely, or at all necessarily, lie in superseding, as in simplifying and harmoniously combining processes, often considered by us as severed and distinct, in a fuller synthesis. By applying the generalization of the calculus the mathematician is enabled to measure the area of an ellipse or parabola as easily as that of a circle. The one formula covers each case. Without it three different and irksome processes are entailed. While refusing to press this comparison between a generalization in the sundered realms of abstract science and revelation, may we not say,

⁵ Col. 1. 17, 18; Eph. 1. 23.

⁶ A phrase favored above all by the Greek Fathers.

too, that it is by reason of its manifestation of the strange parallelism in the worlds of nature and of grace that St. Paul's generalization is of such value to us?

If Christians are indeed one with Christ "one body and one Spirit,"⁷ "He the Head, we the members,"⁸ then in their measure and sphere the known principles that rule the human body are true of the Mystical Body, the known laws that order the life of experience hold good for the Christ-life within us. Nay, the certainty with which life in general reproduces its own kind and develops towards its term, the phenomenon of growth, the sense of sympathy more finely wrought as we ascend the scale of animate creation—all these principles and facts will be exemplified in our supernatural life. In view of all this, how tempting it is to consider the occasional, fragmentary, almost haphazard teaching of the Pauline letters as some epoch-making manual of divine mechanics transforming man into Christ, and nature into grace, and even framing a simple formula for the ills and pains of humanity in terms of the crucifixion and death of Jesus Christ Our Lord. St. Paul repeatedly tells us in one form or another that Christ is our Chief and Head.

He assumes that Headship from the first instant of His Incarnation, though we are really incorporated into His Mystical Body only after the benefits of the atonement have been extended to us. By the Incarnation Our Lord draws all humanity to Himself. Throughout His life He is ceaselessly weaving its tangled threads into His human texture. When at last He comes to atone for all the sins of humanity, He does it not by some form of legal proxy, by a merely juridical transference of sin from fallen man to the Man-God, but through His assumption of our nature. Contagiously, as it were, sin passes to the Sinless One by some divinely-permitted extension of itself, by a sort of capillary attraction and converging flow through myriad channels into Him Who is without spot. "Him Who knew no sin He made to be sin for our sakes."⁹ On the cross our sins overwhelm Him. Our Saviour's communion with sinful humanity is actually a sickness unto death. And so, quite logically, we are bidden to see in that death the potential death of all humanity to sin. "*One (Christ) died, therefore all died; and He died for all*"¹⁰ The

⁷Eph. iv. 4. ⁸1 Cor. xii. 12, *et seq.* ⁹2 Cor. v. 21. ¹⁰2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

Lamb of God takes away the sins of the world because on the cross sin is slain. And just as, to save mankind the innocent Christ draws men's sins upon Himself, so also to save the Jews, He, though all-innocent, draws down upon Himself the curse of the Law so justly pronounced upon the Jews for their transgressions of the Law.¹¹ We are even reminded how "in the fullness of time, God sent forth His Son, born of a woman, born under the Law, that He might redeem them who were under the Law."¹²

In each case then, whether Christ is made sin for us, or a curse for the Jews and born under the Law to save the Jews who were born under the Law and had incurred its curse by their sins, what the Apostle seeks to emphasize is less the fact itself of the atonement than the essentially corporate character of the atonement. The roots of the doctrine are the solidarity and fusion of God with man. This intimate association is even a prerequisite of the atonement. Christ has to be man to redeem men, a subject of the Law to redeem those born under the Law, a member of the great family of sinful humanity to save sinners, clothed with our flesh to subdue the revolt of our flesh, in closest contact with guilty men that His sanctifying flesh may touch and heal them, Himself bearing all our ills and infirmities that so He may show forth the ideal High Priesthood reconciling God with men.¹³

That in Christ's death we die to sin is the first half of a great truth. The other and complementary half of the doctrine is that we rise to the new life in His Resurrection. For quite equally in the Apostle's mind our justification through Christ's atonement is not so much an exchange of gifts between two parties, or a Godlike return of good for evil, or even the distribution of a bounty by the great Lord to needy multitudes, as rather the redundancy of the divine vitality surging through the Risen Christ to us, the extension of salvation from the Risen Man to all men—if they will but rise—the corresponding outflow of life from the Source of life (the Head), to the members. "Jesus was delivered for our sins and was raised for our justification."¹⁴ These intimately-social values of Our Lord's death and resurrection are noted

¹¹ Gal. iii. 13.

¹³ *Prat. Théologie de St. Paul*, vol. II., p. 249.

¹² Gal. iv. 4, 5.

¹⁴ Rom. iv. 25.

and their significance driven home in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. In that letter the Apostle betrays his anxiety about the Christians at Corinth. He appeals for a renewal of their confidence in him, seems almost to put himself on his defence before them. A possible imputation of arrogance he disclaims by a touching confession of that weakness whose only strength is God. "If we were beside ourselves" in anything we have said, "it was in God's service! If we are now in our senses it is in yours. It is the love of Christ that compels us when we reflect on this that One (Christ) died for all, therefore all died. And He died for all that they who live should no longer live for themselves but for Him Who died and rose again for them." Further on he adds that God made "Him Who knew no sin to be sin for our sakes that *we might become the justness of God in Him!*"¹⁵

This is not the place to dwell upon that elaborate and striking series of parallels between Adam, the attainted head of the human family, and Christ the Antitype and Head Who restores and more than restores all that in Adam had been lost, but St. Paul's teaching here is in the fullest accord with what has already been quoted—"for if by the sin of one (Adam) death reigned through the one (over all men), much more shall they that receive the abundance and grace of justness, reign in life through the one Jesus Christ."¹⁶ Briefly, then the sum of the Apostle's teaching is this: Christ concentrates our sins upon Himself that he may diffuse His life to ourselves; associated with Christ we die to sin in His death and rise to the new life in His resurrection.

Qui creavit te sine te non salvabit te sine te—He Who did without you in your creation will not do without you in your salvation. God will save no one against His will. Our co-öperation is required if we are to enjoy the benefits of Christ's atonement. Faith in Christ leads us to the font of baptism. This sacrament is the mystical realization of the atonement in the individual. By baptism sin is slain in us and we are born again to God through our incorporation with Christ and the immediate communication of His risen life to us. As in His death and resurrection we all ideally and potentially died to sin and rose to the new life, so in baptism the virtue and power of that death and resurrection are applied, actuated

¹⁵ 2 Cor. v. 21. See also Rom. vi. 5-8; 2 Tim. ii. 11.

¹⁶ Rom. v. 17.

and realized in ourselves. "Or are you ignorant that all we who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into His death? We were buried then with Him through baptism into death in order that just as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we also might go about in newness of life."¹⁷

To be baptized into the death of Christ is for each one of us our real but mystical death in Him Who both really and physically died for us. Though this baptismal death is mystical and not physical, it is a deep reality. Judged by its effects, it signifies in us the death of original sin and the death, too, of actual guilt. And as the death is a reality, so equally is the resurrection of baptism, for the newly baptized rise out of the regenerating waters reborn, vivified and quickened by the new life of the Risen Christ. St. Leo the Great expressed this inspired teaching of St. Paul on baptism with a reserve all the more felicitous in view of his staggering conclusion. "While those who are being baptized," he says,¹⁸ "renounce the devil and believe in God, while they pass from the old life into the new, while the image of the earthly man is laid aside and the form of the Heavenly taken up, then is enacted a certain appearance of death and a certain imaging of resurrection, so that he who is taken up by Christ and takes up Christ is not the same after the pouring of the waters as he was before, *since the body of the regenerate becomes the flesh of the Crucified.*"

But there is a further sense in which we must consider this Epiphany or showing forth of Christ's atonement in ourselves, a sense in which that atonement exacts our lifelong coöperation and in which the death of baptism is only completed on the deathbed and its resurrection only in our final homecoming. The death of "the old man" (our guilty nature) is to be a consequence of our death to sin. "Our old man was crucified with Him"¹⁹ when we were baptized into the death of Christ, that is to say the maimed and diseased side of our nature, the heritage of original sin contracted from the first Adam died in the contracting of our union with the second Adam, Christ.

But universal experience makes it only too clear that here a progressive death and a lifelong crucifixion are entailed

¹⁷ Rom. vi. 3, 4.¹⁸ Leo. *Serm.* 63. *De Pass. Dom.* xil.¹⁹ Rom. vi. 6.

since the proneness to evil, the instinctive leap of the flesh against right reason still survive in the bodies of the regenerate. This baptismal death therefore is not an event but a state, "a daily dying,"²⁰ and "always" we have to be "bearing about in our body the putting to death of Jesus that the life, too, of Jesus may be manifested in our body."²¹ The death of Christ on the Cross is reënacted in the death of each one's sins at his baptism and extends thence forward from the font to the grave. So, too, the resurrection of baptism is a progressive gift, and the reception of the sacrament ushers in a lifelong effort and struggle to win through the grossness of our clay to the fullness of God through the life of Christ in us. In this duel of antagonistic elements in this lifelong crucifixion we experience the extension of the atonement to us. Through it we become shareholders in the Passion, brought face to face, each one of us, with the mystery of pain.

So much has been written on the problem and mystery of pain, especially of late years, that it may not be unseasonable at this point to gather up some of the Apostle's leading ideas on *Christian* suffering, for it does not come within his scope to deal with suffering apart from Christ. To St. Paul faith is the explanation and love is the solvent of pain. "If Christ is in us then is our body dead to sin, but the spirit lives on account of our justification."²² That spirit is the Christ-life within us, fashioning and shaping us into the likeness of Christ and extending to us a lifelong participation in Christ's atonement. St. Paul bids us be "conformed to the Crucified" and "configured to His death" even as he "with Christ is con-fixed to the Cross."²³ If Christ is in us our suffering expiates our sins, propitiates God, is, in fact, a very sacrifice of reconciliation. "Offer your bodies," he urges, "a living victim, holy, pleasing to God, a spiritual liturgy of your own selves."²⁴

Elsewhere he instances the sympathy of the whole body for localized pain to exemplify the sympathy that should unite the members of the Mystical Body to Christ, their Head. Proportioned to our sympathy with Christ will be our "suffering in Him," "our communion with His passion,"²⁵ our endurance of His persecutions. In this spirit the Apostle took

²⁰ 1 Cor. xv. 31.²¹ 2 Cor. iv. 10.²² Rom. viii. 10.²³ Cf. Phillip. iiii. 10; Rom. vi. 5; Gal. ii. 19, *et seq.*²⁴ Rom. xii. 1.²⁵ Phillip. iiii. 10.

his own persecutions, and generalizing from his own experience he warned us that "*all* who wish to live devoutly in Christ Jesus will suffer persecution."²⁶ He would as much as say: "If sinful flesh was arrayed against Christ how not against us in Him? If all the powers of evil combined against the Just One how should they not also set on the more we image His justice." To him who lived so wholly "in Christ" the mystery is not why do the *good* suffer, but why do they *not* suffer or suffer *more*? Pain then is not only a purgation or an expiation of sin, but wholly *atoning* and making us "at-one" with Christ. It is the sympathetic echo of Christ's Passion in the holy city of each Christian soul. It is the fulfillment of a promise made with much love. "My chalice you indeed shall drink."²⁷ That we Christians can precisely by our pain drink of this bitter chalice, be in the suffering Saviour and one with Him, incarnating His Passion and effecting His work, be indeed the Atoning Christ in so much as His Divine nature acts through our painfully transfigured humanity, is the open message of the Apostle.

Is it the last word? Is it indeed the secret beyond which none other lies? We hardly dare say. Certainly St. Paul does not encourage us to hope that the mystery will be less a mystery in this life. Its significance will only be revealed to us with that final and complete realization of ourselves "when"²⁸ as pure spirits by law of nature and gift of grace we rejoin the spiritual source of life." "Only," says St. Paul, "when the justness which comes through faith in Christ" is fulfilled and not before, "shall I know Christ and the power of His resurrection and all that it means to share His sufferings in my configuration to His death . . . for I am not yet made perfect . . . but I press on in the hope of grasping that for which I was grasped by Christ Jesus."²⁹

But the Apostle beseeches us to accompany him yet further in this quest, to taste and see, to savor and appropriate the royal bounty and divine gift of pain. For is not this part of his apostolic vocation? Hear him telling superbly the tale of his sufferings: "I preach Christ Crucified."³⁰ "With Christ I am fixed to the Cross."³¹ "God forbid I should boast of

²⁶ 2 Tim. iii. 12.

²⁷ Matt. xx. 33.

²⁸ Martindale, *Life of Monsignor Benson*, vol. ii., p. 360.

²⁹ Philip. iii. 9-12.

³⁰ 1 Cor. i. 23.

³¹ Gal. ii. 19.

anything save the cross of Jesus Christ Our Lord"³² . . . "for I bear the weals of the Lord Jesus branded in my body."³³ "I rejoice in my sufferings on your behalf and make up in my flesh what is lacking to the sufferings of Christ on behalf of His Body which is the Church."³⁴ "It is a privilege to suffer,"³⁵ "follow my example,"³⁶ "be ye imitators of me even as I am of Christ."³⁷

Let us now briefly sum up these varied aspects of Christian suffering:

1. Though St. Paul's teaching admits, allows for and even welcomes Christian pain he does not anywhere reveal the mystery of it. On the contrary he holds that this pain, as part mystery of the extension of the atonement; will only disclose its full meaning to us when our atonement is complete.

2. Pain in every Christian is the progressive death and lifelong crucifixion of "the body of our sin." Considered as the strength of the Christ-life in us through our repugnant flesh Christwards, it is the inalienable heritage of every Christian soul. The grain of wheat must die to bring forth new life. The purgation of pain must precede our final incorporation with Christ in glory.

3. Again as life tends to generate, give birth to and recreate its kind and as the life of Christ is the type to which our lives must be conformed, the Christian cannot join Christ in glory unless he has joined Him in suffering. As a corollary of this, the closer the bond of sympathy uniting Christ and the Christian soul the more intense will that soul's suffering be.

4. Further, this suffering is endured in Christ and is in a very real sense Christ's, enhanced by the sacrificial, expiatory and atoning values of His own passion and death.

5. Pain in fine may come to the chosen few as it did to the Apostle in the nature of a special and divine vocation. This is the overplus of pain. Its ultimate, *but not necessarily immediate*, acceptance by the tortured soul of how much more than its own burden may well account for the alleviated lot of multitudes of others.

A word of caution may here be necessary. On no account would we distort any of St. Paul's words into a glorifica-

³² Gal. vi. 14.

³³ Gal. vi. 17.

³⁴ Col. i. 24.

³⁵ Philp. iii. 8.

³⁶ Philp. iii. 17.

³⁷ 1 Cor. xi. 1.

tion of pain in itself, pain brooded over and dissected, pain personified, visualized, captured almost and brought face to face "in the blue flesh of agony."³⁸ Such a view is as morbid at least as it is cruel, dangerous and horribly unchristian. Nor again does St. Paul teach us that pain is to be sought for its own sake, as though it were a prize from which we could wrest those spiritual effects which we may ourselves deem suitable. These are not God's ways. Pain lies in the stripping ourselves of the irrelevant and in the surmounting of every obstacle to our union with Christ. Further, "it is arguable that pain may contract, numb, cripple or embitter a soul and drive it into disbelief, cynicism or despair . . . true enough. But not indiscriminately will God grant His privilege of suffering. God permits no winds to blow which might quench a flickering wick, and refuses the shock which breaks the enfeebled reed. But granting a soul of royal quality, pain all but infallibly must perfect it. The Crucified is there for proof."³⁹

In conclusion, St. Paul's teaching on the atonement may be considered either dogmatically or morally according as he has the objective truth or its subjective application in view. Dogmatically he lays great stress on the Sacrifice in Itself while disclosing, too, its redemptive and substitutional aspects and so leading up to the Church's developed doctrine of satisfaction. Morally, he insists still more on the extension and application of that atonement to ourselves through Christ's death and resurrection mystically reënacted in us at baptism, and progressing towards fulfillment all through our lives. In his teaching these dogmatic and moral lessons are never severed or treated apart, but they stand continuously in a sort of relation of minor premise and conclusion, while underlying and supporting both these propositions is the general principle of our solidarity and incorporation with Christ. The unity, clarity and deep spiritual attractiveness of St. Paul's theology is due to the grandeur of this generalization so specially revealed to him. His concern in turn is to reveal it to us and to show us how, every way, we are one with Christ.

³⁸ Monsignor Benson, *Initiation*.

³⁹ Martindale, *Life of Monsignor Benson*, vol. II., p. 361.

JERUSALEM.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

(Good Friday A. D. 33.)

MOTHER, why are people crowding now and staring?
Child, it is a malefactor goes to His doom,
To the high hill of Calvary He's faring,
And the people pressing and pushing to make room
Lest they miss what's to come.

O the poor Malefactor, heavy is His load!
Now He falls beneath it and they goad Him on.
O the road to Calvary's a steep up-hill road
Is there none to help Him with His Cross—not one!
Must He bear it all alone?

Here is a country boy with business in the city,
Smelling of the cattle's breath and the sweet hay:
Now they bid him lift the Cross, so they have some pity:
Child, they fear the Malefactor dies on the way
And robs them of their play.

Has He no friends then, no father nor mother?
None to wipe the sweat away nor pity His fate?
There's a woman weeping and there's none to soothe her:
Child, it is well the Seducer expiate
His crimes that are great.

Mother, did I dream He once bent above me,
This poor Seducer with the thorn-crownéd head?
His hands on my hair and His eyes seemed to love me
Suffer little children to come to Me, He said—
His hands and feet are red.

Hurrying through Jerusalem on business or pleasure
People hardly pause to see Him go to His death,
Whom they held five days ago more than a King's treasure,
Shout hosannas, flinging many a wreath
For Jesus of Nazareth.

THE POETRY OF FATHER GARESCHÉ.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.



AMERICA—by which we mean our own particular and predominant slice of it—has been fortunate in its poet-priests. First among them, perhaps, to attain secular popularity was the gentle poet of Civil War times, Father Abram Ryan. And first as consummate artist, remains the incomparable John Banister Tabb. But the whole roll-call is a long and fair one, in which almost every religious order may be found represented, with the professor and the parochus by no means in the background. To enumerate the entire *dramatis personæ* of our contemporary priestly chorus is practically impossible—while to mention but a few would be ungracious! Hence must the present pages be dutifully dedicated to one single son of that St. Ignatius, who seems to have shared with the more obviously lyrical Francis of Assisi a certain monopoly in handing down the poetic patrimony. The son in question is a young priest already well known in many fields of religious and civic activity, the Rev. Edward F. Garesché, of the Society of Jesus.

Holy Orders, for any son of man, mean cross-bearing, as well as crown-wearing. They comprehend in modern life at once the most regal and the most democratic, the most remote and the most requisite of the professions. For the man who would walk as poet, too, priesthood comes with quite particular qualifications and particular disabilities. It may be both a blessing and a bane. On the one hand it presupposes a certain attachment to spiritual things, a mind attuned to harmonies not altogether of this world, a habit of looking deeply into the deeds of men, and of judging them by God's standards rather than by the standards of the world and the World's Wife. All this is good for the poet. Good, also, very good, is that tradition of scholarship, that inherited culture of mind and heart, which is so closely bound up with the priestly state that not even the most humble or the most ob-

jective of subjects can quite escape it. On the other hand, the straightness and strictness with which a priest's duties are marked, his days filled, are but little conducive to the imperious spontaneity of the muse. It is hard for the apostle to be also the artist; although both feats have been repeatedly, and conspicuously well, accomplished. But the very reverence with which his faithful people regard the Levite is heavy with danger when he turns to art. Because his hands dispense God's sacraments, will not something mistakenly sacrosanct be imputed to their other and quite secular works? Alas, yes! For to the conscientious artist it is a real handicap to miss the healthy competition, the quick give-and-take of criticism, which normally follow an entrance into his chosen field. And if the priest's efforts are too easily praised betimes, they are also too readily importuned. He will be asked to paint every cell in the monastery, as well as the chapel walls—he will be urged to celebrate in verse every pious occasion of parochial or diocesan moment! And so, unless he be very strongly endowed with the faculty of self-criticism, he will fall into facility, into utilitarianism. He will produce much, for an audience easily pleased—and worst of all, he may end by being pleased himself. He may end, in very excess of beneficence, by forgetting the eternal, abysmal distinction between serviceable journeyman verse and the Lady Poetry!

Father Garesché—it is one of his chief merits—is eager to remember this distinction. In fact, he is more and more fully achieving the distinction as time goes on. Each volume of his poems has been better, conspicuously better, than its predecessor. And this advance has been accomplished in spite of, or at least, along with, a life literally crowded with more than the usual sacerdotal duties; with duties requiring travel, office routine and a multiplicity of executive effort. Admirably has he kept, even held, the balance between an active and a contemplative career.

It was in St. Louis, Missouri, that Edward Francis Garesché was born, on the twenty-seventh of December, 1876. For the sake of the eternal fitness of things, it is impossible not to wish that his birth could be recorded just one day later, on the feast of the Holy Innocents. But, perhaps, in his case the feast was but kept by a few hours' anticipation, as it has been most graciously and consistently celebrated ever since

throughout his work. In his blood were strains of French Huguenot, of English Quaker, of Dutch and Celtic ancestry; while the Catholic faith, lost long ago in France but refound in this New World, burned for the family as a prized and vigilantly tended lamp. The boy's instruction was early placed in the hands of the Jesuits, with whom he stayed for practically his whole scholastic career—being graduated from St. Louis University in 1896, and remaining to take his Master of Arts degree two years later. But it was not the priesthood to which Edward Garesché looked forward at that time. It was rather the legal profession, in which he took his degree at the St. Louis Law School of Washington University in 1898. He was, in fact, a successful practising attorney in the St. Louis and federal courts for two more years. Then he quietly closed his books and his office—closed his eyes and his heart upon all that secular life could offer him—and entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Florissant, Missouri. St. Ignatius had triumphed over Blackstone; but then, St. Ignatius is used to victories, and will have his own.

The long period of Jesuit intensive training, fourteen years, was slightly shortened for Edward Garesché, as he had already followed his regular collegiate courses under the Society's direction. So, after seven more years at St. Louis University—this time devoted to theology and philosophy—and the usual pedagogic experiences at Cincinnati and St. Mary's, Kansas, he was ordained to the holy priesthood at the church of St. Francis Xavier in his native city, in the June of 1912.

Father Garesché had already contributed in verse and prose to various Catholic periodicals, and directly after his ordination he spent a summer in New York City, working upon the editorial staff of *America*. Then he was summoned back to St. Louis, to undertake the entire publication of a new magazine devoted chiefly to the Blessed Virgin and the activities of her Sodality, to be called *The Queen's Work*. The story of this little periodical, which in five years has grown from such hopeful roots of nothingness up to a circulation of one hundred and twenty thousand, is rather remarkable. Frankly dedicated to devotional and charitable endeavors, it has, under Father Garesché's inspiration, promoted innumerable good works throughout our country; at the same time maintaining a lively literary interest by means of its

poetic contests and articles of artistic as well as popular appeal.

The editor's own work on his infant publication has naturally, and from the first, been constant—the collected editorials having already formed the nucleus of several prose volumes, *Your Interests Eternal*, *Your Soul's Salvation*, *The Things Immortal*, and a book of meditations on the Blessed Virgin, entitled *The Most Beloved Woman*. These are pages of eminently popular devotion and discipline, addressed to young people, to busy people, chiefly, indeed, to Sodalists who might wish to fulfill their own large and often latent possibilities of sanctity in everyday life. Perhaps, without too great strain, this little series of books might be called a newer, briefer, more democratic version of the monumental Father Faber; shall one say, Frederick William Faber vigorously "Americanized?"

Together with the prose works and duties of administration just mentioned, Father Garesché has stood sponsor for three volumes of verse—and it is chiefly with these that the present study is concerned. The first of the flock, *The Four Gates*, was published in 1913, and its title-poem proved immediately illuminating:

Four are the gates
To the splendors immortal,
Which the slow hours swing
Open and close.

'Tis Heaven that waits
Just past the portal
Of Summer and Spring,
Of Autumn and Snows.

That is to say, while the poems are grouped nominally about earth's seasons—while they contain, indeed, numbers of graceful nature pieces, poems of fire and water, of the star, the bird, even of the cheery and indomitable mullein,

Straight-stemmed and tall, as peering from afar
To see where yon the browsing cattle are,

one feels that their motivation is essentially religious. They are such stuff as prayers, rather than dreams, are made of; songs which might fittingly claim the harp of the young Levite

hastening to his chrism, or awed from its fresh anointing. Here are religious narratives like "St. Maurice and the Theban Legion," "St. John at Ephesus," *et cetera*, with a tranquil beauty much like that of Aubrey de Vere. Here are verses "To a Young Priest," to "The First Mass," with scores of Marian poems; and while all show vital sympathy and a strong sense of music, some are not free from that tendency toward over-accentuation, toward making much of a slight incident, which so generally obtrudes upon professionally religious verse. Over against these will flutter a lyric of truest originality, even of naïve and whimsical distinction, such as "Truant Snowflakes"—while, indeed, the fragrance of Stevenson's immortal *Garden of Verse* already penetrated Father Garesché's poems to children. Because this is a vein to be even more richly and tenderly developed in his later work, the delectable lines *To a Holy Innocent* may be quoted here:

Sudden to felicity
 Heaven's herald summoned thee—
 Barely hadst begun to be!

What a gulf, from shore to shore,
 Thou didst flee in safety o'er—
 Nothingness, to Heaven's door!

Wrench and wound and toils and woe,
 Thou wilt never come to know
 All thou 'scapest here below!

Nay—but guess it all, and pray
 For us others who delay,
 Coming by a longer way!

The World and the Waters, Father Garesché's second poetic collection, was published in 1918. It showed a distinct forward leap in the power of the poet-priest, and the leap was along the two lines already suggested, the poetry of childhood and the poetry of nature interpreted Godward. Circumstances tender and tragic enough—yet destined to be even more tragic and more tender before the tale should be told to its ending—have brought particular celebrity to one very lovely poem, "To Rose in Heaven," which Father Garesché wrote in quick

reaction to the death of Joyce Kilmer's little daughter. Of this poem, Joyce Kilmer himself wrote from France, and with his customary fine vehemence of praise: "It is so exquisite that I cannot write or speak all my deep appreciation of it. But I know that it is not my personal feeling alone that makes me consider it one of the noblest elegiac poems in our language." On the technical side, it is worth noting that in this poem Father Garesché makes not his first, but perhaps his first consummately successful use of the Patmorean ode-form, which he has since employed in much of his best work with such memorable beauty and power. The Eucharistic poems of this volume, very brief and very simple in the main, but fragrant with truest devotion to Christ's "palpitant, wistful Bread," should really be more popularly known among Catholics. And "Sunbrowned with Toil," a little colloquy between St. Francis and the Tuscan laborer, is a poem of solid beauty—solid, even although the upheavals of modern labor would seem to relegate it into some realm of fair Utopian fancies clustering about "the constant service of the antique world."

Taken for all in all, there is probably no better example of Father Garesché's general method and general excellence in the poetic understanding of nature than "The Voice of Creatures." It may very well be questioned whether this little poem is not quite worthy of Wordsworth in its affectionate and authentic observation of the big and little things of the daily miracle, in its direct simplicity and its sincere emotion "recollected in tranquillity:"

Oh, wonder of the commonest things of God!
The lowliest of His works can startle thought
Beyond pursuit of words. A power as vast
Dances yon dust-mote whirling in the ray
As stirs the star-dust o'er us. Every touch
Of timid green that bids young Spring good-morn
Hath in its juicy veins life's miracle. The sun
That veils his western fires is not so strange
As the dim worm his swift declining gleam
Sees glittering in the grass. Far swung aloft
The swallows circle in their evening skies—
Who bears them, freed from earth? Oh, in the deep
Of yonder melting clouds, and in the far
Pure fields of air, and in the quiet world,

The answer sings and murmurs to mine ears,
With voice of winds and birds and leafy groves;
Soft, whispering accents, clear to him who lists,
Chorus eternal, "Praise our Maker, God!"

This poem, as hinted a few lines back, represents the general excellence, the poetic tableland, as it were, of its author. But Father Garesché has scaled more spectacular and starry peaks. In fact, it remained for this young Missouri Jesuit to celebrate with anything like worthiness the natural glories of Niagara—to compass, for that white American miracle, an ode that might stand with the best in American literature. Like most fine things, it should be read entire; but space permits the quotation of only a single stanza here, a stanza of superb metaphor and music:

Tongue of the Continent! Thou whose hymning shakes
The bosom of the lakes!

O sacrificial torrent, keen and bright,

Hurled from thy glorious height!

Thou sacerdotal presence, clothed in power,

At once the victim and the white-robed priest,

Whose praise throughout the ages hath not ceased,

Whose altar steams with incense every hour!

Lo, in all days, from thy white waters rise

The savors of perpetual sacrifice!

I see—pale prophecy of Christ's dear blood—

The transubstantiation of thy flood!

There echoes somewhat more than the "poet of the return to Nature:" there, surely, is a shaking harmony reminiscent of that Francis Thompson who was fain to be "poet of the return to God."

Another book of poems came from Father Garesché's hand that same year, 1918—the tiniest and most modest of volumes, yet weighty enough with the burden of its title, *War Mothers*. In point of fact, this little book of ten lyrics, dedicated "to one lately gone," Joyce Kilmer, is for uniform excellence and wide appeal the most important yet achieved by the poet-priest. Here was reached absolute mastery of the ode form which, as hinted before, he has been able to make both simple and popular—which, indeed, he has adapted with surprising skill to the sequence of unstrained human speech and the outpouring of powerful emotion, tuning it, often, to a

very rare key of pathos or of ecstasy. Very tender, very noble are the verses "To Blessed Jeanne D'Arc," and to "Our Lady of the Battlefield," while the title poem must have brought comfort to many an anxious mother's heart during the recent conflagration. But, perhaps, the best poem of all—one which may well be singled out as the best single poem Father Garesché has yet written—is the chant "To a Warrior Gone." No higher praise need be given the lyric than to say it is entirely worthy of its subject, worthy of the high-souled poet, Sergeant Kilmer, who did not lose, but gave, his life:

O Lord Michael, puissant and glorious,
Tell me how he came to thee, where thy legions are,
From the dark and from the din, the stark fray uproarious,
Winning up his eager way from star unto star.
Did he come before his time from that fight furious,
Leaping up the lanes of light before he heard a call,
Ere he wearied of the earth, of heaven curious,
Casting mortal days away ere he gleaned them all?
How I fain would hear of him in that new mustering
Where his welcomed spirit shines midst his holy peers,
Where the gallant hosts of God, in gold glory clustering,
Shout for the new recruits coming through the years.

* * * *

He will touch a mighty harp to great lays and beautiful;
They will gather there to list as we came here.
While he sings to every saint fair songs and dutiful,
Chanting with a new voice, charming heaven's ear.
He will give to Christ the King his great heart's loyalty,
Loving to be near to Him, eyes on Him alone.
What will his station be in God's bright royalty?
He will join the flaming band that stand about the throne;
He will watch the White Throne, his bright lance carrying,
And be Our Lady's messenger, her little ones to aid;
He will love to come again, in old haunts tarrying,
Bringing Blessed Mary's help when we cry afraid;
He will walk in heaven's streets and seek their holy history,
Loving every stone of them worn by human feet;
He will yearn to untwine the stars' sweet mystery—
Oh, the quest for holy lore, he will find it sweet!
O Lord Michael, puissant and glorious,
Tell me how he came to thee, where thy legions are,
From the dark and from the din, the stark fray uproarious,
Winning up his eager way from star unto star!

There are three other poems to the soldier-poet in this same volume, but the brightness of this apostrophe dims them all. It has sheer ecstasy in the simplest words—simple, indeed, as a prayer or as a tear.

The more closely one lives among poets, the more thoroughly is one convinced of the naturalness of their calling—of its harmony, indeed, with the other natural and beautiful and necessary things of life. Joyce Kilmer, at one extreme, fashioning his masterful song of "Rouge Bouquet" out of the transubstantiated mud of a dug-out in France—at the other, Father Edward Garesché, writing a really poignant ode to War Mothers or to Blessed Margaret Mary, as he speeds from one post of duty to another in a cross-country Pullman—have each, in different measure, the same salutary lesson to teach. They teach beyond peradventure that the poet is, and should be, a very human person first of all; not less, in fact, but more human because more highly sensitized than the rest of men: endowed, as Wordsworth long ago put it, "with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness" . . . one who "rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him." Here, then, is the poet-priest's authentic patent of nobility, he *rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him!* He rejoices more, or at least *more articulately*, in the consecration of his daily life, in the beauty of the world about him, above all in the glory of the Faith he serves as chosen vessel. He sees the glory of simple things, the nearness and simplicity of sublime things. And the erratic and erotic vagaries, by which whole hosts of lesser poets make bids every other day for a cheap and easy fame, must be to him as though they were not.

Modestly has Father Garesché come to his dual task, asking no particular dispensation from duties high in themselves, but perhaps over-weighty for one who would bear also the burden of song. He has not taken himself or his gift with over-seriousness, but as part of the robust and varied day's work; feeling only, as he somewhere said, that the sum of Catholic poetry in English—which can be defended as essentially poetic and essentially Catholic—is not so large but that one may hope to do service by increasing it, "at least in one or two pages." He has so served and so increased it! He has shown the *beauty of holiness* to men and women, and little

children, too, both within the Church and beyond. Whether the future permits him to sow and reap still more generously in his art, or assigns him to less flowery plots of the eternal harvest fields, he will at least have justified to himself the title of poet. For what, after all, does the title mean? Many wise men in many strange lands have disputed the matter, but a rarely-tuned contemporary genius—one who sings of “old, forgotten, far-off things,” when he is not soldiering or hunting or lecturing—gives as fine a definition as our own generation is likely to come on. Let Lord Dunsany, of County Meath, sum up the question for priest and layman, too:

“What is it to be a poet? It is to see at a glance the glory of the world, to see beauty in all its forms and manifestations, to feel ugliness like a pain, to resent the wrongs of others as bitterly as one’s own, to know mankind as others know single men, to know nature as botanists know a flower, to be thought a fool, to hear at moments the clear voice of God.”

DAWN.

BY ALICE CASHEL.

SONG, pure from the throat of the lark,
Floats through the heather land.
Peace, pouring from out the dark,
Falls on the golden strand.

Dawn radiant out of the gloom
Floods all the purple hills.
The dull world watching awaits its doom
As on high the pure note thrills.

A world grown weary—a world grown sad!
A world lost on its way;
Battles and tempest—the man gone mad!
Hush! the lark greets the Day.

THE LAST STRONGHOLD OF BOYHOOD.

BY S. H. N.



IT may seem most whimsical to those who have heard many an indictment of orphanages, to have the assertion made that in some of them are found boys in all their naturalness; indeed, that the last stronghold the kingdom of boyhood can boast of holding is an orphan asylum. That there is a kingdom of boyhood needs no proof, for, in the high courts of judgment, it has been recognized through the years, and to it embassies have come from adult realms to placate it when offended. Yes, and it has been the gracious deed of many former citizens of the kingdom to set forth in glowing words the achievements of this powerful nation, flaunting its banner in the face of all, the banner so dear to their hearts, because it represents to them the land of long-gone days

When they were young,
Sweet childish days, that were as long,
As twenty days are now.

At the outset, let it be remembered that the kingdom is not an organized government in a modern sense, with all the ills organization entails; but it is a state sufficient for its purpose, to provide the utmost happiness for its loyal subjects.

In the kingdom, there is no law of descent, Salic or otherwise, as with most simple peoples; and the king of Boydom, albeit he be king only for a day, is the oldest boy, the best fighter or the loudest talker; for boys will not give allegiance except to the mighty, and only to him while he remains supreme and uncrowned. It may be seen from this that the state of Boydom could not be a republic; for not votes, but prowess in some form gains fealty and homage. And because they are citizens of no mean realm, boys do not take kindly to the rule and government of adults: an alien yoke irks a subject people, and so it may be said that boys are potential rebels.

This tendency to rebel, never goes very far in most cases, because the boy is more or less isolated, and, at best, meets his peers only for a few short hours a day—from his point of view, a few all too short hours a day; so the dominating influence of elders in home and school is potent and effective in checking the inclination, which, one who knows boys can see, is ever but beneath the surface. Whether it is best for the boy to be so dominated, is debatable. For grown people think their duty is done, when they force the boy to adopt their own ideas before he has become adolescent. They are content if they can compel him to walk in the hard, flowerless ways of men, before he has outworn the magic carpet which makes the kingdom such a land of enchantment. Their appreciation of much boyish gear is so utterly wrong because their eyes no longer see with the rainbow-hued, wonder-working glasses of youth: as far as they are concerned, "there has passed away a glory from the earth," and they desire that it should pass away from boyhood also.

"We of this self-conscious, incredulous generation, sentimentalize our children," Francis Thompson says, "analyze our children, think we are endowed with a special capability to sympathize and identify ourselves with children: we play at being children. And the result is that we are not more childlike, but our children are less childlike. It is so tiring to stoop to the child; so much easier to lift the child up to you. Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of today. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of Baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has a fairy godmother in its own soul: it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself the king of infinite space; it is

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

It is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it be commuted into death. When we

become conscious in dreaming that we dream, the dream is on the point of breaking; when we become conscious in living that we live, the ill dream is just beginning."

And many, far too many, are all too painfully aware that they live, and they would have those blissfully unaware of the fact, sobered and made old before their time, by the weight of custom that lies upon themselves "heavy as frost, and deep almost as life." And yet, in our dislike of the old-fashioned boy, of the boy older than his years, and far aloof from boyish play, we admit, even despite our theories, that this domination is not best for him.

Now in an orphan asylum, the boys are so large a unit, and have so many opportunities for the interchange of thought and opinion, and are left together to their own devices for so large a portion of the day, under supervision it is true, but to their own devices, nevertheless, that they reveal, as few boys elsewhere reveal, the normal attitude of boys towards this domination. Hence, there is far more truth than is first apparent, in the statement, that an asylum is the last stronghold that withstands the assaults of the enemy. It is true that the enemy is within the gates, but there is an inner hold still untaken, and its walls are adamant against all attack.

"Here," and the sequel will show that "here" is used advisedly, the viewpoint of the boys is so naïve, that they cannot understand that a superior thinks differently than they, and the invariable appreciation of the best of advice and counsel, if it does not concur with their own views, or fit in with their own desires, is: "Oh, he is just saying that," or "He is only saying that." In other words, he really thinks as we do in the matter, but his position makes him say the contrary. And "he is only saying that" would go far to explain many a supposed case of disobedience. However, there are those who argue that boys are naturally disobedient, and from sheer perversity do so many forbidden things. It may be so; but much can be said for the boy's point of view, that he looks upon older people, in general, as his natural enemies, ever checking and hampering his play and games with laborious duties and irksome obligations. But even in this final stronghold of the nation, there is no organized opposition, for the powers that be have the means of punishment, and the leaders of the opposition would be vicarious victims for the rest, and vicarious

suffering has no place in the economy of the kingdom. But there is something almost as effective as organized opposition, and herein is the inner stronghold of the nation, impregnable to all assaults, there is the tacit understanding that rules, and commands are to be made void as often as possible, and that disobedience is the thing, when it "can be gotten away with," yes, and if the occasion offer, the standard of revolt is to be raised.

Surely all this springs from the feeling, for boys can have no conviction in the matter, that Boydom is an oppressed race, and any evasion is legitimate. The Belgians, during the late War and the occupation of their country, were not outwardly more docile and inwardly more rebellious than boys are. That resistance is secret, does not make it any the less effective, as parents and elders know who have to deal with citizens of the kingdom with a grievance.

The attitude towards school is another instance of how natural boys are "here." Because of the insistence of parents and teachers on the value of education, there are found boys "away" who profess to like school and, rarer still, who do like school; but "here" those who pretend to like school are few, and those who really like it are unknown. Books, apart from pirate stories and cowboy tales, and such treasure trove, are merely instruments of teachers to make them miserable, and the teachers who wonder why boys are so prone to mutilate and deface, if not destroy books furnished them, cannot see how it delights them to "get revenge" on the books when they dare not revenge themselves on the teacher for the misery he inflicts. And that it is a misery to coop up these bundles of nervous energy for so many hours a day, all would concede, even those who admit it is necessary. It is but another indictment Mother Eve will have to face on the last day; for had she not been such a seeker after knowledge, her children would have, without study, all they need to know.

Now, there are boys who like composition and arithmetic and geography, but the bane of all boys' lives is grammar. For the grammar of the classroom, and with allowance for the difference in matter, the same could be said for spelling, is made by those who are more or less influenced (English only is considered) by the classical languages, while the grammar of ordinary conversation is created by usage and made

by those who speak the language. And to the degree that a people is influenced by the standards of grammarians, we have a cultivated speech; but the popular tongue is none the less grammatical, since grammar serves primarily to enable one to be understood, and this, every dialect, be it soever crude, does well. Consequently, as with other simple peoples, boys dislike grammar as artificial, though the word is not in their vocabulary. But where else than "here" would you find boys able to formulate arguments that would justify their ungrammatical state? When they have been corrected for mistakes in grammar, with no thought of impertinence, answers like these have been given: "Well, anyway, we don't have to talk that way (grammatically) until we go away." "There is no school today, so we can talk 'here talk.'" "We don't have to talk 'way talk' (correct English) except in class and away." For there is a manner of speaking "here" that amounts to a dialect: it is peculiar to the place, and is another argument for the flourishing of the final stronghold of the kingdom in an asylum, for one of the signs of nationality is a native language. Basically, it is English, or as we say, "American," for to us English is a foreign tongue, as the child revealed who told the priest that his mother did not speak English, but did speak American.

It is astonishing how quickly a newcomer picks up this "here talk," using it with all the assurance of being correct, and with full knowledge that he will be understood by his peers in speaking their language "familiar, but by no means vulgar." There is a charm beyond words in seeing a boy from the streets, who had lost all the romantic possibilities of "suppose," rediscovering for himself all its wonder-working magic. His naturalness had been blighted by "No boy plays sissy games;" "Be sensible now, Willie;" "Aw, be a man;" and all the other phrases of unimaginative men, but "here" his boyhood comes into a second spring, and blooms and flourishes into beauty. And it is a nimble adult imagination that can companion a boy when he sets forth on the sea, uncharted even to himself, of the "Let's suppose," and "Let's pretend," to frolic in flights of imagination that make the "stunts" of air pilots pale into insignificance.

One of the first terms an observing visitor notes is the use of "here" as opposed to "way." Anything that comes from the

outside, or is brought from the outside, be it candy, a hat or a baseball team is "way candy," a "way hat" or "the way nine;" while our possessions are "here candy," "a here hat" and "here nines." "Father, is that a here horse?" was the question that baffled a new chaplain with a strange horse. The asylum is the "here place" or simply "here." Consequently a lad was correct, asylumly speaking, though puzzling to any "way" person, when he asked at an exhibition of Belgian draft horses in the city, "Have we horses here better than those horses there?" While a boy is in the house, he is a "here guy;" when he leaves, he becomes "a way guy," but to the uninitiated, "There's lots of way guys up here today" is simply jargon.

There are names for bees and butterflies based on findings unknown to naturalists other than the "here kind." Butterflies are "red lōkers and yellow lōkers, white millers and yellow millers, colored Japans and black Japans, bulls-eyes and kings" according to colorings and markings. Bees, and as far as we are concerned, wasps and hornets are bees also, are "xaminations, waxies, jeromes, coal oils, bumholos, kings and she cornets, Britishers and Chinas." "The king is a large black bee with nine stingers;" "the waxy has a crooked stinger and can't sting much." And they know these things, these empirical naturalists, "'cause I let 'em sting me." "The xamination keeps looking 'round;" the she-cornet (hornet), from its habit, doubtless, of rubbing its forelegs together, "has a knife and fork;" "the jerome (drone) is a big, lazy bee and lets the others work." Then the different varieties of wild bees are not varieties really, but male or female bees of different years of age, and they know the ages! Their natural history is mixed; but it is uncanny how they classify according to "here" terminology, a darting butterfly or a swift bee. And the lore they have gathered and handed down about animals and insects is remarkable.

All boys have the faculty of bestowing nicknames, and no matter how the newly-named regards his "christening" it is idle to object, for in the kingdom titles are given with what amounts to an accolade, and, for honor or dishonor, are conferred in perpetuity. To a greater degree, perhaps, than elsewhere, we have the laughable use of words caught incorrectly from elders. Among the seeds a boy was going to plant were "some government examples;" when asked what he was in

the animal kingdom, another gave this utterly unexpected reply: "I'm a union bean." Best of all was the calling of a sulphur spring by a boy who knew neither word, "the egg pood," and he called it that "'cause it smells like eggs."

This brings out another interesting point, true for all children; with all their limitations of vocabulary, they are always able to express themselves, coining a new word, *v. g.*, "wing-flies" for butterflies, or giving a "regular" word a new meaning, *v. g.*, "egg-pood." For be it remembered, as Alice Meynell says, "A child thinks grown-up people . . . make words as occasion befalls. A child would be surprised to know how irritably poets are refused the faculty and authority which he thinks belong to the common world." When a lay teacher, for "humbugging," used a lot of big words, his self complacency was scattered to the four winds, when a lad, smiling, blurted out: "Aw! you're makin' 'em up."

Each boy in the house has some daily duty, and is said to be "on dairy, on office, on chickens," etc., through all the activities of this large place. If dismissed, he is "off Brothers, off dining-room, off shoe shop," as the case might be. "On minding," being monitor, is the only temporary task we have. Now these duties and tasks are prized or disprized according to their own standards. Consequently, if a boy be put "off" any work he likes, were he asked why, in nine cases out of ten, the answer would be: "Brother got jealous of me." For if the boys envied him, the Brother in charge must also. So it happens, that to tell a boy he can go back to the yard, if he does not do his work, is enough. But it is recognized "here" also, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. So outside of school and duties, there is much time for play and business.

"Business" is used advisedly. The odds and ends that a boy accumulates in his pockets and everywhere he can, have been a constant cause of teasing and laughter to those who have left childhood far behind. They speak of it contemptuously as "trash," and in so doing, prove they have forgotten a vital part of their own boyhood. Nevertheless, their opinion has weight, and many a boy "away" gathers and cherishes trash in secret, lest he be ridiculed. Therefore, it enters into trade and commerce only at intervals and irregularly, and more or less covertly. "Here," however, because the boys are

fortunately so large a unit, and able to ignore the smiles or views of the minority, a public opinion of our own has been created that has taken away the stigma of opprobrium from "trash," and the word is used with all honor and respect. In no sense of the term do we consider a collector of trash "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," for to us, it is valuable and makes its owner an object of envy and respect. It is cherished with all openness and pride, being property, as will be shown later on, and a permanent article of exchange. Embryonic merchants are dealing in it "here," who bid fair to make their mark when they leave.

To give your trash to another, is to prove that other is your best friend. And the man who is proffered the little all of a boy on the point of leaving, is doubly blessed: once, for having won a friendship like no other in this life, and once, for being thought capable of understanding. For the shyest of creatures is a boy, when his affections are liable to be smiled at or made little of; he never carries his heart on his sleeve for daws to peck at, as any one can know who tries to have him repeat, in public, words or signs of affection tendered in private.

As has been indicated here and there in the foregoing, we play many of the games of more fortunate boys "away." But it is a blessing that we can and do get amusement in things, other boys, more influenced by older standards, would think "mean." To us, who have so little, nothing is valueless. But there are games and sports decidedly national in this little world of ours. A favorite sport is "charging a hive," and it will be seen how heroic a sport this is, when it is borne in mind that the "hive" is really a hornet's nest. Armed with clods of earth and rocks, with no other protection than caps or coats held before eager faces, boy after boy charges the hive, bangs his weapon at the bees, and runs back for more ammunition. This continues, until the bees are killed or dispersed. But on the army's side there are casualties also. While the battle is in progress, and the charging and recharging remind one of a battle, a little soldier may dash up to you, clinging to his knee with both hands: "Gee! I got three hot ones!" "Three hot ones?" The ever-ready interpreter translates, "He means he got stung three times."

The hive thus obtained at the cost of innumerable hot

ones, on face and neck and body, becomes the cherished possession of the boy who was daring enough to dash in and dig up the hive, for usually it is in the ground, while there are still many hornets storming about. He puts it into a box to "watch the young ones (larvæ) hatch out." One such hive was carried not only in the yard, but into church and class, dining-room and dormitory for weeks, the owner placing his own "jarred stuff" in the box so "the young ones can get somethin' to eat." As a special concession, he allowed some boys to peek into the box, but not many, for after it had lost its attraction for himself, he traded it to a boy who had not been allowed, and wisely, too, to see it.

"Knocking bees and butterflies" is another sport. When one sallies across the yard, there is a call of "first" by the one who sees it, and "second" by the second, and so on; and it is an example of Boydoni's law to see how carefully they generally allow the "first" and "second" their turn to knock the bee, before the others, in the order of calling out, take their chance. Owing to our lack of marbles and tops and the money for the purchase of them, trash is also used in games. No boys "away," with "really dobés, ágates and comps" play marbles that cause more rivalry and contention than games with skate trash do "here." Soldier games, with skate trash for bullets, finger and thumb for guns and odd dominoes or "skinny hunks of wood" for soldiers, excite as much as if they had all the war implements of other boys. Cheers burst forth from them when a sole surviving checker is killed, like Goliath, with a pebble; and tears are in angry eyes if the enemy has several dominoes standing, when the last of the old guard falls.

Like other nations, these citizens realize, more or less clearly one is inclined to think, that once they have lost their language and customs they will lose their identity. Their motto seems to be the equivalent of *Nihil innovetur*. "This is the way it is done in the yard;" "That is the way we talk here;" "This is the way the boys here play it;" are rocks upon which many a well-meaning but officious adult has met shipwreck. The fabled immutability of the laws of the Medes and the Persians is as dew in the summer sun, compared to the tenacity of the boys to their ways and terms.

Of the one hundred who would laugh at their odd verb forms, and unusual plurals, and use of the abstract for the con-

crete, "I was disobedience, gluttony, laziness, etc.," perhaps one would be able to show why they are wrong, for they have the argument from analogy on their side and Chaucer and the ancients of our tongue as well. Were one to find this "here talk" among a people far removed from our English-speaking countries, he would be inclined to think he was listening to the primitive form of our language, spoken by a race whose civilization is more simple and natural than ours; and in so thinking he would not be far astray. For not of boys was he singing, who sang:

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that
tell of saddest thought.

To the boys "here," the past is gone, for in the sense that adults speak of memory, boys have no memory; the future can be but talked about, for while "supposin'" plays an important part in a boy's life, when he is "supposin'" his dreams are real, and he is living decidedly in the present, the only reality, and in this nation as in others, realities alone count. A boy "here," consequently, is a genuine utilitarian, a disciple after Jeremy Bentham's own heart. He takes the things at hand for his purpose, and considers only the needs of the moment. So he unravels his stockings to "raise up" kite string; makes a ball from the yarn of his sweater; takes the nails from his shoes to fasten reed bird cages; uses his necktie or handkerchief for a kite tail; cuts his garters to make sling shot rubbers of the elastic; tears out the tongue of his shoe for the sling-shot pouch; and has been found hacking down a fine young shade tree to obtain a sling-shot prong. There is no looking before, indeed, else they would know they needed these things. But it is better in their eyes to go stockingless and cold to bed, than do without their fun, which is ever of the present. And there is no looking after, so they have the gift of forgetting the sorrows as well as the few comforts of their baby days. Because they do not pine for what is not, they treasure trash, and deem themselves rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Because there is not a bit of pain

in their laughter, analyze as owl-eyed scientists may, their mirth is a thing to be envied, for

The soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

And if the songs they sing bring tears to the eyes of their hearers, they do not weep themselves, and would sing the saddest air to quick time, with all the lilt of the wildwood.

Yet, unconsciously, they suggest profundities that make an adult wonder; beneath the utmost artlessness may be found unfathomable depths. A little one of four fell down stairs; and on the verge of tears was caught up to be told: "You are not a cry baby, but a laughing baby." In a moment, when the laughter had scarcely died on his lips, and the tears but gone from his eyes, he wanted to know: "Does a laughing baby grow up to be the same as a crying baby?"

Be it understood, the citizens of this final stronghold of boyhood are happy, how happy, only one who lives among them can understand. And the primary reason for this happiness is, most likely, due to the fact that the boys are allowed to be themselves and natural more than elsewhere.

Life for these citizens of the kingdom is mostly joy; for the little storms of "here" life, like spring showers, are soon over and clear the air. They are children, though they be fourteen: they have the child's inconsequence about money, his indifference to the pain inflicted on others, his "lack of feeling" to quote a state inspector, as if in this they were unlike all other children; but they have the endearing traits of little ones, artlessness, spontaneity and infectious laughter. They crave affection and lavish it upon those they love, and to realize how generously they love, one must be living "here."

But, it may be objected, this view is that of one blind to the dark side of an orphan's life. Yet that side has been so emphasized, that some think there is no other side. Permit a glimpse to be given of the sunlight. Pathos, yes, and sadness also. But the pathos is visible only to adult eyes, and the sadness moves only hearts that know the heavy hand of sorrow.

None of our boys in this, their little world, can be "lapped

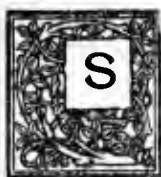
about with love in all his hours," for she who would do so, is gone to God, or is far away; but their desire to cuddle into someone's arms finds fulfillment, their craving for affection is somehow gratified, the lack of a mother's love is felt, but not realized. After all, He Who tempers the wind for the shorn lamb, must have His own way of comforting the little ones He deprived of a mother. The taking away was His, and His it is also to comfort and console; and that He does grant the anodyne of His gracious consolations to these motherless little ones in ways beyond the power of words to convey, we, who live in the midst of them, can see quite clearly.

Truly it is a blessed thing to have the gift of hearing "the song in the soul of a child." To be a factor for good in his budding life is happiness enough for any man. And "here," for the very lack of a mother, the boys creep into your heart unawares; and if they find you have the gift of understanding, a Pentecostal gift, surely, you win a place in theirs.

Child how may a man's love merit
The grace you shed as you stand,
The gift that is yours to inherit?
Through you are the bleak days bland;
Your voice is a light to my spirit;
You bring the sun in your hand.

CO-PARTNERSHIP IN INDUSTRY.

BY ANTHONY J. BECK.



SOME years ago a Catholic lecturer engaged in a debate with a Socialist in a city of the Middle West. The Socialist opened the verbal battle with an offensive against the concentration of wealth and the control of industry in the hands of a minority. He told how before the Industrial Revolution of the eighteenth century the artisan generally owned his tools and a little shop, and how the invention of the steam engine and other marvelous mechanical devices developed these tools into complex and costly machinery, placed them in large factories, and made the former artisan its servant as a wage worker. Had Mr. Socialist been conversant with the works of historians like Cardinal Gasquet, he would have pointed out also the intellectual and spiritual factors which were born of the liberalism generated by the so-called Reformation, and which combined with technical changes to make the majority of modern industrial workers a class without property. "The Reformation," says Cardinal Gasquet, "was primarily a social and economic revolution." When, two centuries later, inventions revolutionized industry the descendants of these "reformers" and a few fortunate, ambitious, and daring individuals, enriched by discoveries in the New World, became directors of modern industry.

Though ignorant of this phase of the question, the Socialist agitator made a diagnosis which was correct but did not go far enough. The Catholic lecturer ignored his opponent's opening argument entirely and concentrated his fire on Socialism as a remedy. This may have given some non-Catholics the impression that Catholics approve the modern industrial development in all its phases. Be this as it may, the Socialist was foolish enough to be drawn into a futile defence of Socialism. He could have won an apparent victory by holding the Catholic spokesman to a refutation of his opening argument. But then his Catholic adversary could have turned the

tables on him by accepting the Socialist analysis and then, after exposing the inherent weakness of Socialism, proposed Christian democracy, especially co-partnership, as the best means of stopping this concentration of wealth and bringing about a more equitable distribution of property.

Under co-partnership the workers own a substantial part of the corporate stock of an enterprise, and exercise a reasonable share in its management.¹ Co-partnership is justified by natural law, is practical, and cannot logically be branded as Socialistic.

Its justification may be deduced from certain passages in the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. on "The Condition of Labor." "It is surely undeniable," writes His Holiness, "that when a man engages in remunerative labor the very reason and motive of his work is to obtain property, and to hold it as his own private possession." Touching on the sacred duty of a father to provide for his family, the illustrious Leo says: "Now in no other way can a father effect this except by the ownership of profitable property, which he can transmit to his children by inheritance." After laying down certain principles on the relation of the precepts of the Gospel to the solution of our social and industrial problems, on the duties of the State, and on the elements of a living wage, His Holiness makes this remarkable declaration: "We have seen that this great labor question cannot be solved except by assuming as a principle that private ownership must be held sacred and inviolable. The law, therefore, should favor ownership, and its policy should be to induce as many of the people as possible to be owners." It may be objected that Pope Leo aimed especially at defending the right to private property in opposition to those Socialists who advocate public ownership of all the means of production and distribution. But, if the right to private property is sacred against State tyranny and monopoly, why should it not be just as sacred against seizure and unjust monopoly on the part of fellow citizens? And if it be contended that the Pope had in mind private property in land, we should answer: Could he have been unaware of the development of gigantic industrial enterprises owned and controlled by a few persons?

Scarcely anyone conversant with our economic and so-

¹ The National Catholic War Council's pamphlet on *Social Reconstruction*.

cial conditions will deny that a majority of industrial workers do not own property. "A small number of very rich men," said Pope Leo, "have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself." The National Catholic War Council, in its pamphlet, *Social Reconstruction*, estimates that "a considerable majority of the wage-earners of the United States . . . were not receiving living wages when prices began to rise in 1915," and since then "the average rate of pay has not increased faster than the cost of living." Men who do not receive living wages are not likely to own property. Studies of government statistics by conservative economists show that a majority of our workers have very little or no property.

The workers in this class need first of all wages enabling them to live in a manner becoming to man. Hence, the National Catholic War Council advocates, as immediate reforms, proper housing for workers; legal minimum wages covering at first "only the present needs of the family," but expanding until they make possible that "amount of saving which is necessary to protect the worker and his family against sickness, accidents, and old age;" and representation of labor in the "industrial" part of business management, which concerns nature of product, engagement and dismissal of employees, hours of work, rates of pay, etc. Workers enjoying such a degree of independence could perhaps not make a just demand for further industrial democracy in the shape of an opportunity to become part owners of the business employing them. With the large quantity of stocks of many different industries available in the public market, they can invest their savings in other profitable enterprises or in land.

However, is it not expedient to their employers in the long run, and to the commonwealth, to let them put their money and the interest that attaches to it into the concerns engaging their services? From a psychological viewpoint co-partnership would yield better returns than does profit-sharing in added interest in work, increased efficiency, and contentment. A worker may after some months forget the generosity implied in a bonus; but he is not likely to be unmindful of having a share in the business employing him. If profit-sharing is combined with co-partnership, the bonus paid out returns to the business in the form of payment on

stock and, besides fostering good will, can be used to increase the plant's security by being placed in a contingency fund.

Co-partnership has the approval of conservatively progressive economists, eminent captains of industry, and far-seeing social-minded men. The National Catholic War Council is not content with the immediate and far-reaching reforms mentioned in the foregoing. It is confident that these will go far to remedy the main defects of the present system: "enormous inefficiency and waste in the production and distribution of commodities; insufficient incomes for the great majority of wage-earners, and unnecessarily large incomes for a small minority of privileged capitalists." "Nevertheless," it continues, "the full possibilities of increased production will not be realized so long as the majority of the workers remain mere wage-earners. The majority must somehow become owners, at least in part, of the instruments of production. They can be enabled to reach this stage gradually through coöperative societies and co-partnership arrangements."

Dr. John A. Ryan, who is one of the country's foremost economists, continually insists that "the supreme need of the world today, even in America, is greater production." The world has lost five years of intensive peace-time production in many leading countries, the energy of more than ten million men killed and disabled in some form, ten million tons of shipping, and many hundreds of thousands of tons of food and raw material. It will take years of production, with greatly increased energy and devotion, to make good this tremendous loss. "So long as labor remains scarce," observes Dr. Ryan, "this interest can be secured only by giving the workers a greater share in the management of industry, and some share in its profits."² Pope Leo expressed a similar thought when he wrote: "Men always work harder and more readily when they work on that which is their own . . . It is evident how such a spirit of willing labor would add to the produce of the earth and to the wealth of the community."³

This reasoning is borne out by the experience of large concerns like the Proctor and Gamble Company of Cincinnati. This company started a profit-sharing system in 1886, and has since then combined it with co-partnership. The employees

² *Brooklyn Tablet*, September 27, 1919.

³ Letter on "The Conditions of Labor."

are permitted to subscribe to stock, paying down two and one-half per cent of its market value and four per cent each succeeding year. In the meantime the company, which seems to be unusually prosperous, gives the stockholder employee one-fifth of his wage in a stock dividend, and after four or five years the stock is paid up. After different periods of service the total amount of stock purchaseable is increased. "Profit-sharing," says Colonel W. C. Proctor, "has many attendant advantages. For one thing, it inclines a man to stay on the job by giving him a vital interest in the business."⁴ It induces the employees to promote in every way the success of "their" enterprise. Other large concerns which have adopted some form of co-partnership are the Sears-Roebuck Company of Chicago, the Metropolitan Gas Company of London, the concern managed by George W. Perkins, the DuPont De Nemours Company of Wilmington, Del., and the Dennison Manufacturing Company of Framingham, Mass.⁵ In the Metropolitan Gas Company six thousand employees are stockholders, and in the Sears-Roebuck Company four thousand hold shares. The New York *Evening Post*, which is controlled by a man prominent in high finance, stated editorially that "many corporation men are today favorably considering" the plan of giving their workingmen "full and first-hand knowledge of the business" and "a voice in its management."⁶ In his message read in Congress on December 2d President Wilson urged "a genuine democratization of industry, based upon the full recognition of the right of those who work, in whatever rank, to participate in some organic way in every decision which directly affects their welfare." The message adds that a "return to the old standards of wage and industry in employment is unthinkable." This view is shared by the editor of *The Pilot*, official organ of the Archdiocese of Boston: "The day of the wage-earner as such is drawing to a close."⁷

Besides promoting efficiency and increased production, co-partnership encourages thrift. In the words of the Rev. A. M. O'Neill, who presided at the 1919 New York State Conference of Charities and Corrections, "the best way to practice thrift is in paying for a home." And next to his home nothing

⁴ *American Magazine*, October, 1919.

⁵ *Ibid.*, October 6, 1919.

⁶ *Chicago Tribune*, December 3, 1919.

⁷ *The Pilot*, September 13, 1919.

holds more interest for the average worker than does his workshop. Mr. Proctor notes that one phase of his company's plan is to encourage thrift among those employees drawing a small wage.

Social students point out that a veritable mania for spending has seized a considerable percentage of workers and their families. One reason for this is the pleasure-greed of our time, the desire to seek happiness in purely material things. But an extenuating circumstance in not a few cases seems to be the fact that, even after practicing thrift, many workers have little left at the end of the year and, becoming discouraged, in their efforts to own a home, spend more freely than they would otherwise and seek consolation in amusements and expensive clothes. Co-partnership, if extensively introduced, would save for business operations and, incidentally, for old age, large sums now frittered away on shows, clothes, and dainties.

By stimulating the worker's interest in his industry, co-partnership would also tend to check the scaling down of hours and the raising of wages. "Each powerful labor group," says Dr. Ryan, who is very friendly to labor, "seeks to better its condition through higher wages and shorter hours." This reduces production instead of increasing it, and thereby helps to offset the great war-bond issues and brings an inflated currency closer to its pre-war value. Consequently, "no matter how high money wages might become," argues Dr. Ryan, "the increase in prices, owing to the scarcity of goods, would more than offset the higher remuneration." Workers holding stock in a business do not easily countenance demands for unreasonably short hours and excessively high wages. They exercise a moderating influence and are more content than mere wage workers. In thus furthering contentment co-partnership serves the country in general as well as the worker and his employer in particular. It is, therefore, patriotic. *"If working people can be encouraged to look forward to obtaining a share in the land,"* wrote Pope Leo, *"the result will be that the gulf between vast wealth and deep poverty will be bridged over and the two orders will be brought nearer together."*⁸ What valid argument can be advanced to prove that these words of the illustrious author of

"the workingman's charter" apply only to land and not to our large industrial concerns?

In tending to close the gap between employer and employee and making for stability of labor and industry, co-partnership takes the wind out of the sails of Socialism, which feeds on grievances, discontent, and class strife. Co-partnership also meets the growing demand of the workers for a more equitable distribution of wealth. Socialism would take concentrated wealth from the hands of a minority of citizens and place it in charge of a paternalistic government with complete control of the institutional life of the nation. What the result would be we may infer from the tyranny and mismanagement which characterized the Bolshevik régimes in Hungary and Russia. Co-partnership, however, gradually and without violence, brings about the widest possible distribution of national income and resources. This alone, not to speak of its power for contentment, makes it a strong bulwark of social order and national progress.

It is, therefore, somewhat difficult to understand how people conversant with our social and industrial conditions can reject co-partnership as smacking of radicalism. The Bishops, under whose auspices the pamphlet on *Social Reconstruction* was issued, are surely not Bolsheviks. They represent an institution which has fought Bolshevism in a variety of forms for nineteen centuries. Dr. Ryan declares that Catholics who denounce this form of industrial democracy (co-partnership) as "Socialistic or Bolshevikic" "are not only wanting in logic, but ignorant of the social traditions and institutions of Catholicity. At the end of the fourteenth century, when the social teaching and influence of the Church were greater than they had ever been before or have been since, industry, both in the cities and the country, was mainly in the control, not of the superior classes, but of the masses of the workers. Had it not been for the Protestant Reformation and subsequent social disturbances, this general condition might have continued, and the workers would have been in a position to own and operate the new instruments of production which came into existence in the latter half of the eighteenth century."⁹

In an address before the Citizenship Conference at Pitts-

⁹ Cf. Hilaire Belloc's *The Distributive State*.

burgh on November 13, 1919, Charles E. Hughes, former Justice of the United States Supreme Court, prescribed as an antidote for Bolshevism a perfectly organized democracy—political, social, and industrial. The latter phase of democracy includes co-partnership. Mr. Hughes, however, opposes participation of labor in the management of producing industries. But Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, in an address on "The Real Labor Problem," advocated coöperation by labor in the management of industry, as well as profit-sharing, as most potent means to head off revolution and preserve our republican form of government.¹⁰

Co-partnership, like most human things, has its defects and drawbacks. An organ of high finance points out that there is a limit to the amount which can be assigned to labor out of the profits of industry. "Let that limit be passed, and the needed capital will surely be kept back." Even if labor is content with less than its share, the capitalists accustomed to large profits will give a wide berth to enterprises which introduce profit-sharing or co-partnership. More public-spirited and less selfish captains of industry will find that the temporary reduction of their profits will in the long run be more than repaid in added interest and increased production. Colonel P. A. Callahan stated some time ago that the profit-sharing and partnership system of the Louisville Varnish Company gives the stockholders larger earnings than did the wage system.¹¹

Another objection is based on the lack of sufficient education and training of large classes of workers for participation in business management. They have been mere "hands," "infants of industry," for so many years that they will not immediately develop the initiative and spirit of independence necessary to coöperate wisely with their employers. Some workers fear taking even the smallest risk with their savings, and prefer good wages and a possible bonus to helping develop a business with their savings and waiting for good returns. Others are shiftless, try to get the most money for the least work, and are blind to opportunities in an industry whose managers would probably give them a chance, provided they manifested a willingness for special effort. A friend of

¹⁰Chicago *Herald and Examiner*, October 14, 1919.

¹¹Catholic *Columbian*, December 5, 1919.

the writer holds a position with a large shipbuilding company. He discovered that through the absence of a high percentage of workers the concern lost weekly twenty thousand working hours. He told the men that, at only fifty cents an hour, this meant a weekly loss of \$10,000 to them and to the firm, besides failure to fill contracts promptly and the consequent loss of new ones. Many of the men were well paid and took time off to indulge in dangerous amusements. Their wives, sisters, and mothers came to the manager with their tales of woe. This circumstance gave him an additional reason to carry out his plan, and he greatly reduced the percentage of absentees. But at first he was denounced by some of the workers and even threatened with violence for promoting their own and the company's interests! Such workers require considerable training before they are qualified for co-partnership.

But it would be unjust to assume that a majority of the workers are of this class. If it were a fact, it would be little credit to our republican institutions, so unique in the world's history. Whatever the percentage of workers unqualified for coöperating in the management of industry, "neither for society nor for their own welfare," as Dr. Ryan contends, "is it desirable that the workers should permanently occupy the status of industrial dependency. . . . The theory that our industrial society should be divided into two classes, one of which should perform all the functions of direction and management, while the other should be merely well-fed automations of industry, is neither in accord with our democratic age, nor conducive to reasonable life. Therefore, the workers must obtain some share in the management of industry." A prominent financier and publicist, Otto Kahn, told a meeting of bankers in Pittsburgh that "workmen must be partners, their wages must not be their whole income." John D. Rockefeller, Jr., voiced this view in an indirect manner when he asked at a recent conference in Washington: "What joy can there be in life; what enthusiasm can he (the worker) develop when he is only regarded as a number on the payroll or a cog in a wheel?" Quoting this and similar utterances of eminent captains of industry and educators, Colonel Callahan, in speaking of his company's relations to its employees, declared that a genuine profit-sharing or partnership plan seems

to be the best agency to remove the grievances cited by Mr. Rockefeller and other social students. Colonel Callahan considers this plan a compromise between the autocracy of some capitalists and the radicalism of certain labor leaders.

Difficulties do not necessarily imply a false principle. Many a plan now in successful operation met with great initial obstacles. Co-partnership is fundamentally in accord with the natural law, promises greater efficiency, promotes thrift and contentment, goes far to counteract Socialism, fosters patriotism and national prosperity, and makes for true industrial democracy in harmony with our republican form of government. It may not be generally feasible in the near future; but it is the goal toward which the keenest minds in economics are trying to direct industry. In the words of the National Catholic War Council, "however slow the attainment of these ends (coöperation and co-partnership), they will have to be reached before we can have a thoroughly efficient system of production or an industrial and social order that will be secure from the danger of revolution."¹²

Among material factors co-partnership is a means that offers the greatest promise for a thoroughgoing solution of our industrial problems. But the spiritual side is, to say the least, equally important. The Bishops observe pertinently: "Neither the moderate reforms advocated in this paper, nor any other programme of betterment or reconstruction will prove reasonably effective without a reform in the spirit of both labor and capital."¹³ Both must become imbued with a new spirit, or rather with the good old spirit of justice and charity that prevailed in the days before the so-called Reformation, and had been infused into the hearts of men by the Prince of Peace, Jesus Christ. At best, even with a majority of men living in accordance with the precepts of His Gospel, this world is a place of pilgrimage, "a valley of tears," where sorrow treads on the heels of joy, pain contests for supremacy with pleasure, and misfortune undoes the triumphs of success. If material needs alone were at the bottom of our problems, these should not be so difficult to solve, for this country is blessed with vast resources. Its people are known the world over for resourcefulness and a driving genius that accomplishes what is considered impossible in many other countries.

¹² *Social Reconstruction*, p. 22.

¹³ *Social Reconstruction*, p. 24.

And yet the spectre of unrest stalks through the land and demands a prompt and a real solution of our industrial and social problems, one that will not only fill the dinner pail but also satisfy the heart.

“Society,” said Pope Leo XIII, “can be healed in no other way than by a return to Christian life and Christian institutions.” That is the voice of the Vicar of Christ, Who came on earth to teach men the way to peace—temporal and eternal, social and industrial, national and international.

THE ROAD TO BETHANY.

BY CAPTAIN HARRY LEE,

Of the Red Cross.

THE last week, the lone week,
Each weary evenfall,
The Master climbed the hill-road
Between the cedars tall.

Beyond the whispering cedars,
The olives gray and dim,
The Master sought the one door
That was not closed to Him.

And always at the last turn,
He saw the little light,
That Mary's hand had set there,
To guide Him through the night.

So for a love-lit candle,
That made the way less bleak,
The Master climbed the hill-road,
The last, lone week.

THE NATIONAL RELIGION OF JAPAN.

BY JOSEPH FRÉRI, D.D.,

Director, Society for the Propagation of the Faith.



THE aim of this article is to show the attitude of the Japanese mind towards religion. It will probably be a revelation to many who believed that the Japanese had done away with paganism. The following authoritative and comprehensive statement¹ on the national religion of Japan at the present time was made by Mr. Tokutomi, a prominent publicist, formerly a liberal of democratic tendencies, who turned staunch supporter of the reigning bureaucracy and was rewarded in 1911 with a life membership in the House of Peers.

"The Meiji restoration (1868) was the work of men who clamored for equality of rights with the Western nations. The immediate result of their first contact with foreigners in 1853 had been the humiliating recognition of the fact that the Japanese were inferior to the Westerners in point of strength and material progress. Their *Yamato* spirit (nationalism peculiar to Japan) was aroused, and they resolved to elevate their standards to that of foreigners. This was the starting point. Now, in order to wrest equality from the West, they must first effect equality among themselves. So they began pulling down the forces that contradicted the principles of equality, *i. e.*, feudalism and clannism. The equality of the people was accomplished under the centralizing power of the Emperor. In fact the equality of a people without some central restraining authority is impossible. But the Japanese, unlike the Englishmen or Americans, have no god. The Mikado is to the Japanese what the Christian God is to the Westerners. So we made the only exception in favor of the Mikado, for it is under him that all the Japanese, from *Shogun* (regent) to plebeian, have been either leveled or elevated to an equal position. The word liberty was, of course, much used and sometimes abused by the champions of the restoration, but, to tell the truth, the people did not care very much for liberty. As a matter of fact they felt no need of liberty."

¹ *The Japan Adventurer*, June 26, 27, 1918.

It would be difficult to sum up more accurately the whole question. The national religion of Japan is nothing but a name to insure political ends.

Under the old régime, before the restoration in 1868, which put back the Emperor at the head of the Government, the moral unity of the Japanese people rested neither on religion nor on patriotism.

Buddhism, it is true, seemed to have impregnated the life of the Japanese. It had adopted most of the divinities of primitive Shintoism, but, while giving a certain satisfaction to the popular feeling, its moral influence was small, and in practice its function was to give a religious expression to ancestor worship.

On the other hand, in that insular kingdom which had strictly isolated itself from the rest of the world, there was no room for any display of patriotism as we understand it. The only way in which it could manifest itself was by helping to keep the country closed to all visitors. The Emperor, especially since the thirteenth century, was but the shadow of a sovereign, held in bondage by the Regent; the people ignored his name, almost his existence.

The social forces at work were, on the one hand, feudalism, on the other, the family, with its worship of ancestors. These two forces had taken absolute possession of the individual, his body and soul. The notions of human personality and liberty were not dreamed of by him, and the only moral law that his conscience recognized were the wills of his overlord and of his father, strengthened by a number of tyrannical customs.

In 1871 the new Government abolished feudalism and suppressed the three hundred and twenty fiefs, reducing their lords to the rank of ordinary citizens. Such a radical change in politics was naturally followed by another in the moral and social order. Feudalism having disappeared, the family remained the sole foundation of national life. It continued to exercise an authority which was sometimes wholesome, but mostly arbitrary and tyrannical, strictly confined to domestic affairs. In public and political life the suppression of feudalism left a great gap. In times past loyalty to the feudal lord occupied the first rank among civic virtues, was superior to even filial devotion, but when the overlord ceased to exist the

citizen was at a loss to whom to pledge fidelity. The problem was solved by inviting the whole nation to transfer to the Emperor the homage formerly given to one of the feudal masters, and, the whole nation thus grouped around him, the Emperor became the supreme and only political tie of the new Japan.

While Japan had recognized Christianity, it never accepted Christianity. Its leading men saw in the adoption of Christianity and "Western practices," a serious danger for the Japanese mind and the sentiments which constitute the most valuable treasure of the race. Thenceforth the administration took measures to prevent all compromise with the "dangerous" notions of the West, especially with Christianity. They saw to it that the Japanese would not care to become Christians.

Then it was that the imperial question was solved. The makers of the Constitution had necessarily to find out some *raison d'être* for the allegiance due to the sovereign. They were confronted with two orders of ideas, the one social, the other religious, which at one time or another had been accepted in the Western world, but which were radically opposed to the principles hitherto received in Japan.

If the modern ideas concerning the rights of the individual and the sovereignty of the people were adopted, the sovereign was nothing but the delegate of the nation, bound to it by a contract which was revokable at will. This meant the downfall of the whole traditional order. If Japan had been able to foresee, as easily as she foresaw the danger of radicalism, that Christian doctrines are the only security of true national life, she would have had no difficulty in finding the solid foundation for a progressive new social order. Christian principles restrict radical tendencies within just limits, and both harmonize and safeguard the rights of God and those of the civil authorities, as well as of the family and the individual. But the traditional intellectual training of the Japanese prevented them from seeing this.

Individualism was to them a foreign and a repugnant idea. Furthermore, according to Shintoist principles, the allegiance of the people to the authorities could not rest on anything but the divine nature of the sovereign. It was not sufficient for the Emperor to be the lawful successor of a long line

of sovereigns whose origin is lost in the early ages of history. The example of China with its numerous changes of dynasties, to say nothing of Europe, inclined them to believe that an authority based on a purely human principle was not strong enough and could be some day set aside by their descendants. Hence the necessity of basing that authority on a religious foundation which would make it sacred and inviolable.

Thus the makers of modern Japan deliberately determined the course the Japanese people were to follow. Having rejected modern democratic ideas, as well as the principles of Christianity, they established the moral unity of the nation on a new basis. Absolute obedience is due to the Emperor, not only because he is the sovereign, the father of his people, the political link of the nation, but especially because, as the descendant of the divinities who created Japan, and himself a god possessing the supreme dominion, he exacts from his subjects the absolute and unlimited submission of their bodies and souls, their minds and conscience. This is what every Japanese must believe and profess under pain of being declared guilty of sacrilege and a traitor to his country.

Certain Western writers have called this the invention of a new religion, but it would be more accurate to say that extant, but almost forgotten, doctrines were made use of for a political end. As a matter of fact the divine origin of the Emperors was always professed by the Japanese. For at least fifteen hundred years the principal ancestor of the imperial family, the sun-goddess Amaterasu, has been worshipped at the famous temple of Ise which attracts annually countless pilgrims. Her brother's shrine is in the great temple of Izumo, and from all antiquity these have been the two most sacred spots in Japan. There are besides numerous temples dedicated to various emperors. Finally in the course of ages the person of the reigning emperor began to be looked upon as divine, naturally superior to the rest of mankind, and this at the very time he was deprived of all real authority and for political reasons imprisoned in his palace. But in those days these doctrines had no practical consequences, whereas today the whole political life of the country rests on the doctrine of the divinity of the Emperor, a doctrine so essential, say the leaders of Japan, that, if it were contradicted or so much as doubted, the country would be in danger.

"Shinto (the way of the gods)," says Prof. B. H. Chamberlain, "is the indigenous religion of Japan and a compound of nature-worship and ancestor-worship. It has gods and goddesses of the wind, the ocean, fire, food and pestilence, of mountains and rivers, of certain special mountains, certain rivers, certain trees, certain temples; it worships also certain beasts, first of all the fox, then the dragon, some snakes, etc., eight hundred myriads of deities in all. Chief among these is Amaterasu, the radiant goddess of the sun, born from the left eye of Izanagi, the creator of Japan, while from his right eye was produced the god of the moon, and from his nose the violent god Susu-no-o, who subjected his sister to various indignities and was chastised accordingly. The sun-goddess was the ancestress of the line of heaven-descended Mikados, who have reigned in unbroken succession from the beginning of the world and are themselves gods upon earth; hence the sun-goddess is honored above all the rest."

In the course of ages, hero-worship added many new names to the primitive stock; men of national or local fame were enshrined as deities and the process is going on even now. The most conspicuous apotheosis of the present day, apart from the emperors, is that of the soldiers who died in the recent wars.

"Shinto," continues Prof. Chamberlain, "has scarcely any regular services at which the people take part, and demands little more of its adherents than a visit to the local temple on the occasion of the annual festival. Its priests are not distinguishable by their appearance from ordinary laymen. Only when engaged in presenting the morning and evening offerings do they wear a peculiar dress of ancient pattern. These priests are not bound by any vows of celibacy and retain the option of adopting another career.

"The services consist in the presentation of small trays of rice, fish, fruits, vegetables, rice-beer, and the flesh of birds and animals, and in the recital of certain formal addresses, partly laudatory, and partly in the nature of petitions. The style of composition employed is that of a very remote period, and would not be understood by the common people, even if the latter were in the habit of taking part in the ritual. With moral teaching Shinto does not profess to concern itself. 'Follow your natural impulses and obey the Mikado's decrees,'

such is the sum of its theory of human duty. Preaching forms no part of its institutions, nor are the rewards and punishments of a future life used as incentives to right conduct. The continued existence of the dead is believed in, but whether it is a condition of joy or pain is nowhere declared."

The architecture of Shinto temples is extremely simple, and the material used is plain white wood with a thatch or bark; in short, it is nearly a reproduction of the primitive Japanese or rather Malay hut, and usually not much larger. There are no statues; the ordinary emblem of the deity being a circular mirror on a wooden stand. We are told that the number of Shinto temples of all grades amounts to a little over 150,000, but in the country most of them are without appointed priests, the villagers taking care of their local shrines. The number of priests is about 15,000.

To be sure what we have here is a very primitive religion, and the reader may desire to know on what grounds it pretends to found the divinity of the Mikado. Obviously it cannot be on historical data, but rather on mythological legends handed down by a long and merely oral tradition. These legends were for the first time collected and brought together in two works, the most ancient Japanese books now extant, written the one in A. D. 712 (*Kojiki*, "Records of Ancient Matters"), the other in 720 (*Nihongi*, "Chronicles of Japan"). The first use of writing in Japan dates from the fifth century after Christ, and the writing was then borrowed from China; previously there was none in Japan.

The legends enumerate first six generations of celestial deities of which nothing more is said afterwards. Next, they tell the story of six generations of terrestrial deities, the first giving birth to the Japanese archipelago, the sun-goddess and innumerable deities, and the last begetting the founder of the Japanese empire, Jimmu. Then the narration goes on till the seventh century after Christ, but the miraculous ceases only at the fifth century, and there is no chronological break between the fabulous and the real.

"This fact of the continuity of the Japanese mythology and history has been fully recognized and accepted by the leading native commentators, whose opinions are those considered orthodox by modern Shintoists, and they draw from it the conclusion that everything in these 'standard national histories'

must be equally accepted as literal truth. The general habit of the more skeptical Japanese of the present day seems to be to ignore the history of the gods, save some allusions to the sun-goddess, while implicitly accepting the history of the emperors from Jimmu downwards. This is the attitude of mind now sanctioned and imposed by the governing class. Thus in the historical compilations used as textbooks in the schools, the stories of the gods (before Jimmu) are either passed over in silence or dismissed in a few sentences, while the annals of the human sovereigns (*i. e.*, the Japanese traditions from Jimmu full of the miraculous till the fifth century) are treated precisely as if the events herein related had happened yesterday, and were as incontrovertibly historical as later statements for which there is contemporary evidence. The same plan is pursued in official publications intended for the Western public. Still, for home consumption, the continuity of the divine nature from the sun-goddess to her descendents, the Mikados, is always strictly adhered to, and enforced with ever increasing earnestness.

“Further, from that so-called history, the Japanese have extracted a wonderful chronology. Sanctioning it for one and all, an imperial edict dated December 15, 1872, has fixed at the year 669 B. C. the accession of Jimmu, first Emperor, and promulgated an official chronology of the reigns of his successors. Thus the beginning of the Japanese era is confidently placed thirteen or fourteen centuries before the first book which records it was written, nine centuries (at the earliest computation) before the art of writing was introduced in the country, and on the sole authority of books teeming with miraculous legends. Does such a proceeding need any comment after once being formulated in precise terms, and can any unprejudiced person continue to accept the early Japanese chronology and the first thousand years of the so-called history of Japan?”

Such is the opinion of Prof. Chamberlain, who so ably translated the *Kojiki* into English, and the late W. Bramsen, in his *Japanese Chronological Tables*, brands the whole system of fictitious dates in the first histories of Japan as one of the greatest literary frauds ever perpetrated, from which we infer how little reliance can be placed on the early Japanese historical works—and perhaps on many subsequent works.

This digression into such an arid subject as chronology is necessary in order to show clearly how much honesty and love of truth we can expect from the modern Shintoists. Even the most elementary requirements of science are made to yield to an assumed necessity. The divinity of the Mikado needed propping up, and the prop utilized was that fictitious historical continuity and sham chronology whereby a hoary antiquity is assured to the imperial family.

Since the restoration of 1868 the victorious Shintoists have worked unceasingly to mold the brains and minds of the people in accordance with their political plans. But from the time of the promulgation of the Constitution in 1889, the plan of Japan's leaders became more and more evident, and its execution was more openly carried out.

The formula read by the Emperor when he takes the oath of office begins as follows: "In virtue of the glories of our ancestors we have ascended the throne of Japan, we, the descendants of an uninterrupted line of eternal sovereigns." Then the Emperor takes a solemn oath to his divine ancestors to preserve and continue the old form of government that they have transmitted to him; next he swears always to be a model for his subjects in the observance of the Constitution, and finally, since it is to his imperial ancestors that he owes the privilege of continuing the national development of Japan, he addresses to those glorious and sacred spirits a respectful prayer to obtain their assistance in the fulfillment of his duty.

Such is the national and political foundation of the new Japan. It is obvious how vitally important it is that the whole nation be convinced of the divinity of the imperial family, since the Emperor himself proclaims it and bases his authority on it. It is true that the 28th Article of the Constitution grants religious liberty, but this is only a subterfuge, because the Japanese are politically neither morally nor materially free to deny the divinity of the Emperor nor any of its consequences.

According to that Constitution it was left to the Emperor graciously to grant his subjects certain civil and political rights. In his paternal solicitude he was also to guide them in the observance of the moral laws so that they might make good use of their new rights. Consequently in the following year (1890) the famous Rescript called Moral Education was

published. It is a summary of Shintoist and Confucianist principles and the gospel of the new Japan. Several times a year it is solemnly read by the teachers in all the schools of the country. In fact, all the school manuals of morality are merely an exposition and interpretation of this summary of domestic and civil virtues.

As for the foundation of that morality, the Japanese, having set aside all foreign religions, Buddhist, Confucianist, Protestant and Catholic, looked for something more incontrovertible than the doctrines offered by those various bodies, hopelessly divided among themselves. They wanted some impregnable basis, rooted only in the soil of the country, the souls of their ancestors, the heart of every Japanese. The basis of the Japanese code of morals must be essentially Japanese, and thereby altogether different from the Christian notions of the Western world.

The Christians, while placing loyalty and filial piety foremost of the natural virtues, seek the source of these virtues in God; the Japanese stop on the way, finding in their Emperor the very source of divine authority. Whence it follows that inasmuch as the imperial authority is for them the necessary and all-sufficient motive for the observance of the moral law, loyalty to the sovereign is the only code of morality and the most powerful incentive to virtue. Let them obey the chief of the State, and it is enough; they have not even the right to look for another motive; it would be unpatriotic since there is nothing higher than the Emperor.

This feature is the specific characteristic of Japanese morality, and enables its teachers to assert that Japan possesses a code of moral laws which is unique and, by reason of its principle, the most excellent. The logical consequence is that the country would have nothing to gain and everything to lose by adapting itself to the codes of the Western world. It is likewise argued that one cannot be at the same time a loyal citizen and a Christian, since it is an insolence, nay, a sacrilege, to place above the Emperor a God who exists merely in the imagination of certain European and American nations.

It is clear that the opposition between the two concepts is fundamental. Christians in Japan are unable to answer charges against the Christian Faith because of the rigid censorship forbidding any discussion on the foundation of Japan-

ese morality, the divinity of the Emperor, the official chronology, *et cetera*. The intellectual forces of the Government are constantly mobilized to lower and ridicule Christianity and enforce upon all the practices of the national religion. This is especially the aim of the imperial household. Some years ago the Bureau of the Shinto temples was detached from the Home Department and transferred to the Department of Education, which indicates that the public school would be used to inculcate upon the nation the worship of the Emperor.

It is true that in Japan all schools are supposed to be unsectarian, neutral, but this does not mean that the Mikado worship is to be excluded from them. As a matter of fact every school has become a centre of Shinto propaganda and all the teachers its active missionaries; Christian pupils are the objects of continual vexations and not infrequently are expelled. In country places the teacher or the mayor of the town must act the part of Shinto priest on feast days. High officials, diplomats, army and navy officers have to pay homage to the national divinities before entering upon their duties. The Home Minister, the Governors of Corea and Formosa, visit the temple of the sun-goddess at Ise, others must visit one of the sanctuaries erected within the precincts of the imperial palace; in the provinces a visit to a local temple is sufficient.

On certain days the school children are taken by the teachers to a shrine dedicated to the soldiers who have given their lives for the country. If Christian parents refuse to let their children participate in those ceremonies, the authorities assert that this is merely a civic function in which people of any creed may take part without scruple. The explanation is plausible enough when there is question of honoring soldiers who fell on the field of honor, but how explain visits to the temple of Inari (the Fox) or the goddess of rice, or again why should children be made to visit the temples of Suiten, one of the gods of the ocean, or of Benten or Kimpira, Buddhist divinities imported from India and adopted by Shintoism? Here, there can be no question of civic honors, and it is impossible to connect those ceremonies with the loyalty due to the Emperor. The names just quoted are only samples of the eight hundred gods of the Shinto religion.

Let us examine more closely the so-called civic honors paid to the heroes of the country in temples erected for that

special purpose in every garrison city. Here is the programme of the ceremonies to be performed in each instance: 1. Exorcisms and purifications by sea water; 2. Evocation of the spirits to receive offerings and prayers; 3. The offerings of rice, fruit, meat presented; 4. Liturgical prayers by the chief priest; 5. Reading of a litany by a distinguished member of the congregation, a general or a governor; at Tokyo this reading is done by a representative of the Emperor. The meaning of those invocations is invariably the same; let the soldiers continue to be for all eternity the protectors of the country. After the prayers the person who recited them deposits on the altar a branch of *Sakaki*, the sacred tree of the Shintoist religion; 6. All the assistants come in turn to make a profound bow before the altar; 7. Finally the offerings are removed from the altar and the soldiers' spirits are requested to return to their abodes.

This programme leaves no room for doubt that we are in the presence of religious worship, despite assertions of the Japanese authorities to the contrary. A civic service does not call for evocation of spirits, offerings of food, exterior acts of worship, nor the belief that the soldiers' spirits have power to protect the country. Furthermore, why should it be obligatory in conscience for all citizens to participate in such services? The administration is daily becoming more urgent on this point which is a cause of anxiety to the Christians.

At present there is being built in a suburb of Tokyo a temple in honor of Meiji, the Emperor of the Restoration of 1868, who died in 1912. Seven millions of yens (about \$3,500,000) have been collected for the purpose to date, and the contributions were not all spontaneous. Shintoism will naturally be the form of religion practiced in that temple, and all the school children will certainly be invited to go there and pay homage to the name of Meiji, and the teachers or pupils who decline the invitation will be branded as unworthy citizens.

The "New Shinto" aims at presiding over all the important events of the citizens' lives. For over a thousand years, except in one or two provinces, Buddhist priests were the only ones to preside at funerals. Now they have to compete with Shinto priests, who have been greatly encouraged by the example of the imperial family.

The Shintoists have gone further and have copied several forms of blessings from the Catholic ritual. In the shipyards of the Japanese navy, as well as in private shipyards, the keel of a new boat is never laid without exorcisms and prayers by a Shinto priest. The same ceremonies are performed for the construction of public buildings, of water works, even of a temporary ring for boxers; the ground must be purified and blessed. When there is question of erecting a Shinto temple the ceremonies are multiplied; the ground, the air, the water, the materials, the workmen and their tools must be exorcised and blessed. Mr. Tokutomi, whom we have already quoted, states further:

“Worship of the Emperor and of the Japanese motherland is a science in itself superior to all other sciences, a philosophy superior to all other systems, a religion far above all other religions. With us all scientific and religious teaching must rest on the worship of the country personified by the Emperor. The imperial family is the origin of the Japanese nation; this is the principle of our fealty to the sovereign; this is what distinguishes our race from all other races.”

Viscount Oura, Secretary of Agriculture and Home Minister in 1911, wrote: “That the majesty of our imperial house towers high above everything to be found in the world, and that it will endure as long as heaven and earth, is too well-known to be demonstrated. . . . If it is deemed necessary for the people to have a national religion, let it be the religion of patriotism and imperialism, in other words, let us all worship the sacred person of the Emperor.”

In a subsequent article we will describe the man-god of Japan, his religious duties, and how his worship is willingly practiced by the Japanese people.

THE CHILDREN OF SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMAS.

BY R. J. GRADWOHL.



WE do not think of Shakespeare as a portrayer of children. We know him as the great painter of men and women, the creator of characters which, if not always in the fullness of maturity as counted by years, are, at least as in the case of Juliet, possessed of a passion and power that place them beyond the stage of childhood. In truth, when we consider the characters he has made immortal, his Hamlet, Lear, Othello, Macbeth, Desdemona, Portia and others equally human and almost as great, present themselves before us. Rarely, with the exception, possibly, of Prince Arthur in *King John*, are we aware that on his great canvas of humanity there are child figures.

Nevertheless, the careful student will find, and the discovery will bring a feeling of rare pleasure, that Shakespeare has drawn with fine, delicate touch a number of youthful portraits, and furthermore, that these pictures, though often mere sketches, are, in their way, as complete as the more elaborate ones of his people of mature growth.

All of Shakespeare's children, with the exception of the pages, are of noble birth, and consequently subject to the trying and often tragic conditions that surround those who aspire to, or wear the crown. Yet they are types common to ordinary childhood, and have the traits familiar to those who have observed child-life. Moreover, as showing the results of heredity and environment, they are of special interest to the child psychologist, while to the general reader they are another evidence of the dramatist's wonderful knowledge of life, and the depth of his understanding of humanity small as well as great.

There are not many children in Shakespeare's dramas, and most of them are overshadowed by the great figures about them. But they are by no means obscured, and careful reading reveals that these little figures stand out distinct; that a few lines, like a mere stroke of the pencil by a great artist, convey a most vivid picture.

In one of Shakespeare's earliest plays, *Titus Andronicus*, that awful, harrowing drama, where "one sups on horrors," the Stygian darkness is relieved by the tender, bright little figure of Lucius, grandson of the great Roman general.

The boy is first brought forward in the awful scene where the lovely and chaste Lavinia appears before her father in all the shame and agony that have been inflicted upon her by the brutal and lustful enemies of her father. The art of the great master is nowhere better displayed than in bringing the innocence and joyousness of childhood before the reader at such a moment. It would seem as if only the presence of one untutored in life and grief could lift a pall of such misery.

When Titus Andronicus gives vent in maddened misery to his tortured emotions, and his words move Lavinia, "the cordial of his age," but to further confusion, the boy with a wisdom beyond his age, exclaims,

Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments;
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

And yet the boy is not insensible to his aunt's terrible plight, nor his grandsire's sorrow. His childish heart is breaking.

Alas, the tender boy in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

But the boy had imbibed a love of reading from his mother, who had given him Ovid's *Metamorphosis*. And we infer from the text, that after her death the unfortunate Lavinia had taken her place, and that many a happy hour had he spent with her when she had read to him "sweet poetry" and Tully's orator. These diversions had cheered him in his loneliness and soothed his childish sorrows, therefore his first thought had been that some "pleasing tale" might lighten the stupendous agony he witnesses.

But the boy is more than a book worm. He is valiant as becomes the son of a soldier, and grandson of a warrior of forty years. When there is talk of revenge, he no longer weeps, but steps manfully forward and is ready, "Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms." He goes alone and unafraid into the presence of the enemy, dropping crafty words of pretended conciliation, but leaving behind the weapons sent by

his frenzied grandsire. Young as he is, Lucius understands the situation, and deep in his heart nurses the desire for revenge.

The figure of this child is like a ray of sunshine penetrating a charnel-house of horrors. It seems to make endurable even the closing scene of the play where "on horror's head horrors accumulate." When the murdered Titus lies cold in death, Lucius, the elder, calls the boy to weep over his grandsire's body in these beautiful lines:

....thy grandsire lov'd thee well.
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy.

What a truly Shakespearean touch is here! What a contrast between a past of peace and joy, and a present of treachery, rape and murder. What a picture of a day when, in the respite from war, the great general, untouched by domestic griefs, had brought himself to the level of a little child. And that child remembers and in exquisite words of love and devotion bewails his loss:

O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart,
Would I were dead, so you did live again!

Sweet, tender and brave, amid the horrors that cannot be kept from him, the picture of young Lucius is the only one we care to preserve in our remembrance of Titus Andronicus.

The ill-starred young princes in *Richard III.*, whose paths are crossed by the crafty Gloster, are portrayed with all the attributes that should pertain to the sons of a monarch. The elder, the Prince of Wales, who but for the murderous Gloster would have come to the throne, cherishes lofty ideals. His hero is Julius Cæsar. Because, as he proudly avers,

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

The manly boy would be a soldier as well as a king and proclaims,

An' if I live to be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again.

Yet with all his ambition and show of fearlessness, he is still a child, rather dismayed at being left alone in London; inquiring plaintively for the kind uncles in whom he has faith; and longing for the presence of his mother and younger brother. This brother, the little Duke of York, is evidently the petted younger child. He is happy when told that his height is almost that of his older brother. What a touch of childish pride is here! A noble pride, though, for in all his eagerness to be as tall as his brother, he resents the insinuation implied in Gloster's words, "Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace."

The little duke is bright, precocious, and quick-witted. Unlike the young Prince of Wales, who veils his distrust of his uncle in carefully measured phrases, he gives vent under the guise of childish humor to his feelings of dislike; and apparently in innocence lets fly many a barbed arrow that but increases his uncle's hatred.

"Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable," the scheming Richard characterizes the boy, and ascribes his conduct to the mother who had doubtless reared him in distrust of wicked, aspiring kin. Through it all, however, one sees the bravado of a child in whose heart there is fear and natural shrinking from the tower where his uncle Clarence had been murdered, and whose ghost might linger there. "I shall not sleep in quiet in the Tower," he says, pathetically, as he and his brother are led away. Only one scene and part of another are devoted to these young princes, yet their noble aspiring souls are as clearly revealed, the beauty and innocence of their characters struggling vainly against the forces of sin and duplicity are as clearly depicted, as the overtowering wickedness of Richard himself.

We hear no more directly of them, until we are told of the "tyrannous and bloody act" that brought to a close their brief lives. In their beauty and innocence, asleep in each other's arms, clinging closely the one to the other, as if for greater safety, the Bible on their pillow to which in faith and hope they had doubtless turned for comfort ere they had committed themselves to slumber, they were found murdered, brutally murdered at the instigation of the fiend-like Richard by those who, "although fleshed villains, bloody dogs," wept as they told of their death.

Of all Shakespeare's pictures of children, the most complete, as well as the most pathetic, is that of Prince Arthur in *King John*. One cannot think of a single charming trait of childhood that is not found in the character of this gentle, unfortunate claimant to the throne of England. Shakespeare, whether intentionally or not, has given us in this early drama a complete portrait of childhood—beautiful, innocent, and appealing, but made tragic by the events of a turbulent time.

The first glimpse of Arthur is in the stormy scene between Constance, his mother, and his grandmother, the strong-minded Elinor. When his mother frantically asserts his claim to the throne of England, and his grandmother violently urges that of her son John, the gentle boy shocked and grieved by the bitterness displayed, says entreatingly, with no thought of his right or the glory of kingship:

Good my mother, peace.
I would I were low-laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me!

He is the timid, shrinking child, not born to rule; one who would have been happy in peaceful obscurity, and who would never of himself have asserted his claim to the kingdom. He is in complete contrast to the two young princes in *Richard III.*, neither of whom, had he been so placed, would have quietly acquiesced in the usurpation of his rights.

Furthermore, when Arthur is borne away to prison, his thoughts are not of the loss of the throne, but of the effect of his banishment on his mother, now more than widowed. His loving heart cries out, "O, this will make my mother die with grief!"

In the solitude of the Tower, he is still the gentle boy, pensive, but never rebellious. He remembers when he was in France that he saw gentlemen who would be "sad only for wantonness," and he marvels at this. Were he at liberty, and a keeper of sheep, he would be content; indeed, even in the dreadful solitude of the Tower, but for fear of what might come to him, he could still be happy.

His bearing toward Hubert, the keeper, is consistent with his character. There is no display of the superiority of rank, nor the haughtiness of royal birth. Hubert had been ill, and Arthur had waited on him, held his hand, and bound his

head with his handkerchief. And the heart of the keeper is not of stone; at the risk of a king's wrath he spares the pretty child.

But alas! terror has seized the timid boy. To avoid death within the Tower, he scales the outside walls, and meets a more merciful end upon the stones below. There that "ruin of sweet life" is found, that "beauteous clay" that once had been young Arthur.

Falstaff's page in *Henry IV.* is a product of wrong environment. In a waggish mood, Prince Henry had given the boy, because of his diminutive size, to Falstaff, and the portly, jolly knight declares he is fitter to be worn in his cap than to wait at his heels. The boy is inducted into a world of ale houses and their unsavory habitués, and these leave their mark upon him. He imitates his master's manners, reflects his wit and takes delight in assuming a wisdom beyond his years. In attendance upon the witty but none too virtuous knight, he often hears the chimes at midnight, and the effect on him of this mode of life leads Prince Henry to remark: "And the boy I gave Falstaff, he had him from me Christian, and see if the fat villain have not transformed him ape."

Nevertheless, Shakespeare portrays the boy as knowing, intuitively, the difference between the pranks of his master and the depravity of his followers. When death conquers the inimitably witty knight, his little page scorns to follow the fortunes of "those three swashers," as he terms Bardolph, Pistol and Nym, who would make him "as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves and handkerchers" and seeks his fortune elsewhere.

Lucius, page to Brutus, plays but a small part in the tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*, yet in the brief space allotted him he is exquisitely limned as a boy faithful so far as the limits of childhood permit him, to a great and beloved master.

The affairs of Brutus, often extending far into the night, requires Lucius to be in attendance at an hour when youth naturally calls for repose. In these late vigils, sleep often overcomes the boy, yet never does Brutus display harshness or impatience. He disturbs him reluctantly, ever bidding him, his duty done, to sleep again.

With memories, doubtless, of his own childhood, he looks down on the sleeping boy and says softly:

Enjoy the honey-dew of slumber;
 Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
 Therefore thou sleep'st so well.

Shakespeare's tenderness toward children is voiced in the attitude of Brutus toward the boy—an attitude that never changes. When Portia is gone, and the tide of affairs is all against him, he is still the kind, gentle, thoughtful master.

"If I do live, I will be good to thee," are almost the last words of Brutus to the boy, and we are prone to think that the faithful page was among those of whom, after Brutus' death, Octavius said: "All that served Brutus, I will entertain them."

In *Macbeth*, that great play of "vaulting ambition," one scarcely looks for a childish figure; yet tucked away in one short scene is the little son of Macduff, the man whom, alone, Macbeth feared.

When Macduff has fled to England for assistance in saving his country, his wife, left to the mercy of the tyrant, bewails her fate to her little son.

"Sirrah," she says to the child, "your father's dead; and what will you do now? How will you live?"

With child-like faith the boy quickly responds, "As birds do, mother."

Like all of Shakespeare's children, he is quick-witted and worldly-wise. To the question, "What wilt thou do for a father?" comes the shrewd reply: "If he were dead, you'd weep for him, if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have another."

Most loyal is he to that father, and brave as becomes the son of the great Macduff. Attacked by murderers, who call his father traitor, he hurls at them the defiant and significant words, "Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain."

In the little son of Coriolanus, we have the silent, but potent influence of a little child. When the mighty Roman, stung to bitterness by the attitude of his country toward him, determines to march against it, the mother he reveres, finding him deaf to her entreaties, puts the boy in his path. Wisely she urges, "Speak thou, boy, perhaps thy childishness will move him more than can our reasons."

The boy is silent, but keenly conscious of the situation and

the need of his intervention. He kneels before his seemingly obdurate father, and Volumnia, in a burst of passion, cries:

This boy that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength,
Than thou hast to deny't.

This is true; the heart of Coriolanus is touched by the unspoken persuasiveness of his young son; his iron will yields to the silent eloquence of a child's presence. He becomes "of a woman's tenderness;" renounces vengeance upon his country, and thus saves his name from undying shame.

In *Winter's Tale*, Shakespeare, in the words of Polixenes, voices in no uncertain tones his love of children, and their power to lighten the cares that often lie heavy on the hearts of men.

The king of Bohemia, the innocent cause of Leontes' jealousy and Hermione's disgrace, speaks thus of his son:

He makes a July's day short as December,
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leontes finds the same joy in the young Mamillius, his own son, yet the boy's life is blighted by the father's jealous passion.

The play is classed among the comedies, yet it includes the tragedy of a gentle, loving child who, like Arthur in *King John*, succumbs to unfortunate circumstances.

Mamillius, "a gallant child, one that indeed physics the subjects, makes all hearts fresh," is pictured as a genuine boy, always at play, yet with an undercurrent of seriousness even in his sportive moments.

When Leontes becomes a prey to maddening thoughts, the boy, playing carelessly about, rushes to his father at the psychological moment in a burst of tenderness, and exclaims: "I am like you, they say." And, for the moment, at least, Leontes is cheered and he answers: "Why that's some comfort."

One of the most charming scenes of the drama is that of the gentlewomen and the boy. They flatter him and would

play with him, but his attitude toward them is proudly disdainful, because one of them had kissed him hard as if, indeed, he were a baby still. Could anything be truer of the growing boy than this desire to be thought too big for caresses?

He wants to be manly, and in response to his mother's request for a merry tale, tells her that "a sad tale's best for winter; I have one of spirits and goblins." And with an air of bravado he begins one of "a man that dwelt by a church-yard." He tells it softly so that "yon crickets," as he terms the chattering gentlewomen, shall not hear it.

But, alas! though a mere child he is too sensitive and too sympathetic to stand the strain of his mother's disgrace and banishment. We are told that

He straight declined, *drooped*, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself.
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languished.

Finally, "his thoughts too high for one so tender" bear him under entirely, and he is swept unto death by the current of his father's unreasonable jealousy.

Such are the pictures of childhood that Shakespeare has drawn for us—brave, manly, loving, winsome, little princes; faithful, precocious, wordly-wise little pages. Some the creatures of heredity, but most of them delicate instruments played on by circumstances and environment, glad or serious, happy or unhappy, accordingly as events touch them. Never mere puppets, but as real and as true to life as the men and women his genius has immortalized. True studies of the inward character of childhood, they are deserving of consideration in any investigation of child life, and are a phase of the great dramatist's universality that has been almost entirely overlooked.

THE LOYALIST.

BY JAMES FRANCIS BARRETT.

CHAPTER VIII.



UT Marjorie did not return the note. For with the commotion of the departure of the guests, all thought of the note within her bodice vanished for the remainder of the evening. Only when she had returned home that night, fatigued and almost disgusted with the perfunctory performances of the entertainment, did she discover it, and then not until she removed the garment within whose folds it lay concealed. It fell to the ground; she stooped to pick it up.

"Oh, dear! I forgot it. I must attend to it the first thing in the morning." And she placed it on the dresser where it could not escape her eye. Then she retired.

But she did not sleep. She lay wide awake and tossed nervously to and fro. She tried to close her eyes only to find them wandering about the room in the obscure dimness, focusing themselves now on the old mahogany dresser, now on the little prie-dieu against the inner wall with the small ivory crucifix outlined faintly above it, now on the chintz hangings that covered the window. She could hear her heart pounding its great weight of bitterness against the pillow, and as she listened she thought of Stephen's arrest and its thousand and one horrible consequences. She tried to congratulate herself on her sweet serenity, yet the serenity mocked her and apprehension loomed as fiercely as before.

The next she knew was a quiet awakening, as if her mother's hand had been put gently on her arm. Outside ten thousand light leaves shivered gently and the birds were calling to one another in melodious tones. This was her first glimpse of the day and it sent her suddenly to her knees.

Stephen came late that afternoon. He had not been expected; yet she was happy because he came. She had done little during the day; had not left the house, nor dressed for the occasion. The note was where she had left it, and all reference to it buried with the rest of her thoughts of the evening.

"I cannot yet tell how it has been decided. They went into executive session at once."

"But . . . Surely . . . They could not find you guilty?"

"Oh, well."

"Please . . . Won't you tell me?"

"There is little to tell. It was very brief." He could not become enthusiastic.

"There you were put to trial?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Go on. Tell me."

He was silent. He desired to withhold nothing from her, yet he could not find the words.

"What happened?" she persisted.

"Well—I don't know—I soured on the whole proceeding. The court-martial met, the Regimental Court-Martial, with three members. This was permissible. They began by reading the charge as preferred by Colonel Forrest, which was to the effect that I had been guilty of striking my superior officer, Colonel Forrest, by attempting to choke him. To this was added the accusation of abusive, threatening language as well as a threat of murder. I, of course, pleaded not guilty; nor did I prepare any defence. The affair was so trivial that I was surprised that it was ever brought to trial."

"How long did the proceedings last?"

"They were very brief. Several witnesses were examined, the chief one being Mr. Anderson."

"I know him," remarked Marjorie.

"You know him?"

"I met him last evening at the Shippen's."

"Did he say aught about me?"

"Not a word."

"Well, he appeared against me. After a few more preliminary questions I was put on the stand in my own defence. I told briefly the circumstances which led to the incident, (I would not call it an assault, for I continually maintained it to be of a trivial nature and worthy only of an explanation). I told how the Colonel had used certain derogatory remarks against the Faith that I believed and practised, which occasioned a violent argument. This, I think, was the great mistake I made, for it appeared to make an unfavorable impression upon the Court. In this regard they were unquestionably on the side of Forrest. Then I related the remark incident to my action, and announced that I would repeat the deed under similar circumstances were the same disrespectful language directed against the Commander-in-Chief. This, I fear, made little impression either, since I was already attached to the staff of General Washington, and a

jealous rival general was about to decide my guilt. That ended it. I was excused and the court adjourned." He paused, then continued: "For these reasons I have serious misgivings as to my fate."

"What can happen to you?"

"I do not know. It may result in a suspension, and it may result in a verdict of 'Not Guilty.'"

"Will you know very soon?"

"I shall be summoned before them."

Neither spoke for a time.

"Do you know," observed Marjorie, "I greatly mistrust General Arnold and I fear that he already has decided against you."

"What causes you to say that?"

"Well—I don't know—I just think it. While listening to him last evening I drew that impression."

"Did he say anything against us?"

"He is enraged at Congress and he has long felt persecuted and insulted by the people. He desires a command in the navy and has already written Washington to that effect; and again he would petition Congress for a grant of land in New York, where he would retire to private life, for he vows he never will again draw sword on the American side."

"Did he say this?" asked Stephen.

"He did."

"Do you think that he was sincere?"

"I really do. He talked with all the earnestness of a man of conviction. Somehow or other I greatly mistrust him. And he is extremely bigoted."

"I rather suspect this, although I have had no proofs of it. If he is, it will out very soon."

"And you may be assured, too, that he will have an able adjutant in Peggy. She is his counterpart in every particular."

He looked at her as she spoke, and was amazed by the excitement in her face. She talked excitedly; her eyes, those large, vivacious, brown eyes that looked out of her pretty, oval face, were alight, and her face had gone pale.

"I was interested in them last evening, and with the apparent zeal displayed by Peggy's mother in favor of the match, I would not be surprised to hear of an announcement from that source at any time."

"Has it reached that stage?"

"Most assuredly. I decided that they already are on terms of intimacy, whose secrets now obtain a common value."

"You think that?"

"Well, I do. Yes. I know, for instance, that he had a letter in his possession which was addressed to her, which letter had its origin in New York."

"How came he by it?"

"She must have given it to him. I have it now."

"You have it?" He sat up very much surprised. "Where did you get it?"

"I found it."

"Did you read it?"

"No." She smiled at him, and at his great perplexity over the apparent mystery.

And then she told him of the little party; of herself and Mr. Anderson, and their intrusion upon General Arnold and Peggy; of their conversation and the falling of the note; of her subsequent return for it together with the placing of it within her bodice, and the state of temporary oblivion into which the incident finally lapsed.

"You have that letter now?" he asked with no attempt to conceal his anxiety.

"Yes. Upstairs."

"May I see it? Really, I would not ask this did I not think it quite important."

"Very well." She left to fetch it.

"Who is this man, Anderson?" Stephen asked upon her return. "Do you know him?"

"No. But he is very impressible. He was my partner during the evening."

She did not deem it wise to tell him everything; at least not now.

"How long have you known him?" he inquired impatiently.

She smiled sweetly at him. "Since last night," was the brief response.

"Where did he come from?"

"I scarce know. You yourself mentioned his name for the first time to me. I was greatly surprised when presented to him last night."

"Did he come with General Arnold's party, or is he a friend of Peggy's?"

"I don't think Peggy knew him before, although she may have met him with some of the officers before last evening. I should imagine from what you already know that he is acquainted with the Governor's party and through them received an invitation to be present."

"Did he say aught of himself?"

"Scarcely a thing. He has not been a resident of the city for any length of time, but where he originated, or what he purposes, I did not learn. I rather like him. He is well-mannered, refined and richly talented."

"I sensed immediately that he was endowed with engaging personal qualities, and gifted with more than ordinary abilities. I have yet to learn his history, which is one of my duties, notwithstanding the unfortunate state of affairs which has lately come to pass."

He stopped and took the letter which she held out to him. He opened it and read it carefully. Then he deliberately read it again.

"Did you say that no one knows of this?"

"I am quite sure. Certainly no one saw me find it, although I am not certain that I alone saw it fall."

"You are sure that it was in the Governor's possession?"

"Quite. I saw it distinctly in his belt. I saw it fall to the ground when he caught hold of the sword knots, which caused it to fall."

He leaned forward and reflected for a moment with his eyes intent on the note which he held opened before him. Suddenly he sat back in his chair and looked straight at her.

"Marjorie," he said. "You promised to be of whatever assistance you could. Do you recall that promise?"

"Very well."

"Will you lend your assistance to me now?"

She hesitated, wondering to what extent the demand might be made.

"Are you unwilling?" he asked, for he perceived her timid misgiving.

"No. What is it you want me to do?"

"Simply this. Let me have this note."

She deliberated.

"Would not that be unfair to Peggy?" She feared that her sense of justice was being violated.

"She does not know that you have it."

"But I mean to tell her."

"Please! Well! Well! Need you do that immediately? Could you not let me have it for a few days? I shall return it to you. You can then take it to her."

"You will let no one see it?"

"Absolutely."

"Very well. And you will return it to me?"

"I promise."

And so it was agreed that Stephen should take the letter with him, which he promised to return together with the earliest news of the result of his court-martial.

Stephen went out the little white gate, closing it very deliberately behind him and immediately set off at a brisk pace down the street. Every fibre in him thrilled with energy. The road was dusty and hot, and his pace grew very strenuous and fervent. There was no breeze; there was no sound of wheels; all was quiet as the bells tolled out the hour of six. Nevertheless, he trudged along with great haste without once stopping until he had reached the door of his lodgings.

He turned the key and entered, closing the door behind him and taking the greatest of care to see that it was properly bolted. Flinging his hat into a chair as he passed, he went immediately to the table, which served as his desk. While he pulled himself close to it, he reached into his pocket for the letter. He opened it before him and read it. Then he sat back and read it again; this time aloud:

Co. 13.

Headquarters, New York.

15 July, 1778.

MADAME:

I am happy to have this opportunity to once again express my humble respects to you and to assure you that yourself, together with your generous and hospitable friends, are causing us much concern separated as we are by the duress of a merciless war. We lead a monotonous life, for outside of the regularities of army life, there is little to entertain us. Our hearts are torn with pangs of regret as we recall the golden days of the *Mischienza*.

I would I could be of some service to you here, that you may understand that my protestations of zeal made on former occasions were not without some degree of sincerity. Let me add, too, that your many friends here present unite with me in these same sentiments of unaffected and genuine devotion.

I beg you to present my best respects to your sisters, to the Misses Chew, and to Mrs. Shippen and Mrs. Chew.

I have the honor to be with the greatest regard, Madame, your most obedient and most humble servant,

MISS PEGGY SHIPPEN,

W. CATHCART.

Philadelphia.

His face was working oddly, as if with mingled perplexity and pleasure; and he caught his lip in his teeth, as his manner was. What was this innocent note? Could it be so simple as it appeared? Vague possibilities passed through his mind. The

longer he gazed at it the more simple it became; so that he was on the point of folding it and replacing it in his pocket, sadly disconcerted at its insignificance. He had hoped that he might have stumbled across something of real value, not only some secret information concerning the designs of the enemy, but also some evidence of an incriminating nature against his acquaintances in the city.

Suddenly he thought he saw certain letters dotted over, not entirely perceptible, yet quite discernible. He turned the paper over. The reverse was perfectly clear. He held it to the light, but nothing appeared through.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed softly.

He looked closely again. Sure enough there were faint markings on several of the letters. The "H" was marked. So was the "V" in "have," and the "A" and the "L." Snatching a pencil and a sheet of paper he made a list of the letters so marked.

H V A N L A D E R I I G A E R O D I R C U T N

This meant nothing. That was apparent; nor could he make sense out of any combination of letters. He knew that there were certain codes whereby the two progressions, arithmetical and geometric, were employed in their composition, but this answered to none of them. He went over the list again, comparing them with the marked letters as found in the note. Yes, they were identical. He had copied them faithfully. He sighed and ran his fingers through his hair.

"So this was sent to Peggy from New York," he muttered to himself. "I strongly suspected that she was in communication with her British friends, although I never came in contact with the slightest evidence. This certainly proves it."

He held the letter at a distance from him, attentively surveying it.

"And General Arnold has been interested, too. Very likely, Marjorie's hypothesis is the true one. They had been reading the note when the newcomers arrived on the scene and he stuck it in his belt until their greetings had been ended. Neither of them now knows of its whereabouts; that much is certain.

He stood up suddenly and strode about the room, his hands clasped behind him. Going to the window, he peered out through the small panes of glass of the uncurtained upper half. There burned the light across the dusk—a patch of jeweled color in the far-off western sky. Yet it awakened no emotion at all.

His mind was engaged in the most intricate process of thought. He deduced a hundred conclusions and rejected them

with equal promptitude. He greatly admired General Arnold as the bravest leader in the line, whose courage, whose heroism, whose fearlessness had brought him signal successes. There was no more popular soldier in the army, no one more capable of more effective service. To have his career clogged or goaded by a woman, who when she either loves or hates will dare anything, would be a dreadful calamity. Yet it seemed as if he had surrendered his better self.

This man Anderson puzzled him. Personally he was disposed to dislike him, that being the logical effect of his relations with him. At the Coffee House, where he had met him, and where he had suffered his better judgment to become dormant, it was this man who had brought him to the pitch of irritation by means of a religious argument, while at the trial it was the same Anderson who appeared as an excellent witness and who, by his clever, deliberate and self-possessed manner, made a strong point for the Colonel in the minds of the Court.

What was his origin? That he might never know, for of all subjects, this was the most artfully avoided. In the capacity of a civilian, he was engaged in no fixed occupation so far as could be learned, and it was commonly known that he was a frequent visitor at the Governor's Mansion. That he did not belong to the service, he knew very well, unless the man was affecting a disguise; this, however, he thought highly improbable. The French Alliance had been further confirmed by the arrival of the fleet, which brought many strangers to the city. Now, as he thought of it, he had a certain manner about him somewhat characteristic of the French people, and it was entirely possible that he might have disembarked with the French visitors. He was a mystery anyhow.

"Strange I should stumble across this chap," he mumbled to himself.

Stephen awoke with a start. Just what the hour was, he could not know, for it was intensely dark. He reckoned that it could not be long after midnight, for it seemed as if he had scarcely fallen asleep. But there was a wonderful burst of light to his mind, a complete clarity of thought into which those often awake, who have fallen asleep in a state of great mental conflict. He opened his eyes and, as it were, beheld all that he was about to do; there was also a very vivid memory of his experience of the evening.

He arose hurriedly and struck a light. He seized the letter in search of the momentous something that had dawned upon

him with wonderful intensity, as often happens when reflection is allowed to ebb.

"Company Thirteen," he remarked with deliberate emphasis. "That must be the key."

And seizing a paper he wrote the order of letters which he had copied from the note a few hours before. H V A N L A D E R I I G. He stopped at the thirteenth, and began a second line immediately under the line he had just written.

A E R O D I R C U T N.

It inserted perfectly when read up and down beginning with the letter "H." He completed the sentence: HAVE ARNOLD AID RECRUITING.

He could not believe his eyes. What did it all mean? What regiment was this? Why should this be sent from a British Officer to Peggy Shippen? There were mixed considerations here.

There was a satisfaction, a very great satisfaction in the knowledge that he was not entirely mistaken in his suspicions concerning Peggy. She was in communication with the British and perhaps had been for some time. This fact in itself was perfectly plain. The proof of it lay in his hand. Whether or not his Excellency was involved in the nefarious work was quite another question. The mere fact of the note being in his possession signified nothing, or if anything, no more than a coincidence. He might have read the note and be, at the same time, entirely ignorant of the cipher, or he might have received this hidden information from the lips of Peggy herself, who undoubtedly had deciphered it at once.

Yet what was the meaning of it all? There was no new call for volunteers, although, heaven knows, there was an urgent need of them, the more especially after the severe winter endured at Valley Forge. Recruits had become exceedingly scarce, many of whom were already deserting to the British Army at the rate of over a hundred a month, while those who remained were without food or clothing. And when they were paid, they could buy only with the greatest difficulty a single bushel of wheat from the fruits of their four months' labor. Should it prove to be true that a new army was about to be recruited, why should the enemy be so much interested? The new set of difficulties into which he was now involved were more intricate than before.

He extinguished the light and went to bed.

The next day a number of copies of the *New York Gazette* and *Weekly Mercury* of the issue of July 13, 1778, found their way into the city. They were found to contain the following advertisement:

FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ALL
Gentlemen Volunteers,
Who are willing to serve in his Majesty's Regiment of
Roman Catholic Volunteers,
Commanded by
Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant,
ALFRED CLIFTON
During the present wanton and unnatural Rebellion,
AND NO LONGER,
The sum of FOUR POUNDS,
will be given above the usual Bounty,
A suit of NEW CLOTHES
And every other necessary to complete a Gentleman soldier.
Those who are willing to show their attachment to their
King and country by engaging in the above regiment, will call
at Captain M'Kennon, at No. 51, in Cherry-street, near the Ship
Yards, NEW YORK, or at Major John Lynch, encamped at Yel-
low-Hook, where they will receive present pay and good
quarters.
N. B.—Any person bringing a well-bodied loyal subject to
either of the above places, shall receive ONE GUINEA for his
trouble.

God Save the King.

CHAPTER IX.

It was not until the following Wednesday night that John Anderson was ready to pay his respects to Miss Marjorie.

He had worked on the miniature since Saturday, and had regarded his finished product with eminent satisfaction. He had drawn her as she appeared to him on the night of the reception in the pose which he had best remembered her during the interval when she sat out the dance with him; her head turned partly towards him, revealing her small oval face surmounted by a wealth of brown hair, powdered to a gray; her small nose, with just a suggestion of a dilatation, lending to the face an expression of strength that the rest of the countenance only gave color to; the mouth, firmly set, its lines curving upward, as it should be, to harmonize with her disposition; the eyes, a soft brown, full of candor and sincerity, delicately shadowed by slender and arched eyebrows on a smooth forehead.

Marjorie could not conceal her enthusiasm as he handed it to her. Unable to restrain her curiosity, she arose hurriedly and went to the window to benefit by the less obscure light.

"Is?—am I as pretty as that?" she exclaimed from her vantage point, without lifting her eyes from the portrait.

"Only more so," responded Anderson. "My memory poorly served me."

"Lud!" she remarked, holding it at arms length from her, "'tis vastly flattering. I scarce recognize myself." She returned to her chair.

"I swear on my honor, that it fails to do you full justice."

She continued to study it, paying but little heed to his remark. It was a water-colored portrait done on ivory of the most delicate workmanship and design, set in a fine gold case, delicately engraved, the whole presenting an appearance of beauty, richly colored. She turned it over and saw the letters J. A. M. A. interlaced over the triplet:

"Hours fly; flowers die;
New days, new ways,
Pass by. Love stays."

"It is very pretty," was her only comment.

"Hast no one told thee how well thou might appear in a ball gown?"

"I ne'er gave thought to such."

"Nor what an impression thou wouldst make at Court?"

"Hast thou seen court beauties?"

She resolved to learn more about him.

"Aye! Oft have I been in their company."

"At St. James?"

"No! Much as I would have been pleased to. I know only Versailles."

So she thought he must be a French nobleman, who, like La Fayette, had incurred the royal displeasure by running away from court to fit out a vessel at his own expense in the hope of furthering the cause of the Colonists. The great impulse given to the hopes of the disheartened population by the chivalrous exploit of the latter, the sensation produced both by his departure from Europe and his appearance in this country, might behold a glorious repetition in the person of this unknown visitor. Her interest grew apace.

"It was magnanimous of His Majesty to take our cause to his heart. We can never fail in our gratitude."

"It is only natural for man to resist oppression. It has been written that it is only the meek who should possess the land."

"An ideal which is often badly shattered by the selfish ambitions and perverse passions of godless men."

"You are a Catholic?" he asked suddenly.

"I am proud of it."

"And your fellow patriots are of the same form of worship?"

"A goodly proportion of them."

"How many might you assume?"

"I scarce know. We have no method of compiling our numbers, not even our total population."

"Surely there must be a great percentage, if one considers the influx from France and England, not to mention Ireland, whence many fled from persecution."

"I once heard Father Farmer say that there must be over seven thousand Catholics in Pennsylvania, while Maryland has about fifteen thousand. Whatever there remain are much scattered, except, of course, New York with its thousand."

"I never dreamt they were so numerous! So great is the spirit of intolerance that the wonder is that a single Catholic would remain in the Colonies."

"I know it. Formerly Maryland and Pennsylvania were the two only colonies where Catholics were allowed to reside, and even there were excluded from any civil or military office. And the time has not yet arrived for complete religious freedom, though the arrival of the French fleet, with its Catholic army and Catholic Chaplains, will make a favorable impression upon our less enlightened oppressors."

"It seems strange that you should throw in your lot with a people who prove so intolerant."

"Father Farmer, our pastor, says that no influence must ever be used except for the national cause, for we must be quickened by the hope of better days. He pleaded with his people to remain faithful and promised the undivided sympathy of his fellow priests with their kinsmen in the struggle. For these reasons I hardly think that many Catholics will desert the cause."

"Yet you must know that it was England that bestowed the most liberal grants to the inhabitants of the Northwest territory."

"You mean the Quebec Act?" she asked.

"Yes. And you know that Canada would be allied with you, heart and soul, were it not for the intolerant spirit of your fellow colonists."

"Perhaps it would."

"But would it not be better—"

"Do you mean to suggest to me that we turn traitor," she interrupted, as she turned full upon him, her eyes flashing and betraying intense feeling.

"No—pardon—I meant no offence. The fact is I was only remarking on the sad plight of our co-religionists."

"I fail to perceive how ill we fare. Our compatriots render

us honor and as Father Farmer says, we may cherish the hope of better days, which are inevitable. You must know that one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence is a Catholic; that a goodly number are to be found in the Congress; and that the army and navy each have a considerable quota."

"Are there Catholic votes in Congress?"

"Assuredly. The Declaration of Independence was first read to the public by a Catholic, and you must know that Washington's 'Life Guard,' a choice body of men, is largely Catholic, and Captain Meagher, whom, perhaps, you know," and she glanced at him with a merry twinkle, "is of our way of believing and General Washington's Aid-de-camp."

And so they talked. Marjorie was absorbed in her subject, once her religion became the topic, and she almost forgot her game in regard to her visitor. She desired to appear to the best advantage, for which purpose she talked freely, in the hope of extracting some information from him concerning himself and his intents. Still, however, there was another extreme which, though apparently less dangerous, was to be avoided. The imaginations of men are in a great measure under the control of their feelings, and it was necessary for her to abstain from giving out too much information that might deflect from its purpose the very object she sought to attain.

And yet there was a subtle influence about him, an adroitness of speech, a precision of movement which, unless sufficiently guarded against, was insidious. He had the most wonderful way of getting one's confidence, not only by reason of his genial and affable disposition, but also by his apparent and deliberate sincerity. And while it was true that she had determined upon a method which was originally intended to redound to her own advantage, she soon learned that she was playing with a boomerang which put her upon the defensive against the very strategy she had herself planned.

He was not sincere in his protestations of admiration; that she perceived immediately. But she was resolved to let him think that she believed him in order that she might discover his real intents and purposes. Her knowledge of human nature was sufficient to enable her to conclude that one cannot unite the incompatible elements of truth and deception, the discernment of reality and the enjoyment of fiction for any great length of time. The reality is bound to appear.

For this reason she was not disposed to dismiss him at once, but rather to allow him to call and see her frequently, if need be, until she had been thoroughly satisfied as to his true character.

Nevertheless, she sensed, at this very moment, that she was playing with a skillful adversary, one thoroughly versed in the game of diplomacy, against whom she would be called upon to employ every manner of weapon at her command. She realized the weight of the foe, and thought she understood her tactics. So she accepted the challenge.

"You are interested in Captain Meagher?" he asked serenely.

There was a pause. Marjorie looked slightly perturbed.

"Well, she confessed, "there is this much about him. I chanced to know the details of the offence with which he has been charged and I am naturally interested to learn the result of his trial."

"He may be found guilty," he quietly announced.

"Why do you say that?"

"The evidence was wholly against him."

"And there was no testimony to the effect that Colonel Forrest was somewhat intoxicated, or that he spoke disparaging words against the captain's co-religionists, or that he attacked the character of the Commander-in-chief?"

"There was to some extent, but it did not seem to make any impression."

"I presume that you know the reason." Her eyes gleamed a little.

"Why?" There was a pause. "The verdict has not been given. I shall be pleased to inform you of it at the earliest opportunity."

"Thank you. I shall be delighted. But let's not talk about it any more," she added. "Let's leave it."

Mr. Anderson smiled.

It was perhaps an hour after dawn that Stephen awoke for about the third or fourth time that night; for the conflict still surged within him and would give him no peace. And, as he lay there, awake in an instant, staring into the brightness of the morn, once more weighing the mysterious disclosures of the evening, swayed by the desire for action at one moment, overcome with sadness at the next, the thought of the verdict of his trial occurred to him and made him rise very hurriedly.

He was an early arrival at the Headquarters. There had been several matters disposed of during the preceding day and the verdicts would be announced together. The room where the Court was being held was already stirring with commotion; his judge-advocate was there, as was Colonel Forrest, Mr. Anderson, several members of the General's staff, and Mr. Allison, who

had sought entry to learn the outcome of the trial. Suddenly a dull, solemn silence settled over all as the members of the Court filed slowly into the room.

They took their places with their usual dignity, and began to dispose of the several cases in their turn. When that of Captain Meagher was reached, Stephen was ordered to appear before the Court and hear the sentence.

He took his place before them with perfect calmness. He observed that not one of them ventured to meet his eye as he awaited their utterance.

They found that he was not justified in making the attack upon a superior officer notwithstanding the alleged cause for provocation, and that he was imprudent in his action, yet because of his good character, as testified to by his superior officers, because of the mitigating circumstances which had been brought to light by the testimony of the witnesses during the course of the trial, and because the act had been committed without malice or criminal intent, he was found not guilty of any violation of the Articles of War, but imprudent in his action, for which cause he had been sentenced to receive a reprimand from the Military Governor.

Stephen spoke not a word to any one as he made his way back to his seat. Why could they not have given him a clear verdict? Either he was guilty or he was not guilty. He could not be misled by the sugary phrases in which the vote of censure had been couched. The Court had been against him from the start.

At any rate, he thought, the reprimand would be only a matter of form. Its execution lay wholly with him who was to administer it. The Court could not, by law, indicate its severity, nor its lenity, nor indeed add anything in regard to its execution, save to direct that it should be administered by the commander who convened the Court. And while it was undoubtedly the general intention of the court-martial to impose a mild punishment, yet the quality of the reprimand must be left entirely to the discretion of the authority commissioned to utter it.

When Stephen appeared before the Military Governor at the termination of the business of the day, he was seized with a great fury, one of those angers which for a while poison the air without obscuring the mind. There was an unkind look on the face of the Governor, which he did not like and which indicated to him that all would not be pleasant. He bowed his head in answer to his name.

"Captain Meagher," the Governor began. "You have been

found guilty by the Regimental Court-Martial of an action which was highly imprudent. You have been led, perhaps by an infatuate zeal in behalf of those whom you term your co-religionists, to the committal of an offence upon the person of your superior officer. It is because of this fact that I find it my sad duty to reprimand you severely for your misguided ardor and to admonish you, together with the other members of your sect, of whom an unfair representation is already found in the halls of our Congress and in the ranks of our forces, lest similar outbreaks occur again. Did you but know this eye only lately saw the members of that same Congress at Mass for the soul of a Roman Catholic in purgatory, and participating in the rites of a Church whose anti-Christian corruptions your pious ancestors would have witnessed with their blood. The army must not witness similar outbreaks of religious zeal in the future."

He finished. Stephen left the room without a word, turned on his heel and made his way down the street.

Nature is a great restorer when she pours into the gaping wounds of the jaded system the oil and wine of repose. Divine grace administers the same narcotic to the soul crushed by torture and anguish. It is then that tears are dried, and that afflictions and crosses become sweet.

Desolation, a very lonely desolation, and a deep sense of helplessness filled the soul of Stephen as he retraced his steps from the court room. His life seemed a great burden to him, his hopes were swallowed up in his bereavement. If he could but remove his mind from this travail of disappointments and bitterness, if his soul could only soar aloft in prayer to the realms of bliss and repose, he might endure this bitter humiliation. He felt the great need of prayer, humble, submissive prayer. Oh! if he could only pray!

He was invisibly directed into the little doorway of St. Joseph's. His feeling was like that of the storm tossed mariner as he securely steers for the beacon light. The church was nearly empty, save for a bare half dozen people who occupied seats at various intervals. They were alone in their contemplation before their God, without beads or prayer book, intent only upon the Divine Person concealed within the tabernacle walls, and announced by the flickering red flame in the little lamp before the altar. Here he felt himself removed from the world and its affairs, as if enclosed in a strange parenthesis, set off from all other consideration. And straightway, his soul was carried off into a calm, pure, lofty region of consolation and repose.

To the human soul prayer is like the beams of light which seem to connect sun and earth. It raises the soul aloft and transports it to another and a better world. There, basking in the light of the Divine Presence, it is strengthened to meet the impending conflict. Nothing escapes the all-seeing eye of God. He only waits for the prayer of his children, eager to grant their requests. Nothing is denied to faith and love. Neither can measure be set to the divine bounty.

"Miserere mei, Deus; secundum magnam misericordiam tuam—Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy."

Stephen buried his face in his hands, in an agony of conflict.

The tone of the Military Governor's reprimand had left no room for speculation as to his true intents and purposes. Whatever rebuke had been administered to him was intended for the Catholic population, otherwise there was no reason for holding up to reprobation the conduct of the body governing the Republic. The mere fact that the Governor despised the Congress was an unworthy, as well as an insufficient, motive for the attack.

The humiliated soldier felt incapable of bearing the insult without murmuring, yet he willed to accept it with perfect resignation and submission. For a time he had fought against it. But in the church he felt seized by an invisible force. On a sudden the invisible tension seemed to dissolve like a gray mist, hovering over a lake, and began to give place to a solemn and tender sweetness.

"Miserere mei Deus."

He sought refuge in the arms of God, crying aloud to Him for His mercy. He would give his soul up to prayer and commit his troubled spirit into the hands of his intercessors before the throne of heaven.

"Accept my punishments for the soul who is about to be released."

All his life he had an ardent devotion to the suffering souls in purgatory. Years before he had made a voluntary offering of all his works of satisfaction done in this life, as well as all the suffrages which would be offered for him after his death in favor of the Holy Souls. This heroic act of charity he had never withdrawn. For he believed firmly, as he had been taught by his Church to believe, that the penalty of sin was not entirely remitted with the guilt, and that there existed a place of purgation for the souls of the just who were not entirely purified at the time of their departure from this life.

To them, then, he poured forth the bitterness of his heart,

offering in their behalf, through the intercession of the Virgin Mary, the cross which had been imposed upon him. The injustice of his trial which he knew, or thought he knew, had been tempered by the spirit of intolerance, was brought home to him in full vigor by the severity of his reprimand. He did not deserve it, no—he could not force himself to believe that he did, yet he accepted it generously though painfully, in behalf of the sufferings of his friends.

He besought them to pray for him, that he might the more worthily endure his cross. He prayed for his tormentors that they might be not held culpable for their error. He intrusted himself entirely into the hands of his departed friends and renewed with a greater fervor his act of consecration.

"I beseech Thee, O my God, to accept and confirm this offering for Thy honor and the salvation of my soul. Amen."

He arose from his pew, made a genuflection before the Blessed Sacrament saying as he did so, "My Lord and My God," blessed himself with the holy water, and left the church.

In the meantime an event of rare importance had occurred in the garden of the Shippen home. There, in the recesses of the tulips sheltered behind the clustering hydrangeas, Peggy accepted the fervent suit of the Military Governor and gave him her promise to become his bride. A few days later the world was informed of the betrothal and nodded its head in astonishment and, opening its lips, sought relief in many words.

The wheels of destiny began to turn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

THE CECHS (BOHEMIANS) IN AMERICA. By Thomas Capek.
Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.00.

This book fills a gap in the history of immigration to this country. Irish, English, French, Spaniards, Dutch immigrants have valuable historical records as to the origin and development of their colonies in the United States. But the races, whose immigration goes back only a short distance, such as the Southern Slavs, Hungarians, Finns and Italians, lack such records. It is therefore to be hoped that Mr. Capek will find imitators among the other races. Books like his, so filled with data and statistics, not only enrich the history of an expanding people, but throw in high relief the spiritual contribution of the various ethnical elements of Europe to the building up of greater America. They are most serviceable in the wide campaign for Americanization.

In 1890, Peter Hronst published a solid volume on *The Cech Catholic Settlements in America* (1890), and in 1910 E. B. Balch (*Our Slavic Fellow Citizens*), and John Habenicht (*History of the Cechs in America*) gathered interesting historical material on the Bohemian immigrants. These books dwelt upon the economic life of the immigrants rather than upon their cultural development. Mr. Capek aims to complete the work of these historians. He throws light upon the various manifestations of the activity of his countrymen in the United States. His picture leaves no detail obscure so long as he writes without religious or political preconceptions.

But he seems anxious, at times, to give prominence to the wrongs suffered by Protestants in Bohemia, or to their ephemeral growth in this country. The first chapter, for instance, is the history of the Catholic reaction in Bohemia in the first quarter of the seventeenth century. We fail to see the logical connection between that chapter and the subject under treatment. This emerges at page twenty-nine, where the statistics of Bohemian and Moravian immigration from 1850 to 1860 are to be found.

The most important sections of the volume are devoted to the literary and the religious history of the Bohemians in America. The religious life of Bohemians is treated in two distinct chapters. The one entitled "Rationalism" is a sad picture of the decay of Bohemian Catholicism in America. "It is perhaps not too much to say that fifty per cent of the Cechs in America have seceded

from their old-country faith." Our author is convinced that "the strength of the secessionists is nearer sixty or seventy per cent than fifty" (p. 119). A shameful press, filled with sarcastic venom towards the Catholic faith, has done its utmost to mislead Catholic Bohemians into rationalism, and unfortunately succeeded. Anti-Catholic propaganda was supported by some ex-priests, who, led astray by nationalistic aims, renounced their faith. This was also, of course, aided by a strong Protestant proselytism. Statistics show how strong this proselytism grows. The Jan Hus Presbyterian Church alone in New York has a Sunday school frequented by 1,057 children. Hence it follows that Rationalism and Protestantism little by little are choking Bohemian Catholicism. There is much talk about the Italian religious problem in the American Catholic Press, but no attention is paid to the dangers threatening the faith of Catholic Slavs.

The writer devotes twenty-five pages to the lives of the leaders of anti-clericalism, anti-Catholicism, and Protestantism among his countrymen, and only one to the Catholic apostolate. This partiality deprives his book of some highly interesting pages as to the apostolic zeal of Monsignor Joseph Hessoun, the Benedictines of Chicago, the Bohemian Catholic Press. Fortunately, the notice of J. Sinkmayer in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* balances this omission, and shows that Catholicism produces everywhere the same fruits of zeal and holiness.

The copious bibliography in this volume deserves special complimentary mention.

SCHOOLS OF TOMORROW. By John Dewey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.

Dr. Dewey has done a considerable service for the world of education, in this, his latest book. The *Schools of Tomorrow* indicate the real weakness of the present American educational conditions. By this means the author opens up to the thinking portion of those, to whose trust the future welfare of the rising generation has been enjoined, a fertile field for investigation. Not only has John Dewey helped by this process of negation to point out the shortcomings of our common schools, but he has cleared the way to begin a positive, constructive work of betterment.

By a judicious use of sound epistemology, the educators of today can now take up this work, begun by Dewey, and lift our American school theory out of its arid and lifeless state into one that is sound and healthy, one that will produce for us results such as were produced by the schools which preceded us.

Abstracting from the incorrect criteriology and baseless assumptions, such as were made on pages 11, 26, 31, 115, 134, 135, 138, 160, 232, 304, 306, and 315, which mar to no little extent this volume and its influence, *Schools of Tomorrow* is a strong defence of the concepts of education, given us by the Divine Teacher and now jealously guarded by the Church which He came on earth to found. The function of Christian elementary education has always been to develop the tools and powers by means of subject-matter, adapted to the capacity of the pupil. To learn by doing, has ever been the basal concept of education as carried out by those, who still maintain that all truth is one. "Not everyone that saith, Lord, Lord shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he who doth the will of My Father, he shall enter the kingdom of heaven."

The principles, which Dewey points out as fundamental, are not something new, as the title and presentation of the subject-matter of this book would lead the reader to suppose. They are the principles, championed by the leaders of Christian education, in every age; principles which, if followed, would remove the baneful influence of political corruption and return the educative process to its natural and proper position, *viz.*: one primarily under the parent and secondarily belonging to the State. Until this is done, the schools of tomorrow, will not produce the citizens of character and utility, which our country sorely needs.

For special notice and usefulness we commend to all teachers Chapters III., IV. and VIII.

THE STATE AND THE NATION. By Edward Jenks, M.A., B.C.L.
New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.

This book is an expansion of the author's earlier work, *A Short History of Politics*. About one-half the text is in the field of history—factual and more or less hypothetical. There are chapters on primitive institutions, patriarchal institutions, the birth of the State, and feudalism. In the latter part of the book the State is discussed in relation to public order, political representation, legislation, property and industry.

Although the average man makes little or no distinction between the State and the nation, the majority of writers on political science do distinguish between them. However, their distinction is not the one adopted by Mr. Jenks. As a history of social institutions on their political side, the book has very considerable value. The final chapter, "Proposals of Change," is an interesting summary, but the judgments that it contains will not command universal assent.

THE HISTORY OF THE YANKEE DIVISION. By Harry A. Benwell. Boston: The Cornhill Co.

Any division that has accomplished so much as did the Twenty-sixth is deserving of some lasting record of its achievements. Few can claim so many noteworthy distinctions as this New England unit, organized, equipped, trained and led in battle by its beloved leader, General Clarence Edwards.

While other divisions were still in training, even while public attention was focused on the Rainbow, the boys of New England slipped away from Hoboken and Canada and instead of being in training at Camp Greene, North Carolina, were actually the first National Guard Division in the fighting area, and fired the first divisional shot in the War.

The rest of the division's work was marked by the same eagerness to do the impossible and an *esprit de corps* that sustained it to success. The book pays a wonderful tribute to General Edwards and his men—a tribute in every way deserved.

The author in doing this necessary service for the New England fighters has written a chapter of American history that will never cease to inspire future Americans.

DUST OF NEW YORK. By Konrad Bercovici. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.60.

"New York is an orchestra playing a symphony," says Konrad Bercovici in the opening sentence of this unusual and fascinating volume. And, as the book proceeds, you are convinced that he is right. It is a vast symphony, and many of the players are foreign. Their tune is old Human Nature, albeit set mostly in a minor key.

The book consists of a series of sketches describing the various foreign centres of the metropolis. Each has its little, clean-cut plot, its vivid characters, its daubs of rich, enlivening color. The author has succeeded in catching some of the constant romance with which the East Side throbs, and he has set it down with more than mere journalistic skill. Sketches of our foreign populace in the metropolis are not uncommon. Writers flock to that field for inspiration. But few of them actually understand the life lived in that vast seething section. Bercovici does understand it, and he possesses the added gift of being able to put it into words. Consequently his stories are vibrant with intense romance; he crystallizes on his page the humor and tears of a dozen different nationalities. He has done for New York what Thomas Burke has done for London in his *London Nights*, only he has done it infinitely better. Bercovici is an observer and content to be that, Burke a romancer with a set formula for finding romance

and writing it. In Burke's stories you read a great deal of Burke and little of London; in Bercovici you learn a great deal about New York and very little about Konrad Bercovici.

"Because Cohen Could Neither Read Nor Write," an incomparable cross-section of Semitic life, tells of the progress of a young Jew who missed being a synagogue attendant and blossomed out into great riches. "All In One Wild Rumanian Song" reveals a quick, vivid tragedy of the Rumanian section. "The Little Man of 28th Street," to name just one more of these remarkable sketches, has a dénouement that would have been the envy of O. Henry.

Here is a modest volume, put out modestly, and not advertised with vain boastings on its jacket. To those blessed with literary discernment, it should prove a real find and an amazing treat.

THE TRAGEDY OF LABOR. By William Riley Halstead. New York: The Abingdon Press. 50 cents.

Private property is essential to human welfare; neither the wage system nor the system of private capital is essentially unjust; but the insecurity of employment at adequate wages is a very great evil feature of the system, and it must be remedied by society; class combinations, whether of labor or of capital, must not be permitted to exact unjust tribute from society; Socialism would not prove a genuine remedy for the abuses of the present system, but public ownership and operation of all monopolistic public utilities is desirable and probably inevitable. These are the main propositions of this little book. They are not startling, nor even new, but they are set forth in an excellent spirit and in an attractive style.

THE JUDGMENT OF PEACE. Translated from the German of Andreas Latzko. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.75 net.

The author, an officer in the Austrian army, has dedicated his novel to Romain Rolland, whom he calls his great compatriot in the love of man. It is a powerful and tragic sketch of war seen from the point of view of a great pianist who volunteers in a fervor of patriotism for the Fatherland, and who comes to feel nothing but hatred for a world which goes about its pleasure and teaches children fine sounding words about the glory and nobility of war while their fathers are being disemboweled. He attributes the War to a lack of high ideals and an inordinate love of power in individuals. In the mad race for money and success, the victors never paused to ask how the victims managed to carry out their broken lives just as he, himself, in the days of his musical

triumphs had never given a thought to the poor shabby fellows who failed in their ambitions.

One of the characters in the novel is a young German Ensign, a noble and sensitive personality, who, born into a country where the greatest virtue is physical bravery, leads a lonely, pathetic life, sneered at by his comrades, and at last, when he is dying like a frightened child in the enemy's hospital, finds a sympathetic friend in an old French nun.

The *Judgment of Peace* appears to be the work of one who has gone through intense suffering by reason of the War, and whose life has become permanently embittered. Few writers equal his descriptions of the bloody agonies of the battlefield and his pictures of soldiers, but his outlook on life is morbid and gloomy. The only ray of optimism in the book are in the lines: "If you must feign a noble cause to lead men into drumfire, to fight and to die, how can you doubt their power to sacrifice and endure if you were to substitute a truly noble cause for lies and crimes?"

HEALTH THROUGH WILL POWER. By James J. Walsh, M.D.

Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

On a very difficult and obscure subject, *i. e.*, the relations between will and vital functions, Dr. Walsh has written a most useful and entertaining book. His main thesis is that men permit their wills to become atrophied through lack of use. Dreads, fads, fancies, habits, indolence so inhibit the will, that it is practically inoperative. And this deplorable condition of will-degeneracy acts most potently and disastrously on all the organs. He asserts that will has far more efficacy than medicine; that patent medicines as therapeutics are utterly valueless, but derive a subjective efficacy from the will and imagination of the patient. He maintains also that the smattering of physiology and hygiene taught in schools has done more harm than good, by directing the pupils' attention too much to the lapses and defects of their organism.

On the moot point of the use of alcohol as a medicine Dr. Walsh's conclusion is noteworthy. The physical effect of alcohol is depression, the psychic effect exaltation. The drug literally thus puts *heart* into the patient, and lessens his fear of evil consequences. "The patient can, with the scare lifted, use his will to be well, ever so much more effectively, and psychic factors are neutralized that were hampering his resistive vitality" (pp. 192, 193).

Dr. Walsh proves convincingly that a wise self-denial, a con-

scientious discharge of duty, and above all the crushing out of a morbid sense of self-pity, conduce to excellent health, personal happiness and in numerous cases to remarkable longevity. This book deserves nothing but praise. Every line coincides with the Catholic viewpoint. Every page embodies with the latest conclusions of medical science, what is noble, pure and of good repute.

THE SCIENCE OF EATING. By Alfred W. McCann. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.50.

This book is as fascinating as a well-told novel. It is more important than a whole library of novels. It should be read by pastors and school teachers, by housewives and fathers of families. Mr. McCann is an expert, in the true sense of that much-abused word. He is an expert in foods, and in food-poisoning to boot. For more than five years he worked in a food laboratory, analyzing and experimenting. As the advertising manager of a food business handling \$12,000,000 worth of prepared food-stuffs yearly, he learned "that no food reform can come through advertising as now conducted."

Urged by a great desire to apply his knowledge to the cause of food-reform, and keenly aware that a large proportion of the foods most widely used today are adulterated or weakened, Mr. McCann obtained the backing of the *New York Globe*. Forty-one other newspapers in as many cities joined the *Globe* in using Mr. McCann's articles. But the advertising agencies, in the interests of their clients, the food manufacturers, exerted such pressure that all these newspapers, except the *Globe* and the *Chicago Daily News*, dropped Mr. McCann and his exposures of the food-poisoners and food-destroyers. Now, he declares, the only hope of reform lies in the education of children, and their parents, in the "science of eating," that is to say, in the practical knowledge of what foods are truly nourishing and what foods are harmful or worthless. This book provides the fundamental facts of such an education. It is worthy of the most serious consideration.

POEMS, 1908-1919. By John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.00.

These are the collected poems to date of the English critic and playwright whose dramatic portrait of Abraham Lincoln has of late been attracting large audiences to the English and American theatres. The author scores his best success when he writes of the English countryside in these poems, but nearly all the others impress one as of mechanical construction and cold cor-

rectness; there is little or no spontaneity or lyric cry here. If Mr. Drinkwater is a poet at all, it is not so much by the grace of God as by dint of disproportionately hard labor.

SHORT HISTORY OF HARMONY. By Chas. McPherson, F.R.A.M.
London: Keegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. \$1.00.

The growth of harmony from the first crude organum and discant up to the most elaborate innovations are traced in an entertaining, as well as in a very instructive, manner in this little work. Teachers of very young children in music in our schools will find this work an excellent one in opening up the secrets of harmony to their young minds. Harmony should go hand in hand with instruction on any instrument of music from the very beginning, otherwise the pupil is getting but a one-sided education in the art of music. The author in this work has written in a clear and readable style, manifesting skill in the use of illustration and comparison, which shows him to be a teacher in the true sense of the word. Though written for the instruction of the beginner in the art of music, it will greatly interest experienced musicians, who wish to follow the most recent developments of harmony and keep pace with the most approved way of teaching it.

JEREMY. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Co.
\$1.75 net.

Mr. Walpole has here given a striking demonstration of his versatility, as well as his talent. As a successor to that powerful novel of Russia, *The Secret City*, he presents the leisurely, detailed history of one year in the life of a boy, beginning on the day that he is eight. Jeremy Cole is the son of an Anglican clergyman, his home is in a Cathedral town, his surroundings and circumstances are typically those with which English novelists have made us thoroughly familiar. The book's interest and individuality are derived from nothing unusual; yet it possesses those qualities to a high degree. This is due to the elaborate sympathy and fidelity with which the author interprets the personality of the boy. We share his likes and dislikes, we return to our own childhood in reading of the things that give him the deepest delight, we follow the workings of his acute little brain in the crude, harsh theology he deduces from his father's preaching. He is not a very good child, nor a prodigy, in any sense; but he is an engaging young philosopher, who shows the instincts and promise of a thoroughbred. We are loath to part from him when, at the end of the year, he is sent away to school. Inci-

dentally, nothing in recent fiction is more admirable than the subtly skillful indications given of the development of character that twelve months have wrought.

Though Jeremy is the book's centre, he is not the whole. Mr. Walpole has enriched our acquaintance with a gallery of vivid characterizations. No less an achievement than the boy himself is the piteous figure of his younger sister, Mary, who adores him and passionately desires to entertain and engross him, yet accomplishes only his utter boredom. So well done is this that it introduces an almost tragic emotional note. Nevertheless, the content is entirely normal, refreshingly free from sentimentality on the one hand, or on the other, of the morbid and unwholesome.

The book takes rank easily among Mr. Walpole's principal successes, a remarkably intimate, convincing study of childhood. It is not, however, appropriate reading for children, and should not be so represented by its publishers.

BLACK SHEEP CHAPEL. By Margaret Baillie-Saunders. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net.

This baffling bit of fiction conveys an inescapable impression that when its theme first presented itself to the author's mind, she seized it without taking account of its exacting nature. A plexus of motives and emotions confronts her, requiring all she has to bestow of painstaking skill, patient of no compromise; yet compromise is the keynote of her treatment. The supreme interest is the deliberate effort of a man, who is not a demoniac, to detach the soul of a boy, his illegitimate son, from religious influences and lure him, by means of sensuous and artistic appeals, to a worldly, self-indulgent life. The author has staged this spiritual drama, for the most part, in an attractively novel setting; she has written the first part with elaborate care: then, she begins to shirk the issues she has raised, not carrying them to their logical results. She gives us conclusions, when what we want, and should have, is analysis of the way in which they are reached; furthermore, it frequently happens that these conclusions are neither consistent with what has preceded them nor substantiated by what follows. Nevertheless, the inherent strength of the theme survives the author's vacillating method. The book is not dull. This is due to recurrent manifestations of the picturesque and the dramatic which tantalizingly re-engage the attention, and show that lack of thoroughness, more than lack of ability, is responsible for the waste of opportunities in a production that intrigues, but does not satisfy.

THE SOUL OF THE "C. R. B." By Madame Saint Rene Taillandier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75 net.

Well acquainted as we have been made with the work of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and with the conditions that obtained in that country and in the invaded portions of France, every fresh account is of interest, provided it is authoritative. This quality is indisputable in the present work, Madame Taillandier's brother having been the French representative on Mr. Hoover's commission. Thus the book is written from a standpoint of intimate knowledge that makes it a valuable addition to the literature of this subject; moreover it has literary quality, as might be expected from one who is a member of a group distinguished in both literature and public affairs.

Recognition is due to the clearness and fluency of the translation by Mary Cadwalader Jones.

JOHN BROWN—SOLDIER OF FORTUNE. A Critique. By Hill Peebles Wilson. Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$2.50.

The writer's purpose is to prove that the character of the famous John Brown as it has been presented for many years by his admirers, is an historical myth. Because of the years of political excitement and national unrest during which he lived, he has been exploited in oratory and poetry to the serious misconstruction of his acts and motives. His three biographers, James Redpath, Frank Sanborn and especially Oswald Garrison Villard, whose work on John Brown has been the authority since its publication in 1910, have, by suppressing and palliating facts, described him from a wholly partisan point of view.

According to Mr. Wilson, the real John Brown was a cold-blooded, thoroughly mercenary, cruel adventurer who craftily used the guise of religion to further his ends. The crime of the Pottawottamie was the theft of a large number of horses by which Brown hoped to retrieve his fallen fortunes. To accomplish this, and to safeguard the loot, it was necessary to murder the owners of the horses. The plans for the killing were accordingly laid several weeks before its occurrence, the principals being John Brown, his unmarried sons, and four or five other confederates. After the murders, the horses belonging to the victims were run out of the country. This crime the author feels has been passed over too lightly.

Brown's original purpose in coming to Kansas, according to his daughter, was to see "if something would not turn up to his advantage," not the high ideal of freeing the oppressed. The struggle between the Free State and the slavery party in Kansas

was increasing in bitterness. When Brown discovered that it was a money-making proposition to be on the side of the Free State party, he violently espoused the cause of abolition.

The author states that there is not a scrap of evidence to prove that prior to 1855 Brown took any unusual interest in securing freedom for the slaves. Before coming to Kansas, he had been involved in several unsavory financial deals, and he sought there a new field. Letters and the testimony of witnesses given in Mr. Villard's book indicate that this interest was shown as early as 1834. In planning the uprising at Harper's Ferry, he counted on the coöperation of all the slaves, and hoped that, after massacring the white slave holders, he would come into a goodly share of the loot, and could maintain himself by means of the provisional government that his black army would aid him to set up. The plan was for the slaves to murder their masters when they slept, after the fashion of the terrible massacres of Santo Domingo. A religious hypocrite of the type of some of Cromwell's marauding soldiers, a swindler, a robber and midnight assassin—such is the man whom his partisans have created one of our national heroes.

This critique of John Brown would make a better impression if it were written in a less violent manner; had Mr. Wilson presented his facts, and he seems to have a good case, in a calmer, more judicial manner, he would be more convincing to his readers. The biography by Mr. Villard is a most scholarly work, but his zeal for his hero led him too far, when oblivious to his faults, he claims his memory is "at once a sacred, a solemn and an inspiring American heritage." Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, gloats over the low character and the crimes of John Brown. The impression one receives is that this generation is still too close to the bitterness of the Civil War to make a just estimate of this curious personality.

VOLTAIRE IN HIS LETTERS. Being a Selection from His Correspondence. Translated with Preface and Forewords by S. G. Tallantyne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.

The letters in this volume have been selected, as the title attempts to indicate, with a view of displaying autobiographically salient features in the life and character of the great French deist. They succeed fairly well in accomplishing the purpose of the compiler. One may find here justification enough for Joubert's well-known verdict on Voltaire: "He had correctness of judgment, liveliness of imagination, nimble wits, quick taste, and a moral sense in ruins. He is the most debauched of spirits, and

the worst of him is that one gets debauched along with him. If he had been a wise man, and had had the self-discipline of wisdom, beyond a doubt half his wit would have been gone; it needed an atmosphere of license in order to play freely."

His taste was not as unerring as it was quick. His literary judgments on Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, and the Greek dramatists, judgments which are here exhibited in all their original arrogance, have exposed the arch-mocker to certain little revenges of Time, which he could not have anticipated. And he admired Lord Chesterfield! He was indeed capable of generous enthusiasms and indignations, and some of his ideas on government and social justice were ahead of his age. But he is not, on that account, an oracle, as the compiler of this volume seems to think. Was it Carlyle who said that "the French Revolution was Truth dancing in hell-fire?" Why is Truth so often judged uninteresting unless it is recommended by that sinister setting?

THE GREAT MODERN ENGLISH STORIES. By Edward J. O'Brien. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.75.

Mr. Edward J. O'Brien has amply acquitted himself as a critic of the American short story by his yearly anthologies which he has sedulously, if somewhat arbitrarily, compiled for the last few years. With the assurance of these successes, he has turned his hand to the field of British fiction. In a volume equipped with a readable introduction on the chief exponents of the genre, and with brief biographical and bibliographical notes, he gives twenty-eight "great modern English stories." Twenty-seven writers and the last four or five decades are represented. Hardy's "Three Strangers," Stevenson's "A Lodging for the Night," two stories by Kipling, and three or four more by other figures of the first rank find their place here; "The Fourth Magus," by R. B. Cunninghame Graham, a story of King Nicanor, a fourth Wise Man, who came in time to see the Saviour on Golgotha, is conceived in a genuinely fine spirit; but several of the selections are frankly jejune pieces by minor writers. One wonders what Mr. O'Brien's literary norm was in bringing together stories of such uneven merit. In the introduction he explains that the anthology is intended to include "a fair cross-section of the best that is now being done." But how he reconciles this statement with his exclusion of Conrad, Galsworthy, Jacobs, Merrick, Locke is not easy to see. Surely Conrad's "Youth," for example, would grace the pages far better than the dismal "Sick Collier," by D. H. Lawrence, or the strained and morbid "Birth," by Gilbert Cannan. The inclusion of the latter,

indeed, puts Mr. O'Brien's taste, as well as his critical judgment, in a questionable light. The bed-room theme, of which this is a variant, has of late been exploited in fiction and drama with a frequency that is matched only by its grossness. Rolland Pertwee's "Red and White," another story as objectionable, is described in the introduction as a delicate study in adolescence; indelicate would be more exact. With so much to select from in modern English fiction that is wholesome and excellent, there seems to be no excuse for including such hectic examples of modernism in a collection which very easily might contain what really is the best that is now being done.

PEEPS AT PEOPLE. By Robert Cortes Holliday. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.25.

This little book is made up of sketches written in an easy and graceful style, trifles light as air, which seem deceptively easy to do. Some one has said that there is nothing new under the sun and the reader of *Peeps at People* will see in Mr. Holliday a twentieth century inheritor of La Bruyère and Addison. "The Forgetful Tailor," "An Old Foggy," "A Nice Man," "Cramis, Patron of Art," are modernized and lightly done sketches of men whom the French delineator of the Courtier and the Poet, and the English creator of Sir Roger de Coverly would study with interest. Perhaps they might be surprised at the change in the character of their descendants, and possibly the descendants might be interested to know that they had so long and honorable a lineage. The book is marked by a light humor and a boyish enthusiasm (of which the writer vainly tries to appear unconscious), as delightful as they are welcome. The preface is delectable. Reading between the lines one surmises that these thumb-nail sketches were firstlings which Mr. Holliday found tucked away in a forgotten corner of his desk, and decided to print now that his reputation is established. The decision was wise and the discriminating reader will not be lacking in appreciation.

JUDITH. A Play in Three Acts. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.00 net.

The fecund and fertile Arnold Bennett has taken time enough away from his multitudinous tasks of turning out huge novels, short stories galore and innumerable essays, articles, reports of prize fights, and other lesser literary jobs, to turn the apocryphal book of Judith into "realistic" drama. The result will add another title to the already lengthy list of plays which forms one of the many subdivisions of Mr. Bennett's varied productions,

but it is not likely to figure very extensively either in actual play bills or in the literature of the stage.

Arnold Bennett attacks all his subjects with a glibness which is in many cases a mere mask for flippant incapacity. Looking upon himself, as he tells us in his own essays, as a completely formed literary craftsman, competent to do anything in the writing line from epics to puns, he has turned out the play of *Judith* with his customary verbal felicity, but has not succeeded in convincing us that tragic characters and events, especially those dealing with great passions and ideals, can be transmuted, in the shallow alembic of the modernistic mind, into shapes of enduring or even of temporary beauty.

WHEN THE WORLD SHOOK. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.60.

An author is always taking a gamble when he attempts to do a good thing twice. *King Solomon's Mines* and *She*, which terrorized and fascinated the childhood of the present generation, were excellent tales of the wild adventure-mystery sort and the popularity accorded them was justified. In his latest, *When the World Shook*, Rider Haggard has tried to do it again and, it must be said, puts out a pretty stupid tale.

It tells of the wanderings of a rich man and his two companions, a scientist and a priest, who are thrown up on an island in the south Pacific during a gale, lose their yacht, and fall into the hands of the native cannibals. Escaping the cannibals, they go in search of the native gods, find their resting place in a mysterious island in a lake, and rousing the great god Oro and his beautiful daughter from a sleep of a quarter of a million years or more, have a hair-raising time in the bowels of the earth. They learn of the War and see its ravages; they drink of the Water of Life, and finally come back to England safe and sound.

If there were no other books to read, this might prove a pleasant diversion, but any grown-up will be skeptical from almost the first page. One wishes Rider Haggard had stopped writing tales of this sort twenty years ago.

POETRY AND DREAMS. By F. C. Prescott. Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$1.50.

This is an unpretentious but learned and instructive study—well supplied with interesting footnotes and references—of the psychology of poetry in the light of the Freudian theory of dreams. The author, who is a well-known professor of English, is obviously deeply read in the literature of his subject.

THE POLICEMAN AND THE PUBLIC. By Colonel Arthur Woods. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.35.

When Colonel Arthur Woods delivered the subject matter of this small volume in a series of lectures in the Dodge Course at Yale University upon the "Responsibility of Citizenship," he spoke from a wealth of experiences gained as Police Commissioner of New York City. For that reason, if for no other, his words are authoritative and worthy of attention.

He does not idealize the policeman nor does he paint him as either an automaton or a scoundrel. Much praise is mingled with a judicious study of the shortcomings of the city's guardians. But the faults that exist, both in the individual policeman and in the entire police régime, the writer lays to a lack of understanding on the part of the people at large of the relationship between the policeman and his work and the policeman and the people, with the result that there is a lack of appreciation by the public of the officers' real merit and a consequent reaction upon the attitude of the policeman toward his work.

The former commissioner points out, in a very practical way, the weakness in the police system, and after showing that most of it is due to the carelessness and ignorance of the public itself, strongly urges as a cure a closer rapprochement between the policeman and the people he protects.

The little book is instructive and intensely interesting.

THE BETRAYERS. By Hamilton Drummond. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.90.

This historical romance has its *mise-en-scène* in the conflict between Pope Innocent IV. and Emperor Frederick II. of the Hohenstaufen line during the thirteenth century. The author shows his intense sympathy with the Emperor but, in his enthusiasm, he has not done justice to the motives or judgment of the Pontiff. Innocent had been at one time a warm friend of Frederick, but events gave the Pope excellent reason to withhold confidence in the Emperor. The Hohenstaufen ruler had imprisoned the prelates, who were journeying to the Council which Gregory IX. had intended to hold at Rome. He promised Innocent, through the Papal legates, that the prelates would be released, that the States of the Church would be restored, and that the allies of the Pope would receive amnesty. But Frederick's insincerity became apparent when he secretly incited various tumults in Rome and refused to release the imprisoned prelates. The Pope, feeling that his freedom of action was hindered, decided to leave Italy. Hastening from Sutri in disguise, he embarked on a Genoese vessel,

which brought him safely to a friendly port. He took up abode at Lyons for six years, having nothing to fear in residence under the flags of St. Louis, King of France. At the famous Council of Lyons, Innocent solemnly excommunicated Frederick, deposed him, and ordered the princes of Germany to select a new ruler for the throne.

Mr. Drummond has set his stage with interesting figures and thrown on his lights strongly, and has succeeded in creating a dramatic atmosphere; but with all his skill in theatrics he should be more fair to history. When a writer attempts to use real men and things, he should not subordinate the smallest fact to brilliancy of romantic episode and glamour of style.

KEEP GOD IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By Harry F. Atwood. Chicago: Laird & Lee, Inc.

This little messenger speaks with the wisdom of the ages. It shows that "all through our country's history there has run, like a golden thread, a deeply religious strain." It points out the deep religious fervor of Columbus, the intrustment to God of our nation's destiny by our great presidents and the success that has come because men had faith in the Almighty. In these irreligious days it calls men back to a new realization of God's providence. It shows that chaos only can come when religious ideals are laid aside and lost.

This book is a little treasure that not only should be on every man's book shelf, but also in every man's heart.

THE BORN FOOL. By John Walter Byrd. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.

Environment and fate are strong factors in the life of Kirk Clinton, the central figure of this novel. Kirk is a sensitive and finely tempered young man, who from his earliest years has been a dreamer like Richard Jeffries, and, like him, a lover of the rich natural scenery about his home in the south of England. So vitally does his environment take hold of him that, when suffering under the restraint of a peculiar and unsympathetic father he leaves home and seeks work in a Yorkshire milling district, he finds it almost impossible to become inured to his new surroundings. Because he has left his father's home, fate decides that he must also bid farewell to the warmth, the beauty and the poetry of the country that he loved, and it seals his permanence in the cold, repellent district in the north by his marriage with a working girl. The tragedy of Kirk's life is that he not only loathes his new home where he is obliged to remain,

but that he finds it impossible ever to love the coarse factory girl whom he has married through a sentiment of pity. The narrative element in the story, however, is less impressive than the atmosphere and background. Throughout the book the harsh industrial life and moorland scenery of Yorkshire are contrasted with the pleasantness of Southern England, and the fashioning of human life and character under natural influences is strongly accentuated.

TALKS TO PARENTS. By Joseph P. Conroy, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25 net.

This little volume of short "talks" is full of good sense and good counsel, presented so informally and pleasantly that no impression of preachment is conveyed. Father Conroy has a keen eye for parents' faults and mistakes, and his reproofs are unsparing; but he is equally cognizant of the problems and difficulties that beset the parental relation, and is most kindly sympathetic in dealing with them. It is a book for the people, practical and helpful, and should have a place in all parish libraries.

THE BUSINESS CAREER OF PETER FLINT. By Harold Whitehead. Boston: The Page Co. \$1.50 net.

Many youths do not know what it means to make their way in a large city far away from the encouragement and stimulation of home life. But many do know. And they will read with a somewhat more intimate interest Harold Whitehead's story of Peter Flint's search for success. Peter is not a choice and master spirit. He has his failings; but he finally learns the way of "making good." And while we cannot say with the old poet that the leader in the deed was of the feminine gender, still it must be admitted that the lady he is to marry in the chapter following the last, probably deserves some credit for his ambition and his will to do.

SUNRISE FROM THE HILL-TOP. By Beatrice Barmby. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net.

Though not remarkably original, the initial situation of this Anglo-American novel offers possibilities for original observation and fresh writing. The young English heroine gives up her middle-aged and titled fiancé for the American lover who comes into her life in all the glamour of youth, ambition and boundless energy. The rest of the tale treats of her adjustment to American conditions, and the final success of their marriage. The author seems to have written too hastily to work out the vein here with anything like convincingness.

THE BOOK OF A NATURALIST. By W. H. Hudson. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$3.50 net.

The title of this book contains no suggestion of its charm. Mr. Hudson humorously explains in his preface, "all possible changes had been rung on general titles of a Naturalist," and, "in sheer desperation I took this title which would fit any work on Natural History ever published."

We trust it will not frighten away those—not acquainted with Mr. Hudson's work as an author and a naturalist—who fear a scientific study or are only mildly interested in nature and her secrets. For one need not be a "naturalist" or a student of the subject to enjoy Mr. Hudson's book thoroughly. It is a series of delightful chapters: short, intimate stories of birds, beasts, and flowers, the fruits of observation of a man who has spent long years close to nature in many climes, and who combines with a deep affection for the things of which he writes, the gift of literary genius.

THE FIFTH STATION. By Thomas F. Coakley, D.D. Pittsburgh: The Catholic Truth Society of Pittsburgh. \$1.00.

Only seven pages suffice for the content of this publication. Dr. Coakley, who was for sixteen months with the American Army in France, tells the story of a soldier who was for a long time grievously troubled because he could not say, from his heart, the words of the Fifth Station, "I accept in particular the death Thou hast destined for me," yet achieved a happy death while in the act of repeating those same words of submission and resignation. The little tale is told simply and touchingly, and is issued in a form so attractive as to be a veritable *édition de luxe*.

THE FUTURE LIFE IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN INQUIRY. By Samuel McComb, D.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

This book aims to set forth in their proper perspective the arguments for the survival of the soul after death. It enumerates the ideas of immortality prevalent in various schools of thought, tells how the modern world envisages the problem, traces the causes of the waning belief in a hereafter, and states the positive arguments for the future life—the desire for immortality, the moral argument, the proof founded on Christ's teaching and Resurrection—and then, something one would hardly look for in such context, an argument from Spiritualism. The book embodies the reflections of many years, and contains a great deal of valuable matter presented in an interesting form.

In dealing, however, with materialism the author gives perhaps too much quarter to the stupidities of Haeckel, McCabe and Clodd—whose assumption that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body has well been called “the most colossal instance of baseless assumption known to the history of philosophy.” The argument from the unstilled desire of immortality is rather weakly presented, and at one point the moral argument hardly receives full justice at the author’s hands. Dr. McComb leaves one under the impression that he judges the value of an argument not by its intrinsic validity, but by its fitness to beget conviction in minds of widely different calibre.

On page 31 we read that “the metaphysical theories and ecclesiastical doctrines that satisfied our grandfathers are as broken reeds today.” This statement is doubly strange in view of some evidence which, in the concluding chapters, Dr. McComb presents for the survival of the soul. Two defunct English scholars, Professors Verrall and Butcher, both eminent classicists, combined to signal to their living friends proofs of their survival. For this purpose they dictated to an automatist “fragmentary quotations and scattered classical allusions.” These bits of learning of a nondescript character drifted through casually, and were pieced together and presented as evidence that the professors were “breathers of an ampler air.” When we recall the splendor and solidity of reasoning with which the great metaphysicians and religious teachers of the past formed the faith of the world, and contrast it with the proof which Dr. McComb deduced from “the ear of Dionysius,” we are inclined to regret that our author abandoned what he calls “broken reeds.”

A SINGER OF PALESTINE. By Armel O’Connor. Ludlow: Mary’s Meadow Press. 2 s.

Into this most slight and most modest of volumes, dedicated by Armel O’Connor to those “friends of the Field Ambulances” whom he served in Palestine, there has gone a message heavy with love and consecration. Its lyrics show the reactions of a Franciscan spirit brought face to face with the horrors and the heroisms of the recent War; and in their steadfast, open-eyed hold upon the beauty of Faith—where neither Faith nor beauty can be easy of hold—they offer a heartening commentary upon modern Catholic manhood. Like everything that comes from Mr. O’Connor’s hand, the pages are impressed with fastidious literary taste, with an often exquisite sensibility, and with the mystical insight of the truly Christian poet.

EUROPE: A BOOK FOR AMERICA, by Samuel Roth (New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.25), is a volume of rather wild denunciation of the Old World and equally wild apostrophes to the New, put into prose and very free verse by a young Jewish radical.

THE FOUR SEAS CO., Boston, publishes *Poems*, by Edwin Curran (\$1.00 net), a reprint, with additions, of Mr. Curran's interesting and vigorously imagined verses, formerly published as *First Poems*; and *The Soothsayer* (\$1.25 net), a one-act drama in classical manner centring about the theme of divided allegiance, by the Scandinavian author, Vernon von Heidenstam, who won the Noble Prize in 1916.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONFLICT, by Havelock Ellis. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50.) Of the twenty-four essays in this volume some twelve deal with questions of history and literature, and range from Luther to Rodo, from Cowley to Baudelaire. These literary essays are too short to add anything new to the question under consideration, nor do they embody any novel or striking viewpoints. The remaining essays deal with moral and social problems. The author's theories and sympathies give evidence of a mind not only diseased but rotten.

AMERICAN MARRIAGE LAWS, by Fred. S. Hall and Elizabeth W. Brooke, is one of a series of pamphlets planned and published by the Russell Sage Foundation in the interests of social reform and family betterment. Social workers have found that, although many troubles are of people's own making, yet not a few are the result of unwise or badly administered laws. The first part of the present work (pp. 1-26) summarizes desirable reforms in marriage legislation. Part II. (pp. 29-48) is devoted to Marriage Laws by Topics. Part III. (pp. 51-132) to a compilation of the numerous and intricate marriage laws that obtain throughout the different States of the Union. Oftentimes the laws of one State are entirely opposed to those of another; and numerous loopholes exist that evil astuteness may take advantage of. The publication condenses a lot of information in a small compass. It will be serviceable to students of social and economic problems, and even to jurists.

A TIMELY volume which will increase the Devotion of the Holy Hour, is that entitled *Holy Hour Manual*, by Rev. Patrick J. Sloan and published by the Magnificat Press, Manchester, N.

H. (\$1.00). It is attractively presented in flexible leather and good type. Father Sloan has put into its writing his own devoted love of our Blessed Lord, and as a result the book has that personal note which will make it most helpful. To every month a chapter is allotted that will enable the individual to fill his Holy Hour with profitable meditation or to unite with the priest who conducts the Hour. The appendix includes appropriate prayers and litanies. The book is an especially serviceable one.

THE PRIEST'S VADE MECUM of the Rev. Pierre Bouvier, S.J., has been put into English, and will prove valuable to the English-speaking priest as a guide and a stimulant in the fostering and maintenance of his high vocation, and the solution of its many problems and difficulties. It is well equipped with authoritative notes. Some of these include rulings in French dioceses not obtaining here. These might have been omitted with benefit. The Auxiliary Archbishop of Birmingham says truly in his preface: "The book is not one of law and theory alone, but of theory tested by experience and of law illumined by life." (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.00; postpaid, \$1.04.)

A CHARMING series of spiritual essays is entitled *Months and Days: Their Silent Lessons*. The author, an Irish parish priest, Rev. Joseph Guinan, has conned the book of nature well, gleaning everywhere and at all seasons the truths of God written on His handiwork. His thought mounts and glows with the crescendo of color and life of the advancing season, then dies away with the waning year into a soft amen. Unfortunately his expressions miss, at times, something of nature's great simplicity. This little volume is published by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.

STRAY LEAVES (San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. \$1.00), a little volume of devotional poems, published anonymously, suggests the authorship of a cultured and delicately imaginative religious. It presents much matter suitable for Lenten reading and meditation.

A LITTLE compilation of prayers admirably adapted to foster and increase virile devotion to the Blessed Sacrament is *The Armour of God*. It is primarily intended for the use of the "Knights of the Blessed Sacrament," and the prayers, many drawn from the liturgy, are directed towards the cultivation of

the knightly attitude of loyalty and service. We recommend it to all lovers of the Eucharistic King. (London: Burns & Oates, Limited.)

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

Three important pamphlets come from the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland: *How Far May a Catholic Agree With Socialists*, by Rev. J. S. Canavan, S.J., gives very accurately and explicitly the pronouncements of the Church in regard to Socialism and shows in what and why it is condemned; *Between Capitalism and Socialism* and *The Social Question In Ireland*, both by Rev. P. Coffey, Ph.D., the well-known author and lecturer at Maynooth College, are especially intended for the right orientation of Irish Catholics in the vital work of reconstructing an Irish nation on the basic principles of Catholic teaching. They are a valuable contribution to an essential work, and offer, moreover, to all Catholics a clear, fair, succinct discussion of ways and means of reconstruction and their relative values. We recommend these pamphlets most earnestly. A devotional publication from the same source is *Watching With Jesus*, an attractive little manual for the Holy Hour, which cannot fail to promote familiar and fruitful visits to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

The Catholic Truth Society (London), in *St. Francis As Social Reformer*, by Father Thomas, O.S.F.C., makes a contribution to the literature of reconstruction. St. Francis undermined with his principles the great feudal system and built up a new order by winning men's hearts. *What The World Owes the Papacy*, by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Grosch, among other pregnant thoughts has this timely one: "Shut the Pope out from the councils of the nations and you shut out the only moral force which ever has or ever can unite the people of the world." Other publications of the Catholic Truth Society are *Rome and the "World Conference,"* by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Moyes, D.D., showing the necessarily unvarying attitude of the Church to Christian unity; and *How to Serve Mass*, a very clear and handy little manual for the server.

The Journey Home, by the Rev. Raymond Lawrence (Ave Maria Press), is a very beautiful story, told with great simplicity and humility, of a convert's journey "to the *Patria* of the human race . . . through strange ways and over stormy and tortuous paths . . . straight on to His (God's) own dwelling." It is a real addition to the literature of conversions. Along this line we have also a reprint, revised by Rev. William B. Hannon, of *The Trials of the Mind*, the story of the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, L. Silliman Ives, who found his way home into the Catholic Church.

A useful contribution to the history of the Church is *The Infallibility of the Church and Her Teaching Authority*, by Very Rev. J. Sullivan, S.J. (Melbourne, Australia: Catholic Truth Society.) And the International Catholic Truth Society has published in pocket size *The Lenten Gospels*, so fruitful for spiritual reading and meditation.

From The Mission Press, S. V. D., Techny, Illinois, comes a stirring appeal for the missionary spirit, entitled: *America Must*, addressed primarily to the youth of America, that harvest land for the future of missions. The author, P. I. Sontag, S.J., evidently knows his world of boys and how to catch and fire them.

Mother Catherine McAuley and the Beginning of the Works of the Sisters of Mercy, by Sister Mary Fidelis, is a pamphlet designed to accompany an illustrated lecture. A notice informs the reader that this booklet "was printed, engraved and bound by St. Mary's Training School Printing Department, Des Moines, Illinois." And very creditable work it is, and particularly the numerous portraits of the Foundress, which fully bear out the assertion that she possessed an exceedingly beautiful and attractive personality.

The account covers the early days of this heroine of charity, the rise and progress of her early works for the poor, in Dublin and other towns of Ireland and of England, until the Order was introduced into the United States. The marvelous progress of its schools, hospitals, refuges, is a most striking and interesting fact.

The Government Printing Office publishes *The Life of Henry Barnard*, one of America's great educators who, with Horace Mann, contributed largely to the development of the common school in the United States. This pamphlet, by Bernard C. Steiner, takes up the youthful efforts of Barnard in the Connecticut Legislature, his work with the Connecticut School Board, his achievements as Superintendent of Schools in Rhode Island and later in Connecticut, his labors as editor of the *American Journal of Education*, his influence as President of St. John's College at Annapolis and, the culmination of a calm but powerful life, the commissionership of education.

The Department of the Bureau of Education performs a real service in thus presenting Barnard's life distinctly and clearly, and free from the excessive adulation that most biographers are inclined to indulge in.

Also *An Educational Study of Alabama*—a survey made under the direction of the Commissioner of Public Education at the request of the Alabama School Commission—contains a wealth of information concerning the public schools of Alabama and the problems which the people of that State face in the education of their children, forty-two per cent of which are colored. The book is of interest and value to all students of education.

And the *Schools of Scandinavia, Finland, Denmark and Holland*, by Peter Pearson, a pamphlet showing the effects of the War on the schools of Scandinavia, Finland and Holland and the general characteristics of the school system in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland. It treats specifically of school gardens; care of the pupils' health; religious instruction in the elementary schools; obligatory continuation school; school excursions; teachers' training, salaries, and status and general conditions in Holland and Finland.

Recent Events.

Germany.

On March 13th the Government of Friedrich Ebert, the Socialist President of the German Republic, was temporarily overthrown by a military *coup d'état*. Dr. Wolfgang Kapp, a prominent member of the Pan-German Party and general director of the agricultural societies, ousted Gustave Bauer, the Chancellor, and for the time assumed supreme direction of affairs. Associated with him was General Baron von Luettwitz, one of the leaders of the military party which was opposed to the Versailles Peace terms. General von Luettwitz was appointed Commander-in-chief of the army, and the National Assembly was dissolved.

The revolt was effected without bloodshed or disorder, troops of the Doeberitz garrison, composed chiefly of former Baltic troops, simply marching on the capital and taking control of the situation, while Herr Ebert and most of his Cabinet fled to Dresden. A proclamation was issued by the new Government stating that the overthrow of the Ebert régime must not be looked on as reactionary or militaristic. The manifesto charges the Socialist Government with overburdening the people with taxation, failing to create conditions for an increase of production in all lines, suppressing papers which criticized it, and otherwise interfering with personal liberty, and with refusing to dissolve the National Assembly and issue writs for new elections. Despite their disavowal, however, the revolt was generally considered as of Junker origin and monarchist objective, though neither the former Emperor nor the Crown Prince was implicated in the movement.

President Ebert and his Cabinet offered no armed resistance to the revolution, but, on fleeing from Berlin, issued a proclamation calling on all workers for a general strike throughout Germany, to which there was an effective response. It is the general opinion that the new Government will not last long, both because of the strike threat and because recent reports indicate that Herr Kapp has not been able to form a ministry, and that not only are the Democrats, Majority Socialists and Centrists against him, but the reactionaries themselves are weakening in their support. Negotiations have been going forward for the last few days between the two Governments, and latest advices state that an agreement has been reached between them and that the

crisis is over. A new Government for Germany will be constituted under the agreement between the old Government and the new. Herr Ebert is to remain as President, but a new Cabinet is to be formed, composed of experts.

The plebiscite in the second Schleswig zone, including the important port of Flensburg, has just been held and, according to late but unofficial returns of the balloting, the figures show the population overwhelmingly in favor of German nationality. With four districts still to be heard from, 48,148 votes were cast for German control and 13,025 for Denmark. There were originally three zones in the Schleswig region, in which the inhabitants were to decide their future nationality by plebiscite. The vote in the first zone was cast in February and was in favor of reunion with Denmark. The vote in the second zone, just taken, shows a large German majority and will end the voting on the question, as the Denmark Government of its own accord requested that, on account of the obviously preponderant German population in the third zone, no vote should be taken there. The loss of the important city of Flensburg in the second zone is a severe disappointment to the Danes, as, prior to the War of 1866, it was entirely Danish. The elections just concluded show that the city is now almost completely Germanized.

Before the recent *coup* in Berlin, while the Ebert Government was still in control, much comment was aroused in Germany by the resignation from the Cabinet of Mathias Erzberger, Minister of Finance, and one of the Centrist leaders. Herr Erzberger's resignation came as the result of sensational testimony in the course of his libel suit against Dr. Karl Helfferich, former Minister of the Treasury. The testimony is said to have shown that Herr Erzberger had smuggled large amounts of his private funds to Switzerland, and that he was involved in numerous questionable transactions in connection with the issuance of import and export permits, and otherwise misusing his official position and influence in the furtherance of ventures in which he had a personal interest. The libel suit itself, which was the occasion of this testimony and which has been a centre of interest for some weeks, has since been decided against Dr. Helfferich, who was fined three hundred marks.

As a result of strong protests by the German Government, the Allies finally consented to the trial of German war criminals before a German tribunal. The Allied extradition list has been submitted to the supreme state's attorney at the Imperial Court at Leipsic, so that the requisite measures may be taken in accordance with the law for the prosecution of war offences. Luden-

dorff, von Tirpitz, von Falkenhayn, von Kluck, Admiral von Schroeder and numerous other high army and naval officers who were listed by the Allies, have signed a declaration expressing their willingness to appear before the Imperial Court at Leipsic.

On her side Germany has a list of Entente war criminals, comprising three hundred and twelve pages of indictments against French individuals and sixty-nine against British. The data has been officially corroborated according to the German Foreign Minister Mueller, but he considered that the present time was not an auspicious moment to make the list public, and the Government would reserve its decision as to publication for a later day.

With respect to the extradition of the Kaiser, the Netherlands Government in a recent reply to a note from the British Premier, still maintains a firm stand on its refusal to comply with the Allied demands, and repeats its former arguments about Holland not being a party to the Peace Treaty, her traditional right of asylum, etc. The reply states, however, that the Dutch Government will take all the precautionary measures necessary to subordinate the liberty of the ex-Emperor and ex-Empress. This means that the ex-Kaiser will, to all intents and purposes, be interned at his new residence at Doorn. It is hoped in Dutch Government circles that this will be the last note on the question.

Russia.

Though fighting has been going on in various sections of Russia during the month, it has been chiefly of a local and sporadic character. The most important military movement occurred in the early part of March when, in a series of engagements with the Polish Army, the Bolsheviki forces were decisively defeated. The Bolsheviki, while carrying on peace negotiations with the Poles, had concentrated large forces on both sides of the Priapet region, but their plans for an attack were forestalled by the Poles, who were the aggressors. The Poles had no intention of concerted action against the Bolsheviki, but when informed that they intended to attack along the whole front, the Poles began three operations at strategic points, which resulted in the taking of the lateral railway from the Bolsheviki and breaking up their plans.

According to military experts, White Ruthenia is now effectively cut off from Moscow, as the railway which has been seized by the Poles comes down to Kolenkovitz, which is the crossing-point of the important Gomel-Pinsk Railway. By reason of the capture of Kolenkovitz, the Bolsheviki will be forced to send their

supplies by a round-about way, involving much loss of time. It is also believed that that part of the Ukraine on the right bank of the Dneiper River will now be free from the Bolshevik menace.

On the other fronts the Bolsheviks seem to be meeting with no effective resistance. Their recent successes near the Crimean Isthmus apparently open a way for them to enter the Crimea. This would be of considerable advantage, as valuable stores and other war materials are there. General Denikin, the anti-Bolshevik leader, who in last month's dispatches was reported to have fled the country, is again trying to make headway in the South, but with indifferent success. Green Guards are causing trouble on his rear, while the Bolsheviks are active along the whole of his front. According to British military experts, recent operations have practically brought about the complete elimination of the Denikin forces.

The Denikin collapse, according to British War Office reports, has revived the fear of a menace to the British Mid-Asian interests. Additional cause for alarm is the fear that the Bolsheviks may undertake aggressive steps in Persia. This alarm arises from the reports of the new Bolshevik Administration at Merv, Transcaspia, under General Kuropatkin. This Administration is considered uncomfortably near the troublesome elements in Afghanistan.

Another former Tsarist commander, who is reported to have appeared at the head of Bolshevik forces, is General Brusiloff, former Commander-in-chief of the Russian armies. He is said to be at Skobelev, operating against the Ferghana insurgents. At the outbreak of the World War, Brusiloff commanded the Russians in their attacks on Galicia.

A large detachment of the Russian Volunteer Army, under General Bredow, has reached the Polish lines near Kamenetz-Podolsk, says a dispatch from Warsaw. These forces are the remains of General Denikin's Corps from west of the Dneiper, which have been without a base since the Bolshevik occupation of Odessa. The detachment numbers six thousand men, mostly of the cavalry, and is accompanied by as many women and children.

The Bolsheviks are making vigorous preparations to equip a fleet in the Volga for use in the Caspian Sea as soon as the ice breaks up. At present they have a force facing the Rumanians along the Dniester River, but they have not yet attacked, nor is there any evidence that they intend to do so. The Rumanian forces are expected to be out of Hungary by April 1st.

The fate of the Russian Army in the north is not definitely

known. Its remnants have been driven into the desolate country between the Onega River and the Murman Railway, and it is assumed that the army is being dispersed or that it has perished. General Semenov, who is now in control of the anti-Soviet troops in Eastern Siberia, has lost the support of the Buriat tribesmen. He has always counted upon their support and the loss may mean an irreparable blow. Exactions of his subordinates, as well as alleged abuses and brutality, have alienated all races from Semenov. The Japanese have also turned their backs upon him, it is declared, but no reputable Russian is willing to take Semenov's place.

Meanwhile various peace proposals have been made by the Soviet Government, both to the Great Powers and to the Baltic States. In its proposals to the larger nations, Soviet Russia pledges the establishment of democratic principles in Russia and the calling of a Constituent Assembly. It promises further to withdraw the decree annulling Russia's foreign debt, restoring sixty per cent of the liability, and also to pay arrears of interest, giving as a guarantee for the fulfillment of its obligations considerable mineral concessions of platinum and silver to an Anglo-American syndicate. In return, and in addition to the formal Peace Treaties, the Soviet Government would require Great Britain and other countries to abandon all intervention in Russian affairs. It also proposes that the United States allow a credit to Russia, conditioned upon considerable concessions to this country.

To date no definite response to these advances has been made by the Allied Governments, though, as stated in last month's notes, a complete change in Allied policy is in process. At present the Allies are slowly feeling their way to a new adjustment. The American State Department is reported to be considering the proposal to the Supreme Council at Paris of the withdrawal of wartime restrictions on trading between the United States and Allied countries, and Soviet Russia. Such a policy would enable American exporters to undertake trade relations with anyone in Soviet Russia, even with the Soviet Government itself, but it would be at their own risk. No trade licenses would be issued by this country, as this Government does not intend to place itself in a position that might warrant the claim that it had recognized Soviet Russia, with which it maintains no relations, and, it is reiterated, has no intention of entering into any.

As for the Baltic States, they have been more or less adrift in their dealings with the Bolsheviks because of the indefinite policy of the Allies, from whom they must necessarily

take their lead. Nevertheless, a formal conference was recently opened at Warsaw to frame the answer of Poland and the border States to the Soviet peace proposals. Finnish, Lettish and Rumanian delegates are already in attendance, and the Ukrainians are expected soon. There is a possibility that Lithuania, and eventually Esthonia, which has already concluded peace with the Soviet Government, will participate in the consultation, which it is generally believed will determine Poland's next move in her stand against Bolshevism.

Diplomats say that the opening of negotiations between Poland and the Soviet Government hinges on the Polish demands for restitution and damages since the partition of her territory in 1772. An unofficial dispatch from Moscow says that the Bolsheviks have already intimated that they have no desire even to open negotiations if Poland demands the frontier of one hundred and forty-eight years ago, as outlined by the Polish Diet's foreign commission. Should Poland insist on the demand and the Bolsheviks refuse to acquiesce, it would mean a continuance of the present situation.

It is understood that the peace programme of the Baltic States will be submitted to the Allied Powers for approval. The border States are said to be eager to reach a decision, particularly because of the approach of spring, when the long-advertised Bolshevik offensive against them is due to commence. The Lettish Foreign Minister has announced that unless the Warsaw Conference reaches a decision, the Letts and the Finns and possibly the Lithuanians will consider a separate peace with Russia.

France.

The chief questions before the Supreme Council during the month have been the Turkish situation, the Allied policy toward the Soviet Government, and the proposal to ease the terms of reparation imposed on Germany by the Treaty of Versailles. On all three matters there has been a sharp cleavage of Allied opinion, with England and Italy for the most part standing together and France taking up an attitude of strong protest.

The Council has been working at the final draft of the Turkish Treaty for some time, but recent atrocities by the Turks in Cilicia have brought matters to a head, and served to make the peace provisions more severe. By the reported terms of the Treaty, Turkey will be reduced to a mere phantom of her former self, with a population of only six millions instead of thirty millions. She is likely to occupy, in addition to the city of Constantinople, only the Asiatic province of Anatolia, and she will lose

what remains of her navy, being permitted to retain nothing larger than a few revenue cutters. Thrace has been awarded to Greece, but the recent conference of foreign ministers and ambassadors is charged with the task of working out plans whereby the Turks will keep control of the holy places and of Adrianople. Smyrna will be placed under Greek control.

As a direct result of recent Armenian massacres (18,000 people were murdered at Marash alone), the Allies propose to take drastic measures against Turkey. These will consist of the disciplinary coöccupation of Constantinople, as it may be called, to distinguish it from the ordinary occupation which followed the conclusion of the armistice, and the exercise of Allied control over all telegraphic communications. For the present the Allies will post contingents at strategic points of the city on both sides of the Golden Horn. There has of late been a wide popular demand in most countries, especially in America, for the absolute ejection of the Sultan from Constantinople, but there are two chief obstacles in the way of such an action—the negative attitude of America towards the acceptance of a Turkish mandate, and the reluctance of England to force the issue against the strong protests of her Moslem subjects in India, to whom, moreover, she had given assurances at the beginning of the War that the Sultan would not be removed from Constantinople.

As to the Allied policy toward the Bolsheviki, the nearest approach to a definite step (if anything can be called definite where all is vague and confused) has been the agreement to resume trade relations with Russia. The Soviet Government is asked, on its part, to abandon propaganda and to recognize existing loans, while the Allies do not propose to encourage border States to make further war on the Bolsheviki. Resumption of political relations between the Allies and Russia was not pressed in the Supreme Council, owing chiefly to the determined opposition of France. Thus the real difficulty of the Russian situation—recognition of the Soviet Republic—still remains unsolved.

As a further step toward a solution of the Russian problem the Supreme Council of the Allies, several weeks ago, addressed a communication to the Council of the League of Nations, asking the latter to consider the appointment of a commission with the view of obtaining impartial and authorized information concerning the present situation in Russia. The Commission is to consist of eleven members. United States Ambassador Wallace has been invited to attend the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations at which the Commission will be named, but has declined. The Allies, however, will probably extend a formal invitation to

the American Government to send an agent to accompany the Commission in order that he may report to his Government, should America not see fit to name an official member of the Commission.

Because of the serious economic plight of Germany, the Supreme Council, at the beginning of March, consented to a considerable mitigation of the Versailles Peace terms. This mitigation took two principal forms. Germany was to be permitted to float a large international loan in neutral European countries and South America and, if possible, in the United States, the negotiable securities which the Berlin Government would put up being guaranteed exempt from the reparation claims of the Allied Powers. Secondly, the Allies were to help Germany rebuild her merchant marine, at least up to a certain point. This aid to Germany, to enable her to pay her war debts to the Allies, was to be given by easing up on the enforcement of the portion of the Treaty that provided for building, in German ports, merchant tonnage to be handed over to the Allies. The Allies have come to the conclusion that Germany cannot at present, nor in the near future, fulfill this provision, if strictly enforced, and at the same time build ships enough to meet her own essential needs for shipping tonnage.

These two modifications of the Treaty, however, aroused protest from the French Government, which declared its inability to accept in its entirety the proposed economic declaration of the Allies, particularly the proposition that a loan be made to Germany guaranteed by German assets in priority to reparations payments. As a result of Premier Millerand's attitude, the Supreme Council agreed to a change in their new economic programme, whereby the devastated areas of France are to receive priority in the matter of reconstruction, and the question of a German loan is left to the League's Reparations Commission on which France has strong representation.

With the official notification, recently announced, of the accession to the League of Nations of Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Holland, all but two, namely Salvador and Venezuela, of the thirteen nations, non-signatories of the Versailles Treaty, invited to become original members of the League, have definitely accepted. Salvador has signified its intention of joining the League, but Venezuela has not yet declared its intention.

On the last day of February a general strike on all the railroads of France was called by the National Federation of Railway Workers, with the object of forcing nationalization of the railroads. The strike was originated by a radical minority among

the workers, and represented not so much an attempt at better working conditions as a political move against the existing Government. Owing to the disaffection of the larger part of the railroad employees, and to the firm attitude of the Government, the strike, which was confined chiefly to Paris, lasted only two days. While technically the strike was ended by an arbitration agreement, the question of nationalization of the roads, which was the big demand of the strikers, is not to be arbitrated. The questions to be arbitrated relate chiefly to the coördination of salary schedules. The breaking of the strike is considered a signal victory for the French Government and a sharp rebuke to the radical element who have more or less openly espoused Bolshevism.

Italy.

The month has been a record of interchange of notes between President Wilson and the Allied Premiers on the Adriatic Question. The Allied Premiers, as a result of the President's firm stand, have withdrawn their ultimatum to the Jugo-Slavs, and in general have adopted an extremely conciliatory attitude towards the President's position. The President has insisted on the complete abandonment of the Treaty of London, a secret agreement between Great Britain and Italy, of which the United States was not informed on her entry into the War, and a return to the joint memorandum of December 9th last in which England, France and the United States agreed on a plan for the settlement of the Adriatic problem. The President reiterates his willingness to accept any settlement "mutually agreeable" to Italy and Jugo-Slavia, provided such agreement is not the basis of compensation elsewhere at the expense of a third party. In consequence of this last proposal, which the Allied Premiers agreed, was "the ideal way" of settling the question, negotiations were entered into between Premier Nitti of Italy and Foreign Minister Trumbitch of Jugo-Slavia, but have since been broken off.

Meanwhile, as regards Fiume itself, a stringent blockade has been instituted by the Italian Government against all commodities, including foodstuffs. D'Annunzio's forces have been considerably diminished by desertions, and efforts made to replenish his forces by conscription of Fiume citizens have been unsuccessful. Former annexationists express despair over what they term the failure of d'Annunzio's occupation of Fiume. The long strain of five months of isolation has apparently worn out the population, and the people would welcome the occupation of the city either by an American or a British garrison.

As for Italian internal affairs, reorganization of the Cabinet is

occupying public attention to the exclusion of virtually all other interests. All the members of the present Cabinet have placed their portfolios at the Premier's disposal, in view of the political and parliamentary situation. Premier Nitti has not yet announced the formation of the new administration, but he will be much more free in the selection of its members. It is reported they will include Signor Meda, the Catholic leader, and Bisolati and Bonomi, Independent Socialists.

Strikes and other disturbances have occurred in various parts of Italy during the month, but they were sporadic and merely local. Strikes among peasants in Northern Italy have come at a most inopportune time, as this is the sowing season, which is exceptionally favorable this year. In some instances the strikes are said to have a distinct political character, and in certain places acts of vandalism have been committed.

Four persons were recently killed in fighting at Pieve di Soligo, a village of five thousand inhabitants, eighteen miles from Treviso. The whole district is reported in disorder, owing to rival claims of Catholics and Socialists in the work of reconstruction in the devastated Piave River region. Socialists at Vittorio attacked the Town Hall and sacked several villas. There have been more than one hundred arrests in the Treviso district, and the authorities now seem to have the situation in hand.

Among the drastic measures for coping with the internal economic crisis is to be the immediate reduction of the national train service of one-fifth of the local traffic. Most Sunday trains will be canceled. The scarcity of coal is very severe. The Government also seeks to realize economy by means of a stringent reintroduction of the rationing system. This will start with April for all commodities, including coal, under Government control. The sugar allowance is to be further reduced, and fresh taxes will be imposed on restaurant meals and hotel bills. New restrictions will also be placed on the sale of intoxicants, and the closing of all public resorts will be enforced at 11 P. M.

Hungary.

A new Hungarian Peace Treaty has been definitely agreed upon by the recent Peace Conference in London and placed in the hands of a drafting committee, which has gone to Paris. The territorial terms against which Hungary protested so vigorously remain unchanged, but various economic concessions have been granted. It is stated that in reframing the economic clauses, particularly regarding the reparations to be demanded, the Conference took a much more lenient attitude than prevailed in Paris.

The Conference is represented as being influenced by the recent trend of events, which prompted its economic conclusions and caused it to deal with the Treaty from a changed viewpoint.

At a meeting of the Hungarian National Assembly on the first of March, Admiral Nicholas Horthy was elected by a substantial majority to be Protector of Hungary, an office newly created. Admiral Horthy made a distinguished record during the War and later, during the armistice period, he founded the national army which marched into Budapest when the Rumanians evacuated that city. This was the national army which has since achieved notoriety as the army of reaction. Horthy's main political object is Hapsburg restoration. Hungary is overwhelmingly monarchist, and the appointment of the Protector is merely provisional until after the Peace Treaty has been signed. Indeed, Horthy stands resolutely for the restoration of former King Charles or his eldest son, Otto. Such a policy is, of course, diametrically opposed to that of the Allies, who have expressly forbidden any Hapsburg restoration.

Towards the end of February the Rumanian Army units finally began to evacuate the front which they had been occupying along the river Thiess, thus holding one-third of Hungary through no right recognized by any other power, and in defiance of seventeen separate Peace Conference ultimatums. They have now withdrawn to a line fixed by the Peace Conference from sixty to eighty miles east of the river Thiess. The Rumanians went into Budapest after the fall of Bela Kun and the breaking up of the Hungarian Army. Late in November they withdraw to the Thiess River, where they have since remained. Allied missions visiting Hungary, which until the present time has been closed to them by the Rumanians, have found that by the Rumanian system of "requisitions" the occupied portions of the country have been pretty thoroughly despoiled. There was much pillage and the homes of the people were burned by the invading forces. Seed, grain, and agricultural machinery, as well as railway supplies, were carried off into Rumania. In addition to holding Hungarian territory without title, the Rumanians have also seized Bessarabia, which they tried in vain to have awarded to them by the Peace Conference. This they are still holding.

March 17, 1920.

With Our Readers.

IT is impossible to forecast the far-reaching consequences of the Surveys of Catholic Charities of the Diocese of Pittsburgh and the Archdiocese of New York, both of which were made recently. A Brief Summary of the Final Report of the latter Survey has just been made public under the direction of the Most Reverend Archbishop Hayes. Although we cannot forecast in detail the advantages which are sure to follow, the immediate consequences of these thoroughgoing studies may be hinted at in a way to arouse interest and enthusiasm for our Charities in general.

Steps will be taken in New York to create a central organization of Catholic agencies whose purposes will be as follows:

"It will rearrange and coördinate the functions of various activities in order that they may serve more people and serve them better."

"It will point out weaknesses in existing organizations, and help overcome them by supplementing their resources, giving expert advice and encouraging higher standards."

"It will promote the extension or establishment of agencies to cover fields where Catholic interests are at present neglected."

"It will present reports of their work to the general public and represent them at conferences."

"It will serve, while leaving special works autonomous, to unify Catholic Charities."

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THE organization will be known as The Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York. The Most Reverend Archbishop will be President and his Secretary for Charities will be Executive Director. An Executive Council composed of men and women experienced in charity work, will meet regularly and advise with His Grace on matters of general policy. In addition there will be an Advisory Council representing each Catholic organization and the Catholic body in general. Under the Archbishop's Secretary for Charities the work will fall into six principal divisions, each subject to a Director devoting full time to supervision, coördination and extensions of agencies operating under him. The following are the divisions:

General Administration; Children; Health, Relief; Protective Care, and Social Action.

Work has been already begun on the formation of the Arch-

bishop's Committee of the Laity, a permanent organization of not less than twenty thousand members. This Committee will undertake during the week of April 18th to 24th, the financing of the six great Bureaus of Catholic Charities, whose creation was recommended by the Survey Commission.

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THE Survey of the New York Catholic Charities was conducted under the supervision of His Grace, Archbishop Hayes, by a body of experts whose plans were carefully prepared in advance. Searching studies were made of agencies, their problems and relations. The enthusiastic coöperation which these agencies gave in the course of this study was most gratifying. The reorganization contemplated will promote a sense of solidarity among Catholic works, and will bring a refreshing sense of support and encouragement to the many heavily burdened agencies that have been doing the work of Catholic charity with unparalleled devotion and courage. Extension of activities, improvement of methods and the introduction of new works, cannot fail to result from the study made by the Survey Commission, and from the enthusiasm which its work has developed on all sides.

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BUT the benefits to be expected from the New York Survey will not be confined to the Archdiocese. We may expect similar studies and equally gratifying promise in many sections of the country in the near future. The Pittsburgh Survey was completed recently. Its results will be made known in the near future. Inquiries are being made from many parts of the country as to organization and methods followed. The Bureau of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Council announces its readiness to furnish full information and advice on the conducting of surveys of Catholic Charities. The tentative programme of the September, 1920, meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Charities will include papers on the methods and cost of conducting surveys of our charities. We are warranted, therefore, in looking forward to rapid development of Catholic Works and to notable extension and strengthening of them in the near future.

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ALL of this gives promise of adding to our charities, the best in modern relief work without in any way abating the fundamental conviction that charity "begins and ends in God," and "finds its source in the Divine example of Him Who went about doing good." All Christians must regret the tendency of modern charity to break away from the spirit of the Gospel. Our Divine

Lord's example and teaching are so explicit in respect of this, that one wonders at the complacency with which many Christians view this unchristian tendency. Even the word "charity" is regarded as a "liability rather than an asset by the societies particularly concerned with it." These words are taken from the new publication, *The Family*, issued by the American Association for Organizing Family Social Work. Its first issue contains a list of nine organizations which have abandoned the word charity in their official titles.

IF one states as a fundamental proposition that humanity through its long centuries of existence has made no progress, it is hard to see what warrant he has that it will make progress now. We are the children of yesterday: never of tomorrow. If hope and knowledge have not dawned for these thousands and thousands of years, one is not to be blamed who thinks there is no reason that its first flush will be seen now.

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ALBIION W. SMALL writing on the large and presently important subject of Democracy in the November *Journal of Sociology*, opens with this serious and thoughtless indictment against all human progress. "If it were not commonplace it would be astonishing that after so many thousands of years of human history, we have no consensus as to why we are living at all." Dr. Small has no hesitation in making the editorial "we" synonymous with all humanity. Or further reading may show this to be an exaggeration and the "we" is limited to "the social scientists." As to how great their number or who they are, the reader is left uninformed. In any case their real knowledge of life, its purpose, its end is far superior to that of any other group, and indeed all other groups collectively. They form an exclusive aristocracy of wisdom: they are the gifted teachers of the new Israel: the self-appointed saviours of a people's hope. Dr. Small speaks of the "we" as "a commission" teaching "ideas" that "are breath and blood and food of better life for all the people."

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DEMOCRACY is a form of government we all love, but, according to Dr. Small, we, that is all those outside of "the social scientists," are grossly ignorant. Up to the present time "very few individuals have tried to take knowledge of life in a large connected way." On the whole men have pursued relatively trivial purposes. When one considers the centuries swept by Dr. Small's eyes and the record of sacrifices he manages not to see, one must marvel either at his celerity or his blindness of vision.

The power that will prevent future centuries and generations from registering such a desert history: which indeed will flower both with deeds of brotherly love and charity is a "*purely secular ethic*" (italics are Dr. Small's). This secular ethic will not interfere with religious conceptions—in which, says the learned Dr. Small, mundane life is merely incidental! (exclamation ours) unless religious conceptions assume an authority inimical to the secular ethic. And this is Dr. Small's picture of the clean-cut morning star, herald of the dawn, deliverer from the night wherein but very few pursued any large purpose.

A purely secular ethic, that is, a comprehensive notion of what human experience is all about, what it is making for at its best, and how this conception of it becomes a test, and a measure and a guide for all the conduct of life which is continually putting itself under judgment as promoting or retarding this largest conceivable best.

WITHOUT this ethic—so simple, so easily understood, so easily applied even by the ignorant—without this Dr. Small says "life is sure to be confused at best." Heretofore men have accepted "*someone's guesswork*" (italics Dr. Small's) and have called it a divine guide. But now the overwhelming definiteness of this "ethic" excludes all guesswork; its application to all social needs, duties, obligations, problems of life is so crystal clear that hesitation, doubt and scruple are excluded. The "conceivable best" is the "self-realization" of human beings: this is the thing toward which, so far as human insight has thus far been able to make out, "the whole creation moves." God, therefore, is excluded. Self-realization of persons is "our supreme working criterion of morals." "The utmost that could be hoped of the older types of morals was the production of a few self-conscious, individualistic prigs." Thus does Dr. Small sweep aside the history of Christian heroism and Christian sanctity. We are pleased and not surprised to read of this ethic "that it can hardly be said to have made much impression on Americans at large." Americans after all have given to the world the best working illustration of democracy, in spite of its many and evident faults, and their unwillingness to accept an ethic that would tear down all they have built and hand over the civilized world to physical and materialistic slavery is not inexplicable.

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IT is not needful to pursue this self-sufficient article any further. It is published in a reputable, university organ. If it means anything, it means that man is better off without God and religion

than with them. This is its important thesis in spite of its depreciation of injustice and the inordinate seeking after money. Some of its readers will, no doubt, looking at the minor theses, condone the greater one. The plea for human justice will for them obscure the practical denial of God.

Moreover, as it rings so many changes upon the word "community" it will have its part in promoting a tendency already all too common of emptying community work of all religious motive: of not allowing religion to have any voice therein. Protestantism is reconciling its differences by keeping silent about them. It denies the necessity of anything like definite, positive religious faith. It has divorced religion from life. It sees no need of the religious spirit, the religious motive. Community work therefore may be colorless: uninspired: godless.

Such a position is absolutely un-American; it is the beginning of giving over our country to those who admit of no rule other than their own; no eternal law by which for the sake of human justice all human laws should be guided.

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A PAPER like Dr. Small's is, in spite of its dignified and scholarly clothes, just as truly a contribution towards anarchy and Bolshevism as many of the pamphlets more honestly labelled.

EVERY week adds to the output of books on Spiritism and spiritualistic experiences; and such is the demand for ouija boards that factories are speeding up to meet it. It is inconceivable, as Miss Repplier so ably suggests in this issue of the CATHOLIC WORLD, that Catholics brought up in the Communion of Saints should resort to commerce with spirits. Nevertheless, planchette and ouija boards are found in Catholic homes and Catholic schools.

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SINCE the positive, spiritual motives of trust in God and acceptance of His will are not sufficient deterrents, it may be well to reprint from the April *Tablet* of February 14th the testimony of an English neurologist as to the fatal physical, mental and moral consequences of dabbling in Spiritism: "Spiritism," he said, according to the report given by the *Morning Post*, was spreading like an infectious disease, and it had ceased to become a science, and had become in the hands of Sir Conan Doyle more or less a religion. As a science it already had a long roll of martyrs, and no medium existed who did not suffer before long, either physically, mentally, or morally. . . . These dangers began with the planchette and with table turning, and consisted in the

gradual loss of protective will-power, which was our divine guard against devil possession. In one case of devil possession which had come to his own notice the patient required a resident physician and two male trained nurses, but after a week the nurses gave notice. They thought they had heard every form of impossible language, but that of the patient came straight from the pit, and nothing would induce them to stay with him. There was no doubt that the end of Spiritism was possession by an evil spirit. . . . No one, he concluded, could touch Spiritism without being lowered in their mental and moral tone. He had himself known many cases of insanity come from Spiritualism."

EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

I have been a constant reader of your magazine for many years and have always admired the accuracy in the articles published therein. However, I must demur to a statement made by Mr. Carl Holliday in "St. Patrick's Folk in America." The article is well written and intensely interesting, but in one particular instance is historically incorrect. He says on page 792 of the March issue that among the five Irish Generals who crossed the Delaware with Washington was Greene. General Greene was not an Irishman nor the son of an Irishman nor the descendant of one. His ancestor and mine came from Dorsetshire, England, in 1635, and was known as "John Greene, Gentleman and Surgeon." The Greenes are an old Northamptonshire and Dorsetshire family, a branch of which settled in Ireland in the days of the Invasion. General Greene was not of that Branch. I am proud to say that in my line, which is the same as General Greene, and I am near akin to him, I am the first male Catholic since Henry VIII.'s time. This I owe to my Irish mother. And lest I be misunderstood, I wish to state that I am Secretary of Robert Emmet Branch Friends of Irish Freedom and Vice-President of Division 2, A. O. H., here in Newport. I believe that the cause for which Greene fought in the days of the Revolution is identical with the cause of Sinn Fein, and in the spirit of my forbears, who left England because of the persecution of High Church and who fought England in 1776 and 1812, I am proud as an American to write and to speak in the cause of Liberty. A statement like the above might lay my cause open to needless ridicule on the part of the enemies of Justice and Freedom.

The greatest thing the Irish have ever done for America, and I mean the Catholic Irish, is the bringing of Holy Church into prominence and influence, and there is many a man of ancient American lineage who today lives to bless the Irish mother who brought him into the pale of Rome.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN H. GREEN, JR.,
Deputy Collector Internal Revenue.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Love of Brothers. By K. T. Hinkson. \$1.75 net. *The Catholic American.* By Rev. G. T. Schmidt. \$1.25 net. *My Prayer Book.* By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Imitation leather, red edges, \$1.25; gold edges, \$1.50; American seal, limp, \$1.75; American morocco, \$2.00; India paper, \$2.00 to \$3.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Morning Knowledge. By A. Shannon. \$5.00. *Hopes for English Religion.* By J. N. Figgis, D.D. \$2.25 net. *Facts of Faith.* By H. S. Holland, D.D. \$2.50 net.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

Current Social and Industrial Forces. Edited by L. D. Edle. \$2.50 net. *Hey Rub-a-Dub-Dub.* By T. Dreiser.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:

Ireland a Nation. By R. Lynd.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

An Irishman Looks at His World. By G. A. Birmingham. *Happy House.* By Baroness von Hutten.

INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Brooklyn:

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FREDERICK J. KINSMAN'S "APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA."

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN.



ON the twenty-fourth day of last November the Right Rev. Frederick Joseph Kinsman, D.D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Delaware, having resigned his See and severed his connection with the Communion in which he had lived for almost half a century, made his renunciation of heresy and was formally reconciled to the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church. Ten days before that date he wrote the closing pages of this book,¹ which he now offers to the world as a complete and candid record of his ecclesiastical experience and of those changes in his ecclesiastical opinions which led him ultimately to seek admission to the Church. *Salve Mater* has little in common with the usual, more or less stereotyped, narrative of conversion. Its human touches and humors are many. Clearly the work of a passionately earnest and sincere seeker after the truth, it is nevertheless imperturbably serene, urbane, and charitable. Dr. Kinsman writes an admirable English—terse, lucid, and vigorous. He has as pretty a wit as the author of *A Spiritual Æneid* (which is saying a great deal), and his historical learning is obviously much more profound. In short, for learning, brightness, and charm, no apo-

¹*Salve Mater*, by Frederick Joseph Kinsman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.25.

logia that has been published for years past may be compared with this book.

The conversion of a Protestant bishop to Catholicism is an extremely rare occurrence in our day. But Dr. Kinsman is not the first man in America to resign the episcopate of his Communion and take the well-worn path to Rome. In 1852, the Right Rev. Levi Silliman Ives, Bishop of North Carolina, became a Catholic, and, in a document which animadverted upon "the impious pretensions of the Bishop of Rome to be the Vicar of Christ," was solemnly deposed by his fellow-bishops as "an absconding and apostate delinquent from his See . . . and his office and work in the ministry." Bishop Whittingham of Maryland accounted for this, in his opinion, extraordinary aberration on the part of Dr. Ives, as a "derangement of mind," and thought it imperative that "steps should be taken toward procuring a thorough investigation into his mental conditions." Since history is amazingly prone to repeat itself, it is not surprising that one of Dr. Kinsman's Episcopalian correspondents should have attributed his recent change of creed to ill-health and unbalanced judgment. (We speak more mildly than our fathers of seventy years ago!) Dr. Kinsman's conversion is doubtless the most important—having regard to the position of the convert in his former Communion—since James Kent Stone (in his subsequent Catholic life, Father Fidelis, Passionist), the President of Hobart College, found the Treasure hidden in a field, and for joy thereof sold all he had and bought that field.² There are surely many worldly reasons against a bishop's changing his religion. There is the difficulty and distress in realizing the result of his defection upon his spiritual subjects, clerical as well as lay; there is almost always the certainty that he will cause the greatest pain to those he loves and who love him. And no man can be indifferent to such considerations; no man can contemplate with equanimity the prospect of scorn, obloquy, misapprehension, estrangement, loss of comfort, of station, of the very means of life. Surely those who have embraced the Faith under these circumstances have received, as Wiseman once said, a merit little short of what belongs to its holy confessors. Yet there are incalculable compensations

² Father Stone, we understand, is preparing a new edition of his famous volume, entitled *The Invitation Heeded*.

which outweigh utterly the bitterest sacrifices demanded from the convert. There is the knowledge that he has on him the blessing of Christ's Vicar, the blessing of the Fisherman's Successor; that the truth or error of doctrine is no longer a question of geography or jurisdiction; that he is at last in the unity of God's Mystical Body. *Laqueus contritus est, et nos liberati sumus.*

At seven and twenty [wrote the most learned Catholic convert layman of the nineteenth century, T. W. Allies] worldly honor and official rank seemed to open to me as an Anglican Bishop's chaplain, and at seven and thirty all seemed sacrificed to becoming a Catholic; and now at forty I have started afresh as a species of clerk in a city office. What is this, O Lord, to Thy shed at Nazareth, and how proud am I to shrink from a scratch of the nails which pierced Thy Hands and Feet.

That, indeed, is a thought to heal and strengthen and nerve every convert in the first sharp griefs of separation and change!

There was nothing in Dr. Kinsman's ancestry or upbringing which savored even remotely of Roman Catholic influences.

My family [he writes] belong to the Connecticut Western Reserve in Ohio with a background of Connecticut and Massachusetts; they were members of the Episcopal Church into which two generations had come out of New England Congregationalism. Our earliest American ancestor came to this country in the *Mayflower* in 1620; none from whom we derive descent came over later than 1680. Along every line we are descended from the New England Puritans. . . . In our world the Roman Catholic Church did not exist save as a phenomenon in European travel, a bogey in history, and an idiosyncrasy of Irish servants.

As a normal youngster of twelve or thereabouts he saw that the religion around him seemed chiefly a matter of studying the Bible; "and I found American history much more interesting." At St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., he passed under the ferrule of Dr. Henry Augustus Coit, who seems to have counted for much in upbuilding the character of the future bishop, and who taught him "the doctrine of the Real

Presence," even if he failed, after many doctrinal discourses, in explaining to young Kinsman's satisfaction why he was an Episcopalian rather than a Presbyterian. From these days, however, dated Dr. Kinsman's interest in the work of "the Church," and his recognition that his "standard of interests, if not of values, is strictly ecclesiastical—ecclesiastical as distinct from intellectual, moral, or spiritual." (One suspects that certain reviewers of *Salve Mater* will raise their blunderbusses and take careful aim when they come to this avowal.) In due time young Kinsman crossed to England and went into residence for three years at that stronghold of Tractarian Anglicanism, Keble College, Oxford, spending a postgraduate year of study at Pusey House. These four years, he declares, were the happiest of his life. One may well believe it, for the third chapter, in which is described his life at Oxford and in the Somersetshire rectory of Shepton Beauchamp under the pastoral and paternal supervision of that stanchest of High Churchmen, Vincent Stuckey Stratton Coles, is a pure delight from the first word to the last. At Keble, he had for tutor the learned Walter Lock, biographer of Keble and contributor to *Lux Mundi*.

The young American divine was living in those days "in the concentrated atmosphere of the Oxford Movement, regarding Keble and Pusey with filial loyalty as the embodiments of sound Church principles and sound learning, and hearing and knowing much of those who were their most direct successors." Liddon had died a year before young Kinsman came to Oxford, but the influence of his life and teaching was still profoundly felt in Keble and at Pusey House. In the Pusey House Library he read proof copies of Liddon's famous *Bampton Lectures* on the Divinity of Christ, with Pusey's marginal comments upon and his letters about them; and the neophyte was "amazed to learn that Pusey did not approve of them as 'Germanizing' in tendency!" (This is very interesting in view of the belief of some Oxford men that Pusey was not less, but rather more, "liberal" than Liddon. Gore, whose essay in *Lux Mundi* alarmed Liddon, was in his turn perturbed by the *Foundations* of a later group of young Oxford clerical dons. And so, as Canon Adderley said recently, "the story of theology is marked by shaking milestones!")

In those days of the early nineties, the contributors

to *Lux Mundi* "were regarded as constituting an inner circle of the elect, the most stable element in the Church of England's present, and safest guarantee of its future." J. R. Illingworth—in whose delightful *Life* by his widow the curious may read the story of the *Lux Mundi* sessions year by year—was probably the deepest thinker of the group; one of his two papers in *Lux Mundi*, "The Problem of Pain," belongs no less to English literature than to Anglican theology. Dr. Kinsman went to Illingworth's Bampton lectures on "Personality," and was assiduous in his attendance at the lectures and sermons of Gore, at that time Principal of Pusey House. "Not having had any training in philosophy," he laments, "I did not know enough to take in the subtler points in their theology and apologetic."

Doubtless, he realizes by now the wisdom of the Church of his new allegiance in insisting that aspirants to her priesthood should be thoroughly grounded in philosophy before proceeding to their theology. *Nemo potest theologus perfectus evadere*, remarks Suarez, *nisi prius firma fundamenta jecerit philosophiæ*.

Looking back over those years, Dr. Kinsman may well smile whimsically when he remembers, as he tells us, "having the feeling that the annual gatherings at Longworth [of the *Lux Mundi* writers at Illingworth's vicarage], of which I had been told, represented a chief safeguard of Christian civilization!" He was much influenced by Gore, who emerges today as the most distinguished and devoted clerical member of the whole Anglican Communion. From William Bright, the Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, he also learned much, deriving special benefit from that illustrious scholar's lectures on the General Councils—though later on coming to recognize how much Bright missed or misunderstood because of his undue concentration upon the patristic and literary documents to the ignoring of "much evidence of monuments, local traditions, and existing institutions which bore directly upon subjects he had in hand." Bright, as was naturally to be expected, taught his students that the claims of the modern Papacy were unhistorical, and unconsciously emphasized "everything in conciliar history that tells against them." W. J. Birkbeck, that distinguished authority upon the Russian Church, and Dr. F. E. Brightman, the most crude of Anglican

liturgiologists, both served the young man's culture and progress. And, in vacation-time, he wandered through Cathedral towns, into ancient college chapels and village churches, saturating himself in the spirit of Anglican tradition and devotion. Under Vincent Coles' rectory roof he "learned what clerical life and parochial work should be. . . After seeing the ordered life of the clergy-house, the careful provision for services, instructions, parochial calls, rescue work, and healthful amusements of the small community, all arranged with such consecrated common sense, it was impossible ever to be satisfied with the average clergyman's life of intense domesticity interrupted by Sunday services and many social calls. The standard was emphatically that of *priests*. . . ."

And then, as the day of his diaconate drew nigh, Vincent Coles wrote him these moving and beautiful words: "Did you ever think that Our Lord went from the Cross 'to preach to the spirits that were in prison?' And this is a description of all our preaching more or less. The words with which He went are a summing-up of the past and consecration of the future, 'Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.' What better words can you have in mind as you pass out into the unknown life of the ministry?"

There was a time of conflict awaiting Frederick Kinsman in the years ahead, a time of spiritual storm and stress, though, looking out upon life with eager eyes of youth, he knew it not: a time of inner strife to which no term might be put, from which he might attain no rest nor any peace until his will should be conformed to God's Will as simply as a little child.

For two years after his ordination to the Anglican ministry, Dr. Kinsman worked as a master in his old school at Concord. Then for three happy, hard-working years he was Rector of St. Martin's Church, New Bedford, Mass. He left St. Martin's to become Professor of Church History at the Berkeley Divinity School, whence, three years later, he was called to the Chair in the same subject at the General Theological Seminary, New York City, a post which he occupied with distinction for five years. During all this time he apparently experienced no weakening of confidence in Anglican Catholicity. (Once, however, some time before his ordination, he was troubled in mind by a canon of the Episcopal Church,

which forbade "any act of adoration of or toward the Elements in the Holy Communion, such as bowings, prostrations, or genuflexions," which "symbolized erroneous or doubtful Doctrine." Bishop Niles—to whom at the time he made declaration of his belief in the Real Presence "and in the consequent duty of Eucharistic Adoration *intended to conform with the teaching of Mr. Keble*" (our italics)—made response that while he would hold neither himself nor any standing committee "competent to waive the utterances and rulings of a Canon like that—*any Canon*"—he did "not suppose that it was intended to oppose any doctrine of the Real Presence which you have been taught." "The incident merely confirmed my belief," says Dr. Kinsman, "that the doctrine of the Real Presence with Eucharistic Adoration of Our Lord as a logically consequent duty, was the true doctrine of the Anglican Church, *no matter how many of its members failed to understand it*" (italics ours again).

In 1905 Dr. Kinsman spent the summer in Europe seeing Oxford again, and on the same journey, visiting Constantinople and Asia Minor, exploring the hills and ruins of Ephesus, briefly glimpsing Athens and Corinth, and paying his second visit to the Eternal City, which seems to have left his Protestantism intact. Eight years later he was once more to indulge his enthusiasm for Christian archæological studies, in a sojourn at Tunis, whence he repaired daily to the site of Carthage and looked upon the amphitheatre hallowed by the martyrdom of St. Perpetua and her companions.

On SS. Simon and Jude's Day, 1908, he was consecrated Bishop of Delaware.

In looking back [the ex-Bishop remarks wistfully] it seems to me that the Episcopal Church gave me everything I could most wish. I had a special ambition to teach Church History, and two opportunities were given me; of all the parishes I have ever known, the one I should pick for myself would be St. Martin's, New Bedford: in recent years the only post I could possibly wish was that of Bishop of Delaware . . . I had plenty of difficulties and disappointments, but knew of no other Bishop who had so few . . . The surroundings and conditions of my work satisfied me; so far as they were concerned I ought to have been, and was, quite happy. That was all on the surface.

Below the surface, during almost my whole episcopate, I was increasingly troubled, passing through successive stages of disappointment, disillusion, doubt, and disbelief, owing to the waning of faith in the church system which I was set in Delaware to represent.

It is quite likely that Frederick Kinsman would never have abandoned the church of his fathers had he not been raised to the episcopate. But it was the office and work of Episcopal Bishop of Delaware which tested his conception of Catholicity and found it painfully wanting.

The day of my consecration [he declares incisively] sealed my doom as an Anglican. While it was possible to maintain a purely theoretical view of the Anglican position, it was possible for me to believe in the essential catholicity of its inner spirit, of its tendencies, and of its ultimate achievements. As Seminary professor or rector of a "Catholic parish" I should probably never have had misgivings, much less doubts. Most Anglicans assume that the special atmosphere about them represents the breath of the Church's truest life; and this is especially true of Catholic-minded Anglicans. They are themselves Catholics and their special task is "to Catholicize the Church." This feeling I shared until as Bishop I felt the necessity of a Church to Catholicize me! The theories did not stand the test of a bishop's varied experience of the system's actual workings, his necessary contact with and share in all phases of the Church's life. Eleven years in the episcopate convinced me against my will, and in spite of knowledge that other like-minded Bishops did not agree with me, that the work with which I was identified was merely the propagation of a form of Protestantism; that belief in it as a Liberal Catholicism was but an amiable delusion. Abandonment of work did not signify in my case repudiation of Protestant principles, for these I had never held, but the loss of belief in the Catholic interpretation of the Anglican position.

There is Dr. Kinsman's story in a nutshell: the story of a discovery that men will constantly be making, the discovery that Anglicanism is only thinly-disguised Protestantism. At first, Dr. Kinsman equated "Protestant Episcopal" with "Non-Roman Catholic."

When I felt forced to admit that "Protestant" applied to Episcopalians meant essentially the same as when applied to other religious bodies, I gave up. I think now that Episcopalians who know themselves to be Protestants, are the ones who rightly interpret their position. . . "Protestant Episcopal" represents a contradiction in terms. Protestantism overthrew priesthood and especially the chief-priesthood, the episcopate; no real Protestant believes in priests or bishops.

Admirably and wittily, Dr. Kinsman sums up thus:

Protestant Episcopalians must choose between their adjective and their noun; and whichever choice they make involves mental reservations as to the other half of their official title. I was one of those who stuck to the noun and let the adjective shift for itself. I now think that, however much the noun expresses the Anglican theory, it is the adjective which describes the working facts.

Although from the hour of his consecration the Bishop was never wholly satisfied with the position in which he found himself, a great deal of water rolled under the bridges before the stark reality of his ecclesiastical position began to trouble him seriously and fundamentally. He passed through many stages of increasing indecision and perplexity before the final despair came. He was never blind to the fact that the members of his flock took three distinct and mutually antagonistic attitudes toward the Church. But at first he disposed of these "apparent contradictions" by deciding that "the three schools of thought simply divided the Creed between them, and that each needed the others to supplement and develop its own special position." (An argument of which the late J. N. Figgis was much enamored.) Thus, "the Fatherhood of God, the foundation of all theology . . . is the basis of all Broad Church preaching. The heart of the Creed, belief in the Divine Son . . . is the basis of the Evangelical appeal. The High Church, emphasis on Church, and Sacraments is nothing but practical belief in the Holy Ghost. . . " Bring them together in the Protestant Episcopal Church and you have the Holy Catholic Church! (But—to use the laboratory terminology—a mechanical mixture is a vastly different thing from

a chemical compound.) Nor was the Bishop blind, either, to the fact that what his Church tolerated in the way of doctrinal vagaries, he, as its official, was also bound to tolerate, for he had sworn a solemn oath to do so. As an interpreter of the Doctrine, Discipline, and Worship of the Episcopal Church he "had to be guided by general custom, not by personal preference." It was a great relief to him that none of his clergy attempted publicly to deny a fundamental article of the creed; but, he mournfully admits, "*had there been one I should have felt bound to allow what was notoriously allowed elsewhere*" (italics ours). Moreover, his experience had driven home to him that "there is often more tenderness for those who deny than for those who uphold the Faith in our Semi-Arian pacificism." The history of modern Anglicanism, one may insist, is a continuous demonstration of the truth of this: Oxford, in the early days of the Tractarians, suspends Pusey for preaching the Real Presence, and in the commemoration of that same year decorates Everett, an American Socinian, with an honorary degree. Hampden, whose Bampton was officially condemned as heretical by the University, is promoted to that storm-centre, the See of Hereford; Arthur Stanley is given the Deanery of Westminster, and Arthur Tooth is given a term in jail. Hensley Henson, who, whatever his creed may be, could never, in any strict use of the term, be called a Christian, is made Bishop of Hereford and occupies unmolested that ancient diocese, while Wason of Truro is brutally ejected from his vicarage for "Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament."

The time came when Dr. Kinsman realized fully that the Catholic interpretation of Anglican formularies, although it had never lacked its defenders in the Anglican Church—"including the most learned and holy divines in the Church of England and some of the most able men of the Church in America"—was only one view among others of which one directly opposes it. "It is distinctly exclusive," writes Dr. Kinsman, "whereas Anglicanism, in this country as well as in England, is notoriously inclusive of all who approach it from the Protestant side. . . . The policy of comprehension complaisant toward all Protestants, is the antithesis of the other policy of rigid loyalty to the principles of the historic Catholic Church." And the melancholy conclusion is that "the Lati-tudinarian lion will only lie down with the Catholic lamb in-

side—if it bleats!" And so we come to one reason the Bishop assigned for leaving Delaware:

After long struggle against the conviction, I have been forced to admit that this toleration of doctrinal laxity seems to me to indicate that the Church's Discipline fails to express and defend its Doctrine, and creates an insuperable difficulty for those who believe in the fundamental importance of the historic doctrine of the Incarnation.

And there came a time, too, when he ceased "to believe in ambiguity of statement as the one mode of preserving balance of truth." Out of which arose another reason for his resignation:

The Episcopal Church permits and encourages a variety of views about Sacraments. Its standard, however, is determined by the minimum rather than by the maximum view tolerated, since its official position must be gauged not by the most it allows, but by the least it insists upon. Its general influence has fluid qualities, always seeking the lowest possible level. The stream of its life cannot rise higher than its source in corporate authority. Individual belief and practice may surmount this; but they will ultimately count for nothing so long as they find no expression in official action; nor can the Church be judged by the standard of individual members acting in independence of it . . . Although there has been marked advance among some of our people owing to deeper hold of sacramental truth, there has been even greater retrogression among others towards rationalistic skepticism. On the whole, the Church seems to be swayed by the tendencies of the age opposed to the supernatural owing to ambiguities inherent in its system, always subject to an intellectual law of gravitation.

At this stage Dr. Kinsman had arrived in 1919. It was a goal for which he had been unconsciously headed for seven or eight years; years in which he had been, one by one, shedding his illusions about Anglicanism and getting down nearer and nearer to the bedrock of reality. The proof of his ecclesiastical pudding was in the eating. Anglo-Catholicism was all very well on paper or in the professor's seminar-room. In the highways and hedgerows of Delaware the thing refused to

function. In the working-out it became poignantly evident that Episcopalianism was "merely a form of Congregationalism to which 'the historic episcopate' forms an anomalous adjunct. If a minister is personally agreeable, a congregation is disposed to follow his lead in thought and parochial action; if his successor is also personally agreeable, they will with equal readiness follow him along quite different lines. The important thing is not church principles, but ministerial manners."

As early as 1912 he thought of resigning at the General Convention of 1913, and he took his troubles to his brethren in the episcopate, Bishops Hall of Vermont and Brent of the Philippines (now of Buffalo). To the former he wrote: "The older I grow, the more I feel that the ideals of Anglican Catholics are the noblest things I know; but I have ceased to feel that they can be regarded as those of the Church or much more than the aspiration of a party using its Protestant private judgment in a Catholic direction. But for effective action we must have the *Church*, not merely a party within the Church, behind us." And to Bishop Brent he was able at that time to make this unequivocal disclaimer: "I have not the least touch of Roman fever. Actual Rome repels me." What he was really suffering from, he adds quippishly, was Protestant chills! Protestantism, he is frank to confess, is drearily un-Christian.

It was now that he turned to reconsider the history of the English Reformation settlement, no longer as a college lecturer, but as a bishop who had seen the practical working-out of that system in its principles and fruits in an American diocese in the twentieth century. Here Gairdner and Gasquet were his chief illuminations. "It seems to me," he writes with touching earnestness at this point, "that in my historical work I have always had a sincere desire to get at the truth. I have wished to avoid the blinding influence of prejudice and frankly to admit everything that told against my own contentions. I am quite certain of the honesty of my motives; but I have come to see that in many things I have been mistaken and that, without knowing it, I have let prejudice cover my view of facts." One main result of this review of Reformation history in its sources and in the pages of coldly impartial historians like Gairdner, was to convince Dr. Kinsman of the

essential rightness of the view of the English Reformation presented in the Cambridge Modern History, *i. e.*, that it was to be bracketed with the Continental and Scottish. Another result was his realization of the weakness of the Elizabethan settlement: it "aimed at comprehension and ended in compromise." It was "the ecclesiastical counterpart of the politic coquetry habitually practised by the Virgin Queen." From the midst of these investigations Oxford summoned him to receive an honorary D. D. On this journey he was the guest at Oxford of his old tutor, Walter Lock, now Warden of Keble, and he visited, while in England, Bishops Gore, Paget, and John Wordsworth, and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

It was the most interesting three weeks I ever spent, filled with pleasant experiences, all tending to make me thankful for my connection with the Church of England, and suggesting possibilities of useful and delightful contact in future. Yet to this visit, when I was least expecting such impressions, belonged certain uncomfortable thoughts of the breaking of Catholic continuity at the English Reformation. In St. Paul's Cathedral, noting the incongruity of the surplice as a vestment for a celebrant in such a place, I was set to thinking of the significance of the abolition of the Eucharistic vestments; the portraits at Lambeth set me thinking of the historical significance of the "magpie;" in Lincoln Cathedral and again at York I was struck by the inadequacy of the modern rite of Holy Communion, and much more of Evensong, to make use of the magnificent minsters built by monks for the Mass . . .

And he perceived only too clearly that the change from copes and mitres to chimeres and balloon sleeves signified a profound alteration in the conception of the episcopate and the priesthood. In spite of all this he was believing, as late as 1914, that the Anglican Churches constituted *a* Catholic Communion. By 1917, however, he was unwilling to place them as heretofore on an equality with Easterns and old Catholics, but rather ranked them "with the Danish Church and Scottish Kirk, and, for an especially close parallel, with the Church of Sweden."

In the course of this investigation he found himself at length in accord with sturdy Cobbett's stentorian verdict that "the Reformation was engendered in lust, brought forth in hypocrisy and perfidy, and cherished and fed by plunder, dev-

astations, and rivers of innocent English and Irish blood." Reduced to its plainest terms the Reformation had this for immediate result, that "the provinces of Canterbury and York, under compulsion of the English King, cut themselves loose from Catholic Christendom, and more and more, partly by choice, more as victims of violence, assimilated themselves to Lutheran and Calvinistic standards. The plea of conformity to primitive standards did not alter the willfulness of the separation."

Then came the vexed question of the validity of Anglican Orders. His thought upon this subject passed through four well-defined stages: "(1) That they were schismatical; (2) that they were futile to guarantee some of the purposes of Orders; (3) that they were dubious, and (4) for this reason and because of breaks in Catholic continuity, invalid." The whole treatment of Anglican Orders in this chapter seems to the lay student of the question assuredly the most illuminating discussion in brief space that he has so far read. It is impossible to do more than tabulate Dr. Kinsman's conclusions and quote one or two of his penetrating side-comments. In effect, he observes, this is what the Anglican Church says: "We have kept the ancient Orders, Bishop, Priest and Deacon; we require episcopal ordination for those who minister in our own churches; but we do not say that it is absolutely necessary, nor do we require those who submit to it to have any particular opinion concerning it. It is to be assumed that our Church has a mind; but on this subject she has no opinion to express." The official attitude of an Anglican Bishop conferring Holy Orders is therefore: "I perform this solemnity whereby you may be admitted to minister in our churches; but as to what it is in itself, or as to what you and others are to think of it, I have officially nothing to say. Though personally and privately I—and so may you—hold Orders to be a Sacrament, officially I must treat them as doubtfully sacramental, and merely urge them as non-committally harmless." And as to the power of the keys:

If you think this commissions you to hear sacramental confession, you may hear them as a permissible extra; as to knowledge of spiritual medicine and surgery, you are left to your own device. Examination of the canons of Moral Theology suggests that there is something doubt-

ful about a commission which in practice is taken to mean so little or so much and, often, to mean nothing at all. Doubt about the Church's doctrine of Confession and Absolution throws analogous doubt on the commission to remit and retain sins. Doubtful doctrines of the Eucharist and Penance imply doubtful Orders; and doubtful Orders as such are not conferred by the Catholic Church.

Slowly, reluctantly, with clinging unwillingness, driven from point to point, like a fighter falling back before a conquering adversary, never yielding in anything until the last citadel of counter-argument had been stormed and taken and utter conviction had ensued, this Protestant Bishop made his painful pilgrimage to the gates of the City of Peace. There remained at last almost the stubbornest obstacle of them all: his prejudices against Rome. His Connecticut Yankee boy's mind had fed as a matter of course on the notorious Thousand and One Protestant Nights Entertainment, as Manning acidly called it. Until he was sixteen or seventeen he did not know what the inside of a Catholic church was like. Then one day, out of curiosity, he went to Mass with his mother at the Cathedral in Cleveland, where he was impressed by the rapt expression of a young man going to Holy Communion, and offended by the rather crude peroration of the sermon. His second contact with Catholicism occurred when at the end of his first term in Oxford, he went, in January, 1892, to the lying-in-state of the dead Manning at Westminster. Dr. Kinsman hints darkly at a strange experience he had there "of which I have never spoken to anyone but my sister, which suggested the thought that I might, or even ought, some day to become a Roman Catholic, in so forcible a way that the memory was indelible, though there was no practical consequence of any sort." Four weeks of an Italian Lent in 1895 did nothing except convince him that the Roman Holy Week observances were inferior to the Anglican in their confusion of the strict sequence of events. Idolatrous superstition was not nearly as much in evidence as he expected. On the whole the greater Roman churches "measured up fairly well to the standard of the Oxford Movement!" When he left Rome this time it was with the feeling that "Rome was not wholly bad," and the conviction that "Roman Catholicism was best for Italians, Spaniards, and French." (!) A little later, conver-

sation with a Belgian Capuchin priest gave him his "first experience of the varied delights and surprises of intercourse with a well-educated priest." Then he began to read the books of such men as Duchesne and Batiffol, and came very speedily to admit that "we had much more to learn from Catholic writers than from rationalizing Germans, whose authority was slavishly followed by many in America and England." With his fundamentally sound Catholic instinct Dr. Kinsman was able to read Loisy without assent, and to appreciate to the full Pope Pius X.'s discernment of the character and tendency of Modernism, and his unhesitating condemnation of it. He even found himself in sympathy with *The Tablet's* strictures on the lack of authority in the Anglican Church. The reading of certain utterances of Cardinal Gibbons and the result of his determination, thereupon, to follow the Cardinal's remarks quoted in the press, and to read his books, demonstrated to Dr. Kinsman that Cardinal Gibbons was nothing less than a very great American citizen, as he felt, too, Archbishop Ireland was.

The beginning of the end came when "it gradually dawned upon me that Catholicism coming from Italy by way of Ireland, might possibly be naturalized and become as truly and loyally American as Catholicism from England or anywhere else: and I had already shrewd suspicions that whatever its degree and shade of Americanism, it was certainly full as Catholic!" And when he started out to test the nature of the influence exerted by Roman Catholicism on American life, using as his touchstone and text, "By their fruits ye shall know them," the revelations came fast and furious. He saw, among many other things, the marvelous record achieved by the representatives of this alleged alien and un-American faith in the Great War; he saw the constant and fruitful insistence by this Church on "the sanctity of marriage and of the home as the basis of personal and social morality" (of the Anglican Church, the cynical Lord Melbourne once said that it was the chief bulwark against Christianity in England). And, although his eyes were never closed to the melancholy fact that there are many who are nominally Catholics but who do not, in the old Irishman's phrase, "work at it," he could not help seeing also that "there is no doubt what the Catholic standards are, and they are nailed to the mast. Against all the evils that

threaten America by insidious undermining of the foundations of the home, there is no stronger or more effective bulwark than the Roman Catholic Church." One would put it even more strongly than this. The simple truth today is that the Catholic and Roman Church is *the only bulwark*, in any serious and effective sense, against the greatest social evils of today, race suicide and divorce. The trend of American life will indubitably reveal this within the next twenty years. As guardian and guarantor of social morality in these United States, all other so-called Christian denominations are to Catholicism as children playing with bow and arrow to trained soldiers with machine guns.

But the Anglican churches were the churches of sound learning and the fearless quest for truth, and there was little real scholarship among Catholics. Did not the Catholic system suppress honest and candid criticism? Was not Catholic scholarship really a contradiction in terms? This was another of the Bishop's notions which went by the board as soon as he had investigated at first-hand the facts of the case. It "received a severe shock when I first examined *The Catholic Encyclopedia*." Dr. Kinsman says a true word when he observes dryly that "a distinctly sobering effect is in store for any clergyman of the Episcopal Church who wishes to examine this [*Encyclopedia*] and then imagine what he and his colleagues would have made of a similar attempt!" Next Dr. Kinsman familiarized himself with the work being done by the great Continental Catholic scholars, especially the Benedictines. About this time he wrote:

Lately I have been reading Roman Catholic writers covering ground with which I considered myself fairly familiar. They have shed floods of light: some of them are the best I know: some do bits of work I longed for in seminary days and could not find: they have given a sense of freedom which I never had in reading only Anglican authorities; and by revealing unsuspected abysses of ignorance they have made me wish to do all my history work over again. If this were possible, my lectures would have a fullness, accuracy, and freedom they never before possessed.

But happiest day of all—surely it was?—came when Dr.

Kinsman discovered what a Catholic nun can do for a good man. By a fortunate accident he became acquainted with the Visitation Sisters of Wilmington and with one of them in especial, and found himself deeply interested to know the manner of life these good women led, and to behold in them a sort of spiritual power-house in his diocese. "I felt the charm of their conversation which showed that delicate gayety which is only possible in consecrated lives." (It would be difficult, by the way, if not impossible, to put this more felicitously.) This friendship with the Sisters "gave a touch and a tone" to the last years of his life as a Protestant bishop. Then he learned much also from the young Oblate Father, chaplain to the nuns, concerning the discipline and training of a Roman Catholic priest, and it occurred to him that *his* clergy were amateurs and the Roman clergy professionals.

Of the Petrine claims, his reconsideration led him to believe that

Our Lord's commission of St. Peter is quite as formal as that of the Twelve; that, so far as the Gospels record, they are of parallel importance; and that it is just as reasonable to take the one set as part of the constitution and charter of the Church as the other. In any case I can only bear my witness that, in daring to see special meaning for all time in Our Lord's dealing with St. Peter without fear of controversial admissions, I have a sense of freedom in reading the Gospels I never had before. I have dropped fetters, not assumed them.

Indeed, the whole chapter on the Papacy is one of the best brief treatments of the subject outside Allies' monumental dissertation.

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Throughout this article I have frankly endeavored to permit Dr. Kinsman to speak in his own person wherever possible. And I have, even at that, been able to give only some of the general lines of his development and argument. That implacable niggard, space, forbids any attempt to present even the outlines of his gradual change of attitude toward the cult of the Saints and "new dogmas;" or of how he came to disencumber himself of certain prejudices against the Jesuits; prejudice derived obviously from the reading of works hostile to

the largest religious Order in the Catholic Church today; or of many other deeply interesting and important matters. It seems to the present writer that it is nothing less than his duty to urge that every cultivated American Catholic buy, read, re-read, and inwardly digest this most remarkable work. One is tempted to affirm without reservation that, in the literature of its type, it is the most entrancing piece of self-revelation which has been given to the world since those anxious days of the early summer of 1864 when John Henry Newman wrote out of a tremulous agony of soul the immortal pages of his *Apologia*. Frederick Kinsman has now been admitted to fullness of spiritual joy in the True Faith; the tides of grace and healing are flowing over his soul. He need no longer agitate himself with the passions of Protestantism, Low Church or Chasubled, or with the vagaries of the newest Anglican "Liberalism." He has desisted from the vain task of "reforming the Church;" he is now going "to let the Church reform him."

And as we close *Salve Mater*, we may well be moved to pray as once upon a time the great Thomas William Allies prayed in a passage worthy to be set beside the words of Basil, of Augustine, and of Chrysostom:

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O Church of the living God, Pillar and Ground of the Truth, bright as the sun, terrible as an army in battle array, O Mother of Saints and Doctors, Martyrs and Virgins, clothe thyself in the robe and aspect, as thou hast the strength, of Him Whose Body thou art, the Love for our sake incarnate: shine forth upon thy lost children, and draw them to the double fountain of thy bosom, the well-spring of Truth and Grace!

JOHN AYSCOUGH, NOVELIST.

BY LEO W. KELLER, S.J.



IT is awkward to attempt an appreciation of a great living author, particularly when the object of our appreciation happens to be a clever satirist, and to have felt no scruples about exercising his gift now and then at the expense of "certain literary critics." But misgivings of this sort may not stop the sincere admirer, one who thinks that Ayscough deserves to be known better in this country than he is, through the books which have earned for him his high reputation as a master of fiction.

The passing of Canon Sheehan and Monsignor Benson, with whose names that of Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew will always be closely linked, has left him at the head of the able and comparatively numerous group of English novelists who are Catholics. I purposely avoid the expressions "Catholic novelist" and "Catholic novels." Ayscough himself dislikes such terms, not because they are objectionable in themselves, but because they usually convey the impression that Catholic fiction, Catholic literature, occupies ground distinct and apart from literature properly so-called, or is to be classified under it in opposition to what might be denominated mundane literature. "In one sense," he says, "I would submit that there is no such thing, apart from such specialized subjects as theology, as Catholic literature: in another that all literature, that is true literature at all, is Catholic: that is, that all true literature is a part of the common inheritance which belongs to us and to all men."

In his lectures he is fond of developing and emphasizing this contention, and of proceeding thence to explain why, despite well-meant hints and suggestions, he has written no novel of an exclusively Catholic appeal. His aim has been to produce fiction which, Catholic in tone and spirit, should nevertheless find a place on the bookshelves of Protestant and unbelieving homes. There is where it will do most good, and

there, obviously, it has little chance of arriving if it carry unmistakable proofs of an ecclesiastical imprimatur on every page. Hence in none of his novels does he attempt a strictly Catholic theme, nor obtrude religious lessons liable to repel any fair-minded person whomsoever. He nowhere preaches, nowhere strikes the attitude of the avowed apologist or controversialist. His Catholic characters are quite interestingly human, clerics and religious as well as laymen. Along with such inspiring and loveable figures as Poor Sister and Father Ryan and the little Prioress of *Jaqueline*, he gives us good-humored pictures of the gossiping Prioress of *Marotz*, close-fisted Don Ercole, and loud Canon O'Hirlihy. On the other hand plenty of attractive non-Catholics are introduced, whom he handles with respect unmingled with condescension, and he is not so sanguine as to make the closing chapter of each book a catalogue of edifying conversions.

I trust no one will gather from this that Ayscough's books are lacking in spirituality; that they rarely bring home religious lessons, clear up Catholic doctrines, or dwell on subjects Catholic. Everyone of his readers knows how far this would be from the truth. A single sentence in "King's Servants," perhaps his finest essay, which I quote more than once in these pages, embodies what is the true purport of all his great novels: "It seems to me that from the pages of high romance we may draw a more serene patience, and a more practical remembrance that it is by God, and not by us, that the world is ruled; that somehow, after all our boggling and our crossness, His providence unties our knots and may correct our blunders."

How successful he is in handling purely Catholic themes may be judged from his portrayal of life in the cloister. A more ardent champion of the high vocation of contemplative religious would be hard to find. Yet his books contain little argument and no controversy on the subject. It is his wonderfully realistic pictures of the everyday life these secluded men and women of prayer lead which win us. We never leave one of his convents or monasteries or hermitages without a clearer understanding and deeper appreciation of the sublimity, as well as the profound reasonableness, of what those within its walls are doing. So captivating did George Meredith find the saintly Superioress in *Marotz* that he wrote the

author assuring him he had completely "fallen in love" with Poor Sister. In *San Celestino*, which has enjoyed the distinction of being the only book by a living author in the English course at Oxford, we are led up to a lonely cave on a mountain, and witness with awe the grim austerities and temptations and ineffable consolations of a hermit saint. Nor must we forget the delightful visit of the Ancient and his two English officers to the Cistercian monastery in *French Windows*. I doubt not the old man's answer there to Chutney's, "Tell us what it means?" has enlightened more non-Catholics as to the significance of the contemplative life than anything written these two decades.

Himself a convert, Ayscough obviously feels that what his former co-religionists stand in need of is not controversy, not exhortation, not an elaborated and idealized picture of the Church militant, which would carefully throw into the blurred background the weaknesses of her human instruments, but an honest glimpse or two of her simple, compelling grandeur, and of God's workings through her on the hearts of her imperfect children. His tone is never supercilious, but it has nothing of shy and timid apology. When occasion offers he combats boldly those false notions of the Church which are particularly prevalent in educated circles, that she is, for instance, "merely a feature of the Middle Ages," as one of his characters put it, "a fine thing out of date like chivalry and the feudal system: a great idea that made the Middle Ages more picturesque than our own." Nor can he suffer patiently the High Church habit of simply ignoring the Reformation in England. At the same time the good-natured satire he directs at the oddities and inconsistencies and prepossessions of the Church by law established is hardly apt to offend, since it evinces neither ignorance nor malice, and is of a sort not unfamiliar on the lips of Anglicans themselves.

It may seem superfluous to add that any number of wholesome lessons of a more secular nature are insinuated into the pages of Ayscough. *Jaqueline* emphasizes almost as forcibly as *The Newcomes* "the horrible degradation of marriage without love, as impure, I think, as love without marriage," and *Monksbridge* satirizes delightfully the masterful campaign of Sylvia, the clever, to make "somebodies" of herself and her family.

Though Ayscough's plots are by no means lacking in interest and ingenuity, he is too absorbed in his men and women to achieve high excellence of technique. His manner has more in common with that of the old classics, his favorites, Jane Austen, Emily Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, Eliot, and Thackeray, than with current fiction, "if," as he observes, "that can be called current which loves to crawl and snuff its inspiration from the dung and slime of a civilization turned rotten." Even his critical essays would make evident that his concern is with character rather than action. He has, in fact, but one plot, which appears, with minor divergencies, in *Marotz*, *Mezzogiorno*, *Faustula*, and *Jaqueline*, from which *Hurdcott* does not depart far, and which runs through a goodly part of *Dromina*. A girl, beautiful, extraordinarily gifted, of odd, fascinating traits, occupies the centre of the stage. The unfolding of her soul, that critical stage especially at which the untempered girl passes, as by fire, to the maturity of noble, lovely womanhood, is the heart of the story. The heroine's purgation is generally effected through a hasty and unhappy alliance without affection. But in the end the painful bonds are loosed, and the story closes with the wedding bells of true love.

San Celestino and *Monksbridge*, it is true, break new ground. In the former the author is guided by the historical sequence of events, and as to *Monksbridge*, its attenuated framework can hardly be called a plot at all. The book is strongly suggestive of *Cranford*, but with a Deborah, instead of Miss Matty, the central figure.

The critic on the lookout for such things will detect structural imperfections in all of Ayscough's novels, though they are rarer in his later works. He himself realizes that he was too prodigal of material in *Marotz* and *Dromina*. The first carries us down through four generations of the San Vito family; the other, a stirring, passionate romance, but in point of technique most open to criticism, pieces together three or four distinct stories, and shifts its setting from Ireland to Spain, to France, to California, to Hispaniola. Sometimes characters in whom our interest has been keenly awakened, are allowed to drop quietly out of sight. We want to hear more of Arrigo in *Marotz*, of Phelim and Con and Agar in *Dromina*, of the devoted Arab, Bringali, in *Mezzogiorno*, of the Lambs and Hazlitt in *Hurdcott*. Piccolo's sudden and

fearful fall taxes our credulity, and the happy ending of *Faustula* comes as a sort of anticlimax.

Ayscough begins a story in *Prodigals and Sons* with the observation that "warnings out of and above the natural order are given not now and then, but often; if we would only believe in them, if we would only learn to read and recognize them." Fortunately, he does not carry this hazardous theory into his novels as freely as into his short stories. Since *Dromina* alone, so far as I recall, introduces preternatural agencies in a fashion which might be objected to, it suffices to have called attention to what seems to be his attitude on the subject.

Beyond doubt it is Ayscough's gallery of female portraits which gives him his rank among fiction writers. No novelist of this century has produced a more exquisite group than Marotz, Gillian, Consuelo, Faustula, and Jaqueline. They have the natural nobility, the depth, the subtle feminine graces of the finest female figures in our classics, and they add to this a further charm, not to be achieved by the unbelieving artist, which a profound faith lends them, and a familiar love of God, and a readiness for unbounded sacrifice when His love calls. The light upon their faces, when the Master's brush has put the final touches, is the far-off radiance of another world. Yet they are not cold, passionless, statuesque creatures, these women of Ayscough. Depth of soul, warm and intensely human, is their hallmark, and a peculiar loveliness, "of a quality belonging to those across whose life the shadow of tragedy is to fall."

There is a similarity about them, it is true, resulting from, or rather accounting for, the similarity of the romances in which they live. For Ayscough is not the man to fit his characters into a prearranged story. He builds his story up around his characters. This resemblance, however, does not approach that, say, of Harland's heroines, who blend themselves in our minds beyond recognition a few weeks after we have laid aside his books. Here there is a genuine and vital differentiation. Faustula, the proud, fiery little pagan, hungering for love, her gorge rising against the hollow sham of a vestal's life, is far removed from Marotz, ever serene and reposeful, "in patience possessing her soul." Jaqueline is a headstrong English girl, whose nature would brook neither censure nor contradiction, till the blow falls which chastens her. There is more stateli-

ness, more reserve, about Gillian, more of the dreamer, whom a life of boredom has brought to maturity before her time. Consuelo is, I think, the most loveable of them all, a fair, fresh flower from the South, ablush with the first delicate glow of unfolding womanhood, interested in everybody, amused by every oddity and touched by every form of suffering, utterly indifferent to rank and position, and at the end marrying in prison the man she loved, though he stood convicted before the world of vice and murder.

Ayscough, moreover, has plenty of first-rate women besides his heroines. None of his creations surpass Sylvia, the thoroughbred strategist, as ambitious and mettlesome as Becky Sharp, but too superlatively genteel to descend to cheap, or compromising, or merely shrewd manœuvres. He depicts with equal verisimilitude the simple devout nun, and the vain, hardshelled, pharisaical vestal. We have masterful Roma, chattering, worldly ladies Louisa and Caradoc, the mad artist Adalgitha. Then there is haughty Sabina, Roman matron to the backbone, and beside her cheerful, unpretentious Melania, the model Christian mother; crabbed old Zia, ironing the crumples out of her darling banknotes with repeated ironings, yet hiding a heart withal under her yellow skin, and stately Berengaria, gentlest of the sex. Of his peasants the best perhaps are old Maso, the cobbler's wife, and Mrs. Nadder of *Hurdcott*; Norah, the simple, good-hearted girl, who met a great temptation and fell pitifully, and Jocha, fast and loose, whose eyes turn wistfully towards the muddy pastures of the great city.

There is much less to be said in praise of our author's men. To begin with, they are less numerous than his women, less prominent, and more restricted in range. We naturally call to mind *Gracechurch*, where he lived as a boy alone with his mother in the midst of an overwhelmingly female society, where "there were four Miss Gibbs, four Miss Shrimptons, four Miss Trees, and four Miss Fentons, . . . all there when we arrived and all there when we left—young ladies when we first saw them and young ladies still when we said good-bye," where "if half-a-dozen families with four sons apiece and no daughters had settled in the town it would have been an act of poetic justice, but nothing of the kind happened." San Celestino is the only man who dominates a novel.

When we wander back through Ayscough's romances, singling out his male characters, we find that the number of those which have haunted our memories is small, and that these latter are, with scarcely an exception, odd, perplexing, exotic figures, like Piccolo, Mudo, Arrigo, Lopé, Hurdcott, Mark Herrick, Count Selvaggio, who have arrested our attention as much by the strange halo of mystery which surrounds them as by any depth or power or firmness of outline. Those drawn in a more realistic spirit lack the vitality and individuality of his women. Certainly Ayscough's men are not remarkable for "muscular Christianity." About the only rugged, four-square male among them is Mark Herrick. *French Windows* does give us touching glimpses into the tender hearts of strong, brave men. But fragmentary sketches of this sort differ widely, of course, from the full-length, finished portrait of the novelist. One does wish, that one or two of these hearty fellows had found places somewhere among the author's *dramatis personæ*.

Ayscough remarks of Mr. Street's style, in his charming little "Essay on Essayists," that it "is so good there is nothing good to be said about it, which I take to be a proof of excellence." After much groping to lay hold on just what it is we admire in his own style, we find relief in ruminating this paradox. The vague consciousness at least is never wanting of its easy, perfectly poised, unobtrusive refinement. We recognize, too, that exquisite touch, so much admired by Sir Walter in Jane Austen, "which renders ordinary, commonplace things and characters interesting, from the truth of the description and sentiment." Yet he can be ardently imaginative and picturesque, for though *Monksbridge* and *Gracechurch* are delightful achievements in realism, he is at heart a romancer. His expression is never labored. It flows along, to fall back on a hackneyed metaphor, in a free, supple, sinuous stream, here broken all over with glancing ripples of playful humor, now gliding into brooding depths of silent pathos, pouring at times with swift precipitancy down abysmal gorges of passion, but ever breaking into the smooth water below without taking us through gurgling rapids or over the cataract. We are tempted to believe that the architectonics of his romances occasioned him no little embarrassment, but we do not picture him agonizing over individual phrases or sentences.

The feature of Ayscough's writing which we most readily find a name for, though it is withal elusive enough, is his dry, urbane, British humor. A reviewer of one of his books in *The Month* thinks that the "hasty and literal tendency" which Miss Gibbs discerned in her seven-year-old pupil, suggests a key to it. Certainly many of those sparkling Ayscoughisms which tingle our risibles on every page like mild electric shocks, when the author is writing in his lighter vein, are precisely a "hasty and literal" interpretation put upon some commonplace remark or occurrence.

His satire has the pungency and geniality of Mr. Chesterton's, though its scope is more limited. It is seldom we miss the good-humored smile for the foibles he is exposing, and there are no lapses into Shavian pessimism or Thackerayan cynicism. That caustic vein, which comes to the surface in his essays, reveals itself very rarely in his later novels, though we come across traces of it here and there in the earlier ones.

But it is in scenes of brooding pathos that Ayscough touches his most stirring chords. Few have known better how to sound the black recesses of a noble woman's stricken, bleeding heart. Marotz when she learns of Roderigo's double life, Gillian when she discovers the treachery of Eustachio, Faustula wandering, a hopeless but defiant prisoner, through the chill halls and gardens of the Atrium Vestæ, Jaqueline, chaining her proud spirit to the will of a cruel, mad mother whom she loved, but who hated her even to murder—these are pictures which burn themselves into our imaginations and will linger there long after the stories are forgotten. Then, too, the whole pontificate of San Celestino is a wonderful appeal to our compassion, and over *French Windows* hangs a tender, subtle "mist of tears," a pervading sense of the unspeakable pathos of it all—that here, too, in this wild maelstrom of destruction *sunt lachrimæ rerum, et mentes mortalia tangunt*. Yet I dare not say that our author has a keen appreciation or love of the dramatic. He frequently mentions as *faits accomplis* or relates with deliberate suppression of emotion events pregnant with dramatic possibilities. Rarely is it the action itself which grips us, but the workings of the soul of the central actor. In truth, his power lies in situations of thrilling psychological interest, and not in scenes impressively dramatic.

The casual reader usually pronounces the opening chap-

ters of Ayscough's novels a bit slow and unpointed, and grudges the effort required to get a clear grasp on the when and where of the action. Now and then, too, lengthy passages of description or character analysis crop up, which only a sense of duty will prevent him from reading rather perpendicularly. But we still feel justified in saying that the wonderfully convincing and sympathetic setting of his stories constitutes one of their chiefest charms. The prosiest of us must own his power of spiriting us away from our dull third-story walls and rocking-chair into the very heart of the scenes he is depicting, of making the plains and downs, the villages and manor houses of rural England, the fairy skies and classic landscapes of Southern Italy, the rocky coasts of Sicily, the thick fogs, the icy winds, the naked trees of wintry Flanders spring up, real and visible, around us. He has the true artist's eye for beauty and can put upon his canvas "both the loveliness and the significance of it." If I were called upon to explain to a class in literature the famous formula that "Art is a bit of nature seen through a temperament," I would not know where to find a better prose illustration than this passage from *Hurdcott*:¹ "Far away the spire of Chalkminster Cathedral pricked up above the plain, much further away to the north-west the White Horse seemed to hang in the air. Now and then a thick cloud of starlings fluttered up, and sank down again a hundred yards away, as if a handful of titanic black dust had been flung up from the earth. There was a patch of ploughed land dotted with the white breasts of plovers whose bodies were invisible as they sat motionless: perhaps they knew that the white spots on the dark brown earth looked like so many flints;" or the description of Hals in *Marotz*,² as "in the sunset he sat on the broken wall of the Greek theatre, and looked along to where the lips of Sicily and Calabria all but meet; looked across the dark iris-blue sea to where the southernmost Apennines wove their incredible mesh of beauty, and caught his soul in it; looked beneath him at the leaping precipice, that was a steep ladder of beauty at whose summit he himself was seated."

No appreciation of John Ayscough should close without a word concerning his healthy, unaffected optimism. It is perennial with him because it has its root in the love and good-

¹Page 273.²Page 7.

ness of God. He has that gentle leniency towards sin and folly in his fellowmen, so peculiar to those who have grown gray in the care of souls, which knows how to compassionate and forgive "seventy times seven times," without making us feel thereby on one whit the easier terms with our own personal failings and misdeeds. He will not presume to damn a man for any crime, nor despair of any soil as too hard and dry to bubble up with sweet wellsprings of good, if delved into deeply enough. Aunt Zia is simply a ridiculous, sharp-tongued old miser, till we learn on her deathbed of the cruel secret eating at her heart and heroically hidden for fifty years from those around her. Who would have discerned in the early Fergus of Dromina Castle the timbers of a Christian martyr? Yet we acknowledge at the end that they were always there. A miracle is performed to prove to her pitiless brothers and town-folk that the soul of poor Norah is not, in despite of everything, numbered among the reprobate.

One phase of this kindly optimism is his preference for happy endings. Both he and Monsignor Benson are full of the world-old theme that not self-indulgence, but self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice are the conditions of true happiness. But Benson's books seldom leave their leading characters in the enjoyment of human felicity. He does not stop with disciplining them into a manifest disposition to bear crushing tribulation patiently, and even joyously, for love of God. He calls upon them to do so. Ayscough, on the contrary, is content with the proved disposition. He knows that God Himself frequently accepts the readiness of His servants to bear their cross unlightened, in lieu of the actuality. It is his practice to so manipulate the workings of Providence in his romances that the hero and heroine, after drinking deep draughts of bitter waters, are allotted a goodly measure of terrestrial happiness. And I daresay, being but men, we like him the better for it.

THE BEGGAR-KNIGHT.

BY JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

I AM Our Lady's knight,
Though I have never seen her;
Would that my heart were right,
My mind and fancy keener,
That I might fashion her as she
Was known in far-off Galilee!

A-begging I must wait
Beside the world's broad highways;
I beg at door and gate
And scour obscurest by-ways,
Collecting like a store of pence
Hints of Our Lady's excellence.

All ladies, hear my suit,
Contribute to my treasure—
The soft tones of a lute,
Mercy without measure,
The whitenesses of mountain snows,
The fragrance of a June-tide rose.

Sorrow that weaves
The richness of low laughter,
The virgin glance that cleaves
Through time to the Hereafter,
Love that sweeps all flesh aside,
Humbleness that strikes down pride.

And thus I beg a dole
Of every maid and matron,
To help my meagre soul
Image my fair Patron,
Our Lady, once of Galilee,
Now Queen of Heaven's citizenry.

RECONSTRUCTION IN LITHUANIA.

BY THOMAS WALSH,

*Commissioner to Lithuania from the National Catholic War Council
of America.*



WHEN the German Army retired from Kovno, or Kaunas as the Lithuanians call their ancient city, now the provisional capital of their new Republic, they left behind them only the shell of what was once a prosperous centre of some sixty thousand inhabitants. "When they went," said a prominent citizen, "they took all of Lithuania with them!" So thorough was their looting of furniture, clothing, food, and live stock. It is true, the Russians had practised here the direst of their tyrannies, forbidding the use of the Lithuanian tongue, and interfering in many ways with the development of trade, education and church administration. But towards the era immediately preceding the Great War they had shown themselves more lenient masters, until, just before his downfall, Tsar Nicholas had granted the Lithuanians the full measure of their freedom to use their native tongue. In spite of these concessions there were many Lithuanians who, on the arrival of the armies of General von Hindenburg, looked for an amelioration of their native conditions. The realization of the outrages of the Germans in stripping and destroying the harmless, not-unfriendly Lithuanian civilization calls for the most profound reprobation.

But the Lithuanians were accustomed to hardships; they are a race that thrives and persists in spite of centuries of oppression. They are a race whose ruling class has for centuries permitted itself to be estranged through the influences of Russian and Polish culture, so that a large number of the historic figures whom we ordinarily consider to be Polish, prove, on examination, to have been descended from Lithuanian ancestors. The traditions of such a race are usually left as a folk-lore in the mouths of country folk; yet with the lack of cultivation there persists a primitive quality that is of peculiar value to the student, and is very often the true poetical essence that calls forth the admiration of the critic and artist of later times. The sober judgment of the German philoso-

pher, Emanuel Kant—whom the Lithuanians claim as a fellow-countryman—that Lithuania “must be preserved, for her tongue possesses the key which opens all the enigmas not only of philology, but of history,” has been taken seriously for twenty years (1886-1905) by five Lithuanian publishing houses in the United States. Their work in the preservation of ancient literature can never be forgotten by the people of Lithuania. Nor, on the other hand, can America ever forget the service rendered in her hour of need by the great Kosciuszko of Lithuania.

Judging from appearances in Lithuania, it would seem to be the main object of military invaders to destroy the most important edifices of the towns through which they pass. Everywhere the bombardments resulted in the destruction of the most solid structures of residence and factory sites, while the humble dwellings around them were left noticeably intact. Heaps of bricks and mortar are still standing without roofs or windows to attest to the industry of Lithuania that has been destroyed. On the other hand, the small dwellings and barns are being rapidly repaired from the *débris* of the more important buildings.

In spite of the scarcity of fresh timber there are even new structures being erected in the country-places. Old materials and new are being treated in the old fashion, the logs being sawed lengthways by great saws that are operated on a high platform, one operator standing above and working against his fellow who stands underneath. The result is a log house of a very Russian appearance: squared logs are laid one above the other, making a solid wall, riveted at the corners in a tidy manner. There is a small porch and doorway in the middle flanked by one or two small windows that speak of the severity of the winter weather, against which these solid homes must prove a comfortable protection indeed. The same style of buildings is to be found also in the towns and cities, sometimes with a second story and ornamented with shutters and carved cornices.

The sounds of saw and hammers echo over rich fields and hills and valleys of unusual fertility and beauty. There are few fences or hedges, but numerous roadside crosses and rural shrines, for we are in a country that is very devout in its practices, although the last to relinquish its pagan deities of

wood and stream for the religion of the Cross. Here and there on the pastures are to be seen the herds of cows that are the remnant of the mighty dairy industries for which Lithuania has been famous for centuries. The German invaders, in carrying off the live stock from the country, left a paper receipt for what they took, and spared one or two of the cows from each large establishment to provide the necessary aliment for the owner's family. Therefore the butter of Lithuania—scarce as it is at present—is still the finest in the world. There has never been known to be richer churning, and it is to be hoped that these famous dairy-farms will soon be restored to their former efficiency.

The horses, even now the poor remnant spared to the natives by the German cavalry, begin to show the fine, sleek qualities for which Lithuanian stock has always been noted in Europe. Many of the animals are small, but the vehicles, droskies and open carts of light, springless construction, are sturdy and suitable to the native uses.

Driving through the country one remarks large numbers of boys and girls gathering nuts under the mighty oaks that yet remain on the hillsides. From the nuts of the acorn they brew a sort of coffee, bitter but not altogether unpalatable, which is now the one substitute for coffee. Of tea—a passion here as well as throughout Russia—there is nothing left; but the native housewife has had resort to her herb-gardens, and from the wild flowers and cultivated blooms she is able to concoct some very delicious beverages. Thus one encounters all sorts of flower-teas and *tisanes*, fragrant and refreshing, with a fresh odor such as must greet the Chinaman over his own tea freshly brewed from the growths of his own garden.

As we sat at some choice tables—for as foreigners and especially as Americans we were treated with the finest our hosts could procure—we could not help remarking the freshly woven linen table cloths and napkins, made of the gray and golden-toned flax and woven in antique Lithuanian designs. They are works of a primitive art, long in observance in the country, and are worth, literally, their weight in gold. They are too personal and rare to be the objects of barter, and we could only do reverence to the spirit of the women who wove them. In several places they also showed us the clothing-stuffs that are woven around the fireplaces in the Lithuanian kitchens

during the long winter nights; excellent weavings of wool and flax, dyed in the vegetable dyes procured along the roadsides. The natural grays and blues of these weavings would delight the soul of any true artist.

The native tailors have contributed their share in the restoration of the country. Some of the Lithuanian Commissioners now in this country, are clothed in home-made cloths made into wearing apparel by cutters whose work compares favorably with the best that we know. At home they content themselves for the most part with square-cut garments, the coats in blouse fashion and the trousers cut straight and roomy, somewhat in the fashion affected a few years ago in the Parisian studios. The same industrialism shows itself in the shoes. The shoemaker has taken good American lasts and modeled his own tanned leather accordingly. The result is a good, durable shoe not without style, for the Lithuanian has a sense of daintiness about his feet that is very noticeable.

The carpenters and cabinetmakers have not been idle, and examples of their skill begin to appear in beds and tables and sideboards to take the place of the articles of furniture carried off by the Germans. These new pieces of household furniture are quite superior to the ordinary commercial article. They are constructed in simple, graceful lines and modestly ornamented with carved wooden designs that put to shame the gimcrackery of our wholesale factories.

All this seems to go to show that a people reduced to supplying itself from its own products, is not too hardly off in the result. An artist and craftsman can but delight in this Lithuanian spirit of self-helpfulness, similar to the spirit that must have prevailed in the old guild days of the thirteenth century, when all Europe arose and recovered from its period of barbarian devastation. Certainly it is a pleasant sight to discover beds that for years have been without sheets and pillow-covers now furnished with the new, sturdy linen covers; to see windows long shattered now with new glass and the curtains of paper replaced by spotless muslins; to behold the farm lands beginning to deliver their harvests, in the wake of the peace and pastoral joys that are spreading over Lithuania.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.



THE personal pronoun "I," referred to frequently as *ego*, possesses a wonderful range of meaning. Mine, my and me share in this richness since they indicate relations between me and the world about me. These words are full of mystery and wonder because they indicate existence, consciousness, personality, temperament, experience, capacity and the entire range of social relations. "I" represents one who thinks, acts and is responsible, the centre from which mysterious living influences go out and touch the world at a thousand points. Influences come from the past and the outer world affecting my life, my powers, my influence. My property indicates portions singled out from the total mass of wealth in the world over which portions I have an exclusive, inviolable sanctioned control. I identify my property with my personality. My spirit hovers over it and wards off every other human being from trespass. My reputation indicates the estimate of me in a thousand or ten thousand minds. My ambitions, my aspirations indicate those features of the dream world that become law to me and give direction to my life. They indicate the way in which I am touched by the dreams that inspire the world and rouse the latent energies of man to glorious action. My influence represents the sway that I exercise over the lives of other human beings. Mine, my, me, are wonderful words—full of mystery, rich in suggestion, commonplace beyond description yet defying adequate explanation.

I.

I am the outcome of the creative act of God. I am an immortal soul, whose faculties of intelligence and will indicate the God-like power of sharing truth and seeking the good. I am individualized by my soul, set apart in all the confusion of the world, intended for a particular destiny in the plans of God, endowed with particular capacities to be used in the

service of Him, guided by consciousness and conscience toward my eternal destiny. And throughout this experience I am the object of a special providence of Almighty God. The roots of my dignity, the nature of my personality, the explanation of every approved relation into which I enter in the world are fixed by this spiritual element that is I. The standard of every judgment of me and mine is written down by the Hand of God. I cannot suspend neither may I forget it or degrade myself below this spiritual level fixed by my soul. If I degrade or ignore it I misunderstand the God Who created me. He deals with me always as with an immortal soul, intelligent, responsible and destined to glorify Him. If I ignore the spiritual element within me I shall be wrenched out of harmony with God's government of the world.

We thus discover the fundamental meaning in the personal pronoun I. I represents spirit, will, intelligence, the touch of God by which where nothing was, an everlasting soul appears, to declare forever His omnipotence.

The soul is hidden in the human body. The body is material, visible, perishable. The union of soul and body is human nature, is life as we see it. Perhaps it were better to say that the body is made visible by the soul, since the existence of the former is absolutely conditioned on its union with the latter. Union of soul and body represents the Will of God. My body is the envelope of my soul. We know of the soul by means of its organic expression through the body. It is the soul that hears. It is the soul that speaks. It is the soul that thinks. Spirit uses organ. The invisible employs the visible. The everlasting makes itself known by what is material and transitory. In this way we find the second, the material content in human nature. It is spiritual. It is material.

God, the Creator, associates the intervention of man with his own creative act in the development of the race. It is His Divine Will that we, as individuals, have a social origin in the family. It is His ordinance expressed in the constitution of nature that we begin life as helpless infants and attain to maturity in the midst of complex social relations with others. Mysteries now multiply upon one another. I am separate from others, individualized. I am part of others, socialized, in profound unity with them. I am one in the family group. I

am one in a city group. I am one in other social groups. These group attachments in their mysterious operation seem to make me almost another being. Sympathy, association, longing, affection, lead me to diminish myself and expand the power of others over me. Our Lord told us that the supreme expression of love for another is to die that that other live. These groups, whether essential or accessory, become so thoroughly part of me, part of my consciousness, so related to my interests and dreams, so interwoven into my experience, so organized into my very aspirations that I find it impossible to maintain a satisfying distinction in thought, and judgment between myself and others who are part of me.

At this point we meet the wonderful double process that is life. On the one hand, the deepest forces within us, touched by the instinct for self-existence and self-expression, drive me to maintain myself, to assert myself, to develop my powers and to attain to sway, or lordship, over things and persons. This process enhances individuality or separateness. On the other hand I am drawn irresistibly into the social vortex. He was right, who said ages ago, "I am part of all whom I have met." Sentiment, memory, emotion, interest, ambition, necessity force us with stern power into the social mold, merging our consciousness with that of others into a social product that is deeper, wider and more striking than I, myself. By the law of life we are merged into the lives of others. We are socialized. We are in a sense diminished, made parts of larger wholes that we call social groups. We must be made independent. We must be made dependent. We must act and live and think as independent persons. We must act and live and think as dependent persons. The combination of the two processes which will maintain personality and society in their intended harmony is the supreme problem of civilization. It is the final function of religion to assert, protect and develop individuality, personality, because individuals alone go back to God. Social groups remain forever glued to earth.

We have found three elements in the meaning of the personal pronoun I. We find a spiritual element that eternally individualizes us. We see a material organic sensible element called the body, through which we are prepared for social life. We find finally the social element, that is the whole range of contacts with other human beings which I

experience. Therefore, I am spiritual. I am material. I am social. I, as a Catholic, am conscious of a wonderful range of social contacts, aspirations and experience. I, as an American, am conscious of another enriching range of social contacts, aspirations and experiences. I, as of Irish ancestry, am involved in another wonderful range of social contacts, aspirations and experiences. I, as a member of a University, am conscious of still another range of social contacts, aspirations and experiences. Thus I, an individual, become the centre of a number of concentric social circles. On each of these planes I gain the double experience of separateness and of association, of diminution and of growth, of surrender and of gain.

The spiritual element in me sets the high level toward which all other elements must be coördinated and subordinated. The soul determines what is desirable and what is undesirable, what is good and what is bad, what is helpful and what is hurtful in the sight of God and man. The supreme problem of institutions, of moral codes, of scholarship and statesmanship, of religion, is to understand the law of the soul and to enforce it, to safeguard spiritual interests and terrace the sloping sides of the world so that the soul may find easy and sure ascent to the throne of the Everlasting God. Each of us is a chapter in the Book of Life, independent and complete, nevertheless a subordinate chapter in the wonderful Book that reveals the plans of God and unfolds to us the secrets of His majestic action in the government of the world.

II.

The world has supreme need of a method that will guide humanity to meet the problem of maintaining the individual while merging him into the social process. The thought of the world has done this under the direction of the providence of God. It is the mission of human rights to maintain the individual. It is the mission of social obligations or duties to merge him. Rights are extensions of our personality built into and through the confusion of the world in order that we may not be crushed. Social duties indicate the manner of thought and of action demanded of us in order that social groups may be strong, helpful and orderly. We gain, we receive, when we enjoy our rights. They are our social divi-

dends. We give, we surrender, when we do our duties. They are our social taxes. Duty is our measured contribution toward the social whole, immediately for the welfare of the whole. Natural rights are defined, not created, by the group for the immediate sake of ourselves, ultimately for the sake of our souls. Our rights separate us. Our duties merge us. Justice individualizes. Charity socializes.

Since rights are extensions of personality they are inviolable. They are organized into the foundations of the world. Their fibre, their content, their sanctions are for the sake of personality. They are essentially protective. They hinder others from interfering with us. My right to property identifies my property with my personality. My right to my reputation identifies my reputation with my personality. My civil rights, my moral rights to civil liberty, health, to the members of my body, to the development of my mind are nothing other than elaborations of my personality, the widening concept of me. My rights are the ramparts of my soul. The passion for justice that lights up the pages of the history of the world is a fundamental expression of the passion of personality, of the determination of men to live, to grow, to express themselves, to gain their essential destiny, helped, not hindered, by others. Not all of the mistakes of the passion for justice scattered over the history of the world can change its essential and approved mission. Not all of the volcanic outbreaks of popular fury and even malicious power of revolution can disturb in any way the essential social mission of the passion for justice.

Deep in the heart of the world lies the impulse to expand personality. The collective and upward and outward pressure of this impulse is exerted always upon the heavy social institutions that blundering civilizations have constructed. Not more impressive in their grandeur nor more determined in their action are the cosmic forces that have lifted continents from beneath the waters and have driven the very oceans themselves from their strongholds, than are the emotional and intellectual forces that have overturned the structure of civilizations in order that room might be made for the larger and wider personality that demanded freedom in moving about over broad savannahs of the fair earth. Might not all historical social philosophies be classified by their concept of human

personality, of the meaning of I and of the relations among men? Do not all social institutions reduce in last analysis to some kind of understanding of the meaning of personality, the drift of its tendencies, the sway of its passions, the tyranny of its purposes and the law of all relations among men? Do not democracy and monarchy differ chiefly in their concepts of human persons, of the extension of personality through social rights and in the institutions that define and protect them?

There is, however, equal sanctity, equal moral power in duty. The dignity of life is in its obligations. My obligations are echoes of the rights of others or of the rights of groups of whatsoever kind. Out of the collective sense of duty that the world has established we draw the material for the very basis of civilization. The rights of the Church are my obligations. The rights of the State are my obligations. The property rights of others are in equal proportions my obligations. Since I may invade the personality of others, their rights must protect them against me. This constraint upon me takes the form of duty. Since I may endanger the stability, the work, the moral personality of sanctioned groups, I must be prevented from so doing. Hence groups have rights which constrain me, and this constraint upon me takes the form of duty toward the group. Thus my civil personality is protected by my rights. The moral personality of sanctioned social groups, such as the family, Church, State, is protected by their rights which create my duties. In the spiritual interpretation of the world which alone is the adequate and true interpretation, rights and obligations relate to personality. Personality is directly and exclusively of the soul. The soul is the outcome of the creative act of God. Rights and obligations rest, therefore, in last analysis upon God. God is the God of justice forever.

III.

Definitions of human rights, with which we are familiar, are based on varied and converging experiences of man. Since rights are ordinarily protective they are defined in the face of some kind of real or imagined danger to personality. Deeper than the moral sense of the individual lies the moral sense of mankind. Deeper than the moral judgments of the individual lie the moral judgments of the world concerning rights and

duties among men. As our concepts of human personality will vary with time, place and relations, variations naturally occur in definitions. But beneath these accidental differences, which are often of far-reaching importance, we find the great plane to which we give the term, the order of nature. All of the historical States that have arisen have endeavored to explore, to define, to sanction, natural concepts of personality, natural rights and obligations. In our own history the Declaration of Independence stands forth as a supreme attempt at an interpretation of human rights, for the definition and protection of which the majestic structure of the American nation was undertaken. The constitution of nature expresses the Will of God more or less clearly in respect of human rights and obligations. States arising as the organized sovereign will of society, incorporate into their institutions and laws certain concepts of personality, of rights and obligations. States do not protect all rights. They protect them only as they define them.

We who have the blessed privilege of belonging to the Church of God accept our Divine faith as the herald of eternity, furnishing the law of relation between God and man. Through faith supernatural revelation is added to natural knowledge concerning personality, rights and obligations. God superimposed the Divine concept of man which clarified and ennobled the natural concept and imparted unimaginable dignity to human persons. Out of the Divine Revelation of Our Blessed Lord we have, therefore, new understanding of human rights and obligations, added reverence for their sanctity, added strength in Divine grace to meet the discipline of duty, sanctions rooted in eternity, which follow our respect for human rights or violation of them. We accept the Church as of Divine origin, the organized expression of supernatural life, the authorized moral teacher of the world in applying the truths of Revelation to human conduct. But even here this nobler reading of human relations does not in any way set aside the social functions of rights and obligations as these protect the individual against others or as they protect others against the individual. The natural law compels children to respect parents. The civil law may compel them to support parents. The supernatural law demands love, respect, obedience—these intimate loyalties of the human heart.

IV.

We notice then that in the term "I" there are involved spiritual, material and social elements. We find ourselves subjected to two processes, one of which emphasizes and saves individuality; the other emphasizing the process which socializes us, merging us into social communities. We see that rights are extensions of personality which set forth our fundamental understanding of human persons. We find obligations or duties indicating our contributions toward group life, toward those social units which are necessary to our existence and development. We note that there is a spiritual concept of personality, rights and obligations and as well a civil concept of rights and obligations. A full account of these would cover the history of the world. Only the most fragmentary application of these general truths may be undertaken.

Humanity dislikes discipline and loves an easy waywardness of desire and self-assertion. Hence, we find throughout all history spontaneous insistence upon rights, lingering and reluctant insistence upon obligations. Humanity drifts toward insistence upon individual ends and away from social ends. Hence individuals love to assert themselves and to subject their interpretation of group duties to their own interests or whims. Passionate love of life, liberty, power and property has always led to general invasion of personal rights and neglect of larger obligations. Pitiable mistakes of civil and social authority have made occasions for the masses to rise to a resistance that has only too often resulted in rebellion and revolution. Pride, covetousness, lust, envy and anger have throughout all the centuries been social evils because they are sins. They have led to false conception of personality. They have promoted selfish ends that have led to grave injustice. These have been, on the whole, ugly offspring of mistaken individualism, mistaken understanding of human rights, human destiny and dignity: the result of lamentable failure to understand the balance brought into human life by the dignified sense of social and civil obligations. The great moral task of humanity is to make the sense of duty as keen and as alert as is the sense of justice; to place behind the former a noble vehemence that will hold men true to the larger ideals in which they may find their peace. They who accept

the Gospel of Jesus Christ as a declaration of the dignity and duty of men will come very near to understanding the heart of Christ as He would wish. If the Saints may be trusted as our spiritual and social guides; if noble men and noble women of all time may be followed with unoffending step, this is the reading of the Gospel that brings understanding.

V.

These thoughts bear directly on certain of the problems that confront the world today. We have insisted in the history of our democracy on our rights and exemptions, and we have slurred civic and social duties to such a degree that moral and social confusion has everywhere prevailed. If, in the past, property had been conscious of its obligations and generous in interpreting them, we could not have experienced the social cleavage that has reached to the foundations of life. If industrial power, after gaining lordship over millions of lives, had been as keen in understanding the social limitations under which it should have worked, the laboring class had never been led into conditions that we have known. If the laboring class itself, in spite of wrongs and long-delayed justice, had been able to maintain the balanced sense of duty that holds men true to larger ideals at whatsoever cost, we might have been spared many sad pages in our history. If those to whose hands civil authority was intrusted as a sacred charge, had had the gift of wider vision and sterner consecration to general welfare, the rights of the weaker classes would have had earlier definition and far more effective sanction than they have known. Had this moral and spiritual balance been maintained; had the coördinate and spiritual function of social obligations been rightly estimated and loyally accepted, we would have been adequately protected against those allurements of futile idealism that are causing so much disturbance today. And, furthermore, had our citizens been as noble in fulfilling all of their civil duties as they have been alert in claiming their rights, we might have been spared much grave concern. A citizenship that hates taxes and loves dividends is not fit for democracy. A citizenship that feels no stirring of moral indignation at social injustice is not fit for democracy. A citizenship that is indifferent to outstanding types of civic virtue and trims its vision of duty to fit the demands of par-

tianship; seeks lower and not higher types of civic behavior for imitation, is not fit for democracy.

Democracy is primarily an experience in character. Can we conceive of noble character without a noble sense of duty, without a certain tenacious humility that accepts one's minor place in the plan of the world, does duty promptly and finds compensation within the heart? If the ideal of democracy is a maximum of order and justice with a minimum of coercion, democracy implies that education, religion, home, public opinion, public leaders, do their full first share in setting up effective ideals of life, leaving to coercion a minor, but none the less, honorable rôle in bringing order to the world. Conscience, not a jailer, is the symbol of democracy.

On the whole, we have deserved much punishment for our neglect of social justice. There has been evidence everywhere of a sense of duty so dull as almost to have made us, as a people, moral defectives. The history of conservative reform movements is, in one sense at least, an indictment of our wisdom. The appeal that radical movements now make to thousands whom they mislead, is effective because of the traditions of the bitter social struggle that we carry in our national memory.

Concurrent testimony of many of our leaders in every walk of life declares that re-statements of many human rights must be made in the work of social reconstruction. Of what will this avail, unless the work of reconstruction re-educate the world in the understanding of duty and of its place in the moral balance of the universe. Social reconstruction must be, of course, to a great extent institutional. But to a greater extent it must be moral, social and spiritual. New understanding of the place of society in the life of the individual is imperative. No social institution that is founded on rebellious hearts can be stable. Our moral, spiritual, social and cultural agencies must undertake to purify and strengthen the general sense of duty; to convince the world of the social, no less than the spiritual, value of renunciation and sacrifice. They must uncover to the eyes of men the deeper and purer charms of duty. All else without this is vain.

This is in last analysis a moral task. It is professedly the task of the religious forces of the nation. Statesmen as statesmen may not undertake it on account of the spirit of our

institutions. The general educational system which the country accepts undertakes it with hesitation, in only a fragmentary way and without specific sanction. It is a recognized social mission of religion to arouse the social sense, to awaken the impulse and the spirit of service. Thus the challenge is carried to the threshold of the Church. It must teach men to find their happiness in the intangible compensations of life. The instincts of men must be controlled. They must be taught to believe that the pathway to peace leads one away from selfishness and toward the ways of service, trust, sympathy, understanding. When our citizenship respects moral and social obligations with honest conviction and sympathy, we shall have prepared the nation for those institutions of social reconstruction for which the world now asks.

If religion has this social mission in the work of personal welfare, may we not feel reassured since our own dear Church brings so much of truth in its message, so much of promise in its resources, so much of strength in its sacramental ministry, so much of spiritual appeal in its effective words and its historical power. If each of us will but understand the glory of this present opportunity for us and for the Church, may we not hope that as a body we shall stand forth our own witnesses by the Grace of God. The Church must do her honorable part in standing before a world that is now the unhappy victim of divided council, and point the way to peace. New understanding of social values, keener sense of duty, respect for the discipline that spiritual and social ends offer to selfishness, are first steps in any serious social reconstruction. And these steps lead toward God. How shall we find peace apart from Him?

ON THE ROAD TO DOMREMY.

BY JAMES LOUIS SMALL.



WITH much shrieking the Strasbourg express pulls out of the great shed of the Gare de l'Est and we are on our way. The train proceeds slowly through the inner ring of dingy suburbs; then goes faster and faster between rows of prosperous villas until we reach the country, basking in the mellow October sunshine.

We flash by one town after another: Meaux, with its ponderous, square-towered cathedral, associated for all time with the name of the eloquent Bossuet, who lies buried within its walls; Château Thierry, with war wounds agape; past roofless farmhouses, whose "strange, sad windows look out across fresh meadows, now like staring blinded eyes. They are so still, so deathly still—not a single wisp of friendly smoke, no human color, only a garish patch, perhaps, where some unremembering bush flaunts its green branch across the gray."

Late afternoon brings us to Bar-le-Duc, where with deep regret I exchange the comparative comfort of the express for the unqualified discomfort of the Neufchâteau local. Made up of weather-beaten coaches of obsolete and nondescript pattern, it resembles nothing so much as a child's train of cars, assembled from playhouse relics handed down by elder brothers and sisters. Although there is an hour to spare, the carriages are filling up rapidly with genial travelers. They stare, round-eyed, at the American in uniform, with the strange-looking pack swung over his shoulder, for in true pilgrim fashion I had brought with me only my haversack, containing the articles that should suffice for my few small needs.

The scenes that enact themselves as the train jerks along puffily on its three hours' journey to Neufchâteau are not French—they are simply human. The gentleman and lady who share the compartment with me are sedately forty and anxious to get back to the children, just as Mr. and Mrs. Smith

or Jones or McGuire are after a day at the county seat. The dashing young officer who joins us as we are leaving Bar-le-Duc, is a friend, homeward bound on furlough. They greet him effusively, and when he disembarks at a tiny station down the line he is charged with many messages for his people. He is a sturdy peasant type and I fall to wondering if he has a sweetheart waiting for him. At the next station my married friends depart, with much rattling of knobby parcels. Again there is a family reunion. It is dark now and I am alone.

By the time we reach Gondrecourt, a name to be remembered, but lightly treasured by the doughboy, the train is almost empty. A couple of American soldiers hurrying along the platform hail me with a jovial, "Hello, Casey!" I bid them enter and make themselves at home. It seems that they are with the Graves Registration, and having had an accident *en route* to Paris, are on their way back to headquarters to report the difficulty.

After a time the wheels grind slowly to a stop and the guard calls the name of a station, which we discover to be Neufchâteau. Although it is only nine o'clock, the little town is in Stygian darkness. We follow the crowd up the main street, searching in vain for anything that looks like a hotel. While we are holding anxious debate a fresh young voice at my elbow exclaims in perfect English: "Ah, here are some Americans!" Then, to me: "Is there anything I can do for you, sir?"

The speaker is a trim-built chap of about eighteen, in the uniform of a French private. He goes on to explain that during the War and until recently, he acted as interpreter at the American hospital just out of Neufchâteau. Now the hospital is closed and his friends, the Americans, are gone. He would be most happy to serve us. Upon hearing of our plight he conducts us without delay to Neufchâteau's leading hostelry. A door on the first floor of a tightly-shuttered house opens to his touch and we find ourselves standing in a quaint, low-ceilinged room, lighted by swinging oil lamps and furnished with a long table, around which a few elderly Frenchmen are seated, drinking wine and smoking.

Madame appears and says she has two rooms: one with two beds, and another, a single room, suitable for *Monsieur*

le Secrétaire. Our guide bids us a hearty good-night, after grateful acceptance of a packet of cigarettes, extracted from my haversack. For six weeks he has smoked nothing but French cigarettes and he much prefers the others. My soldier-pals are leaving by an early train, so we also say good-bye. Madame shows me to my room, and deposits the old-fashioned candlestick on the shiny mahogany table at the head of the bed.

At seven the next morning I step out into a radiant world blown across by a stiff breeze that invigorates like new wine. All about me are friendly, smiling faces, for Americans are popular in Neufchâteau. After a cup of black coffee at the café nearby, I saunter along the narrow, winding Rue St. Jean. On the corner, near the Hôtel de Ville, there is excitement, for the town-crier is about to give out the morning news. This functionary is a war veteran, clad in faded blue. He carries a scrap of paper in one hand, and with the other beats loudly upon a drum suspended from his neck by a leather strap. At the first strident rat-a-tat-tat the crowd, mostly old women and dogs, begins to congregate. When his audience reaches what he considers respectable proportions, he puts up his drumstick and reads solemnly from the paper.

A walk of a few paces brings me to the short Rue St. Christophe, at the head of which stands the ancient church of the same name. With its battlements and broad-faced towers, it reminds one of the robust, kindly folk who dwell in its shadow. I push open the heavy oaken door and enter softly. Mass is long since finished and I have the church to myself. The carving, both wood and stone, is curious and palpably of great age. Tucked away in the corners are tiny chapels where crimson lamps burn before half-hidden shrines. To what stirring sermons, one thinks, and to what heartfelt prayers must not these sober-miened saints and angels have listened in their time!

I experience no difficulty in finding the way to Domrémy; in fact, an embarrassing number of citizens are ready with directions. It is not over ten kilometres distant (between six and seven miles) and there is an inn in the village—next to the church—if *Monsieur* wishes to remain overnight. And so, in high, good humor, I set out.

There is something of eternal unchangeableness about

those favored spots of earth that have once sheltered the good and great. As I take the road pointed out to me by the stout Alsatian who tends the railway crossing on the edge of the town, I am no longer in twentieth century France; I am, rather, a pilgrim on highways that have but yesterday echoed the heavy tread of Burgundian soldiery; that have witnessed the tragedy of Agincourt and Neufchâteau in flames; a France prostrate, inert, broken beneath the heel of the oppressor. Wars and rumors of wars have penetrated even to the midst of those quiet hills that lie ahead of me, crowned with the basilica whose outlines show indistinctly against the russet of the forest.

Today, as in the days of Jeanne d'Arc, the Château Bourlemont frowns from the heights on my left. Indeed, its history is inextricably associated with that of the district. One recalls that it was *L'Arbre Fée de Bourlemont*, "the Fairy Tree of Bourlemont," about which the children of Domrémy danced and sang and upon which they hung their garlands; the tree that figured in the early life of the Maid and, later on, at the time of her condemnation, so prominently.

Here in these fruitful fields the present and the past intermingle strangely. A turn in the road brings me suddenly upon a row of dilapidated barracks, occupied during the War by some of our American boys. I have scarcely left these behind when I am back again in the past. There in the meadow by the roadside is a flock of sheep, and walking in and out among them the shepherd, staff in hand and dressed in cloak and pointed hood. In bewildering contrast I hear the familiar "honk" of a motor horn, and, speeding in my direction from the village just ahead, there emerges what upon closer inspection proves to be, of all things, a Ford automobile!

The village is Coussy and very interesting it is. At the square some black-smoked workmen are watering their horses, great powerful animals that toss their manes and stamp upon the turf. They are drinking from a circular trough, in the centre of which rises a small bronze statue of Jeanne d'Arc. I take my "Brownie" from my haversack and snap men and horses before they file away to dinner. I realize that I, too, am hungry, and so I find my way to the inn on the corner of the square. The proprietor assents to my request for *déjeuner*. The luncheon is an excellent one and the red wine of a sweeter

sort than one is served in Paris; it is more like the wine of the south, round about Lourdes.

Having finished and paid for my meal I hasten to see the church. Like St. Christophe at Neufchâteau, it is of great age. The walls and tower are massively built and pierced with small windows, which gives the whole a fortress-like appearance. The doorway is low and I am prepared for architectural treasure as I grope my way inside. So much for my hopes! The church, sad to say, has been "restored," and not too artistically. One look at the stained glass and I made a rapid exit.

Instead of taking the main highway to Domrémy, I choose the détour that bears out of Coussy to the left and brings me to the basilica, whence it descends the hill to the village a mile beyond. From Coussy to the basilica the road climbs upward all the way. The fields spread at my feet are suffused with the golden glow of mid-afternoon. Scores of old men and women are digging their winter supply of vegetables and, here and there, a group of cattle or a few sheep make a splotch of white upon the meadows, emerald green even in autumn. The peasants straighten for a moment from their toil and call to me in respectful greeting. I, of course, call back, and our voices echo and reëcho in the still air. I have a curious sensation of detachment, as if I were part of a Millet painting, come suddenly to life and stepping out of its frame.

The basilica above Domrémy is small and new, but it reflects the spirit of the place quite as faithfully as the great church at Lourdes does that of the grotto beneath. Lourdes speaks of cures of soul and body; of mighty spiritual forces that work startlingly near the surface of things. Domrémy breathes of visions, of sweet communings that have left but a haunting memory upon the peaceful height.

As at Lourdes, the architecture of the basilica on Bourlémont is heterogeneous. In spite of this it presents a handsome appearance and special grace is conferred upon it by the slender spire. Connected with the church by a cloister is a modern and well-built presbytery, and on the opposite side of the road and a little towards Coussy is a large convent of nuns. My attention focuses upon the two heroic figures that adorn the front of the basilica. That on the right corner is of the

Saint's father, Jacques d'Arc, and the one on the left is of her mother, Isabel Romée. One is pleased that the world has not entirely neglected the worthy couple who bestowed upon it so choice a gift.

A portly priest, a monsignor, if I may judge from the strip of purple at his throat, is walking up and down saying his Office. As soon as he sees me, he comes forward and offers to show me the church. He explains, meanwhile, that the basilica was built on the hill rather than in the village, because it was here that Jeanne tended her sheep, had her Visions, and held converse with her Voices. We go first into the crypt, where Mass is said daily and which does duty as a commemorative chapel for those who gave their lives in the War. Then I am given *carte blanche* to climb the winding stairs and make what investigations I please in the nave above.

I do not remain long; partly because there is little to see, partly because I am anxious to reach Domrémy before the day is farther spent. The interior is still incomplete and there is not much to attract the visitor, aside from the beautifully executed gilt carvings of the ceiling and the series of six panels upon the walls done by Lionel Royer. These last show the most notable scenes in the life of the Maid, and in the vividness of their coloring remind one somewhat of Abbey's work in our own Boston Library.

The day is drawing to a close as I descend the hill. I pass the *Calvaire* by the roadside, skirt the marshy border of the Meuse and find myself in a crooked lane, set on both sides with aged, tile-roofed houses (they were thatched in Jeanne's day) that look ready to crumble apart. A buxom, black-eyed woman is talking with some men at a stable door. "*Bon soir*," I remark in passing. The woman tosses her head and replies in a loud voice, "*Bon soir, Monsieur l'Américain!*"

The lane ends abruptly at what looks to be a fair-sized park encircled by iron paling. At the farther side stands a stone house which I immediately recognize, from pictures, as the birthplace of the saint. Just beyond is the parish church of St. Rémy, and in front of the church an open space scarcely formal enough to be called a square, on the opposite side of which is a substantial stone bridge spanning the Meuse. A straggling line of houses, stretching away from St. Rémy, forms the main street of the village. First in the line and

separated from the church by a narrow lane is the inn, the *Hôtel de l'Héroïne*. Were I unacquainted with rural French hostelries I should hesitate before spending the night in a place that, exteriorly at least, smacks so little of comfort. Having had excellent food and lodging in many a worse looking place, I give hostages to fortune and enter boldly.

Madame, elderly, neatly garbed and possessed of the poise which a recent writer assures us is the characteristic of Frenchmen, Turks and Japanese, but rarely of Americans, gives me welcome and says my room will be ready for me immediately after *diner*. I deposit my haversack on the broad window seat, where a sleek tabby cat purrs and nods, and prepare to explore Domrémy in the hour left to me before darkness sets in.

The age of the village church is more apparent than real. Here, too, there has been "restoration," though happily of finer order than at Coussy. The stained windows are good and the general scheme is one of beauty and harmony. In touching reminder of perils past, there is a notice by the door, dated in the fall of 1914, but looking as fresh as if it had been printed but last week, announcing a novena for the deliverance of the village and its inhabitants from the advancing German armies. The petitions were heard and the tide of invasion checked, although Domrémy lay too near the front for complete comfort.

Save for the time-stained font and the tablets set in the wall, identifying various parts of the church with portions of the original edifice, as, for example, the chapel where Jeanne prayed, the place at which she received Holy Communion, etc., there is little to bring her clearly before one. The same is true of her birthplace, the *Maison de Jeanne d'Arc*. It is really no more than a museum these days, presided over by an elderly dame, the floodgates of whose eloquence seem permanently loosed for the trifling sum of a franc.

I experience, to be sure, a feeling of awe as I reflect that I am standing within the walls which saw the birth of the Maid; that before the ample fireplace, on many a winter night, she crouched with her brothers and sisters listening to the thrilling tales told by grizzled veterans of the wars; that across the threshold of yonder doorway she fared forth into a world that was to treat her with studied cruelty. But these

are, for the most part, cogitations of a later hour. I am given slight opportunity to indulge them now, for the crone is at my elbow. I am glad to make my escape to the deserted bench before the inn, where I am free to enjoy the homely sights and sounds of the day's closing.

Presently the Angelus rings. Its last notes have scarcely died away before the cattle begin to come in: a long procession of mild-eyed kine, with bells jangling and breath rising odorously in the keen air. They are driven by ruddy-cheeked, strong-limbed girls, who chatter to one another and look curiously at me as they pass. I am hungry when Madame calls, and do ample justice to the steaming supper that is served me where I sit in solitary state in the rear of the inn. No, I am not quite alone, for the tabby cat comes in and climbs upon my lap.

At seven the bell in the tower rings again and I remember that the white-capped Sister, who was sweeping out the church this afternoon, told me there would be Benediction tonight, for it is October, the month of the Rosary.

The congregation has assembled when I slip into a chair near the door. Most of the church lies in shadow, for there are no electric lights in St. Rémy—only candles placed in sconces upon the vaulted walls. Dimly outlined forms of kneeling worshippers melt into the dusky background, and up in front tapers glow, starlike, on the marble altar.

The priest comes out with his acolytes, two half-grown slips of lads. They wear surplices but no cassocks beneath, and their bare, brown legs contrast oddly with the expanse of snowy lawn above them. Scattered about the church are a number of women and children and a few old men. There is no choir. The congregation signs the hymns, nasally but with right good will.

After Benediction M. le Curé comes down among his people and speaks to them, briefly and intimately, of the Rosary and its Mysteries and of the Virgin Mother whose sweet, grave face looks down from the altar-piece of the Lady Chapel close by.

He is a stockily built man, the Curé, with a firm jaw and iron gray hair brushed stiffly back from a broad forehead. I am inclined to think I should get the worst of it if I were to meet him in a contest of either brains or brawn. Yet I am

sure that underneath the strength lies tenderness. Even the most careless and the most casual must be impressed by these French priests—with their fidelity to ideals and their devotion to a cause. The sacrifices made by scores, nay hundreds, of obscure Curés go to make up a chronicle that the angels can but love to read and, in the reading, smile. Le Querdec caught something of it, and passed it on to us in his *Letters of a Country Vicar*, but, human as that is, it yet falls short of reality.

Upon my return to the *Hôtel de l'Héroïne*, Madame lights me to my room. I fling wide the shutters and look out over the village, bathed in the light of a harvest moon. Except for the occasional stirring of some night bird in wood or meadow all is wrapped in silence. A veil of filmy mist rests upon the Meuse, and beyond it the highway stretches, ribbon-like, down the avenue of trees.

In the corner of my chamber the curtained bed invites to rest. All my life I have wished to sleep in a canopied bed. I blow out my candle, perform successfully the feat of mounting the heavy frame, and slip contentedly between fragrant sheets. My dreams are of marching soldiers; of loud alarms; of armor-clad, clanging hosts, led by a slender, erect form on a coal black charger, urged forward by thunderings and Visions and Voices from on high.

Long before daybreak the market carts are creaking past my window. These, mingled with familiar barnyard sounds—the rattle of milk pails, crowing of roosters and clucking of hens—serve as accompaniments to a confused wakening from slumber. By the time I finish dressing dawn has broken over Domrémy, leaden and threatening rain. The little church is quite dark, except for the flickering altar tapers, as I hear Mass for the last time in France.

During breakfast Madame grows communicative. She has spied the plain gold band upon the third finger of my left hand, and naïve curiosity struggles quite obviously with native politeness. Curiosity ultimately triumphs and Madame wishes to know if I am married, and if so how many "*petits garçons*" are mine. Her kindly face registers disappointment, not to say disapproval, when I assure her that the ring is a family heirloom and in no way connotes matrimony. Moreover, her manner indicates quite plainly a suspicion of strangers over

thirty-five who travel about with counterfeit credentials of respectability.

Nine o'clock strikes. I shoulder my haversack, wish Madame "*Bon jour*," and cross the stone bridge that spans the Meuse.

I turn for a last look at the roofs of Domrémy where it nestles in the peaceful valley. Possibly, quite probably, I shall never again see it in this life. I think of the Blessed Maid who thus said farewell to it five hundred years ago. Never more should she see the smoke from its happy firesides rise upward to the sky. Never more would the church bell call to her, or the branches of the Fairy Tree on Bourlemont wave in friendly greeting. My eyes fill with tears and I face about and take up my journey to Neufchâteau. Like Jeanne d'Arc, I go forth into a world of conflict.

JESUS.

BY EDWARD ROBERTS MOORE.

THE spring is here,
Yet bloomed for me nor rose nor eglantine,
Wert Thou not near.

The skies are fair,
Yet in my soul the sun could never shine,
Wert Thou not there.

Aye, though the thrush and skylark joyous sing,
And back the great blood-breasted robins wing,
And Maytime breezes Maytime fragrance bring,
Winter shall ever shroud the heart
From Thee apart.

THE BENEDICTINE LIFE.

BY W. E. CAMPBELL.



SOME people may be tempted to turn aside from Abbot Butler's important volume on *Benedictine Monachism*,¹ believing it to be a monument of extensive and peculiar learning. It is learned, but in a simple and straightforward way; it is extensive, for it covers, or rather uncovers, the monastic foundations of Western Christendom during fourteen hundred years; but it is not peculiar; it is Benedictine, and therefore it discriminates against everything that is unreal, unhealthy or unsound in the spiritual life. In truth, it is an honest historical record of the Benedictine attempt to realize amid earthly conditions that Christian ideal set forth by Our Lord Himself.

St. Benedict was born at Nursia not far from Spoleto in the province of Umbria about the year 480 and died about 544. Coming of a well-to-do country family, he was sent to complete his education in Rome. But the licentiousness of the place, and perhaps of the students among whom he lived, led him to leave it secretly, "despising," as St. Gregory tells us, "the pursuit of letters, abandoning his father's home and property, and desiring to please God alone." He then betook himself to the lonely district of Subiaco; and finding a cave in which he could dwell, gave himself up to the eremitical life.

Like many young men both before him and after, in the first fervor of his turning to God, he took the line of extreme isolation and austerity. And there was much in the nature of the times to give him countenance in so doing. Italy (and most of Romanized Europe) was in a state of "disorganization and confusion almost without parallel in history." It was over-run by barbarian invaders, corrupted by the viciousness of a dying paganism, and given up for the most part to the Arian heresy. Finally, there was the example of countless spiritual men who had betaken themselves to the strictest monasticism as a refuge from moral disaster. The most

¹*Benedictine Monachism*. By the Right Rev. Cuthbert Butler, Abbot of Downside Abbey. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$6.50 net.

prominent of these was the great St. Antony,² and also, living in the Nitrian deserts of Egypt, there were thousands of monks, gathered from all parts, who, while they could not equal St. Antony in his solitude, went far beyond him in their astonishing feats of individual asceticism.

For three years, then, Benedict lived his life of severity and solitude in the cave of Subiaco. But at the end of that time the fame and attractiveness of his personality led many people to put themselves under his spiritual guidance. Here he continued until certain troubles brought on by the jealousy of a local priest induced him to leave the district, and go with a chosen band of monks to Monte Cassino.

He reached Monte Cassino in 525, being then about forty-five years of age. Here he lived for the remaining twenty years of his life; and here he wrote his famous Rule.

When we remember the youthful Benedict of twenty or so dwelling (like the Forerunner of Our Lord) alone with rigorous severity in his cave at Subiaco, and compare him with the St. Benedict of about fifty who wrote the Rule, we become aware that his idea of what was essential to a true monasticism has undergone considerable change in that lengthy interval of thirty years. And yet (as Dom Butler shows us so clearly) this change of mind on the part of St. Benedict was the gradual outcome of his own growth in spiritual wisdom, in knowledge of monastic history and in experience of human nature.

Furthermore, as the Rule is the final and authoritative expression of St. Benedict's mind on the whole matter of monasticism, it must be taken as the form of all subsequent Benedictine development. It will be well therefore to notice its main characteristics.

That the Rule would reflect St. Benedict's own mature character is a thing to be expected, and that it does so we know from St. Gregory. A comparison of the two records, the one given us by the Rule, which is mainly a record of ideas, and the other given us by St. Gregory, which is a record of biographical facts, leads to the conclusion that in the long period of years which passed between early youth and later manhood, the spirit of Christ Himself gradually took possession of St. Benedict's soul and in the end possessed it to the uttermost: it enlightened his mind, enlarged his heart and gave to his

character a full endowment of Christian graces—a holy fear, a deep humility, high courage, wide tolerance, unending patience and great magnanimity; a very human tenderness, a quiet gravity, a sound moderation and, crowning all, an imperturbable faith. “His Rule,” writes Abbot Butler, “begins with Christ and ends on Him. . . This is the sum of St. Benedict’s teaching on the Spiritual Life.”³

An important thing to be noticed about the Rule is that it is a rule—it prescribes a way of Christian living which may be freely chosen or freely refused, but if chosen must be obeyed, “that through this labor of obedience the soul may return to God.” Men leave God by the easy way of disobedience; they can only return to Him by the difficult way of obedience. And the nature of this obedience is a simple following of the Rule as interpreted by the Abbot “as if the command came from God.” It will be “an obedience acceptable to God and sweet to man if what is commanded be done not hastily nor half-heartedly, but with zest; not with a murmur nor with a grudging assent;” an obedience that should be interior as well as exterior, for “if the disciple murmur not merely with the mouth, but even in his heart, although he fulfill the command, it will not be acceptable to God:” and an obedience even to impossible commands; for “if they are enjoined the monk shall receive them quietly; and if he sees that they altogether exceed his powers he may patiently and opportunely explain the reason of his inability, but without resisting or contradicting. If after this the superior persists in the command, the subject is to do his best to try to carry it out, trusting to God’s help, and he is to know that so it is best for him.”

And lastly, St. Benedict describes the relations of the monks to each other as “a path of obedience by which they will go to God.” Such an obedience as this persevered in until it becomes almost a second nature, “provides the principal ascetical element in the Benedictine life.” For so practised it is the “outward expression of true humbleness of heart and the renunciation of self-will.”

This leads us to the consideration of *stability*, the central determining quality of the Benedictine life as laid down in the Rule. To choose a life-work wholly worth while, and to go on with it in the same place, in the same way, with the

³ *Benedictine Monachism*, p. 57.

same people, until death brings it to completion, is a difficult thing to do. And when it is done (as it has been done by innumerable men and women throughout the Benedictine centuries) without any noise or ostentation, with dignity, with gentleness and gayety, with sweetness, serenity and strength, who shall estimate its spiritual value or its social fruitfulness upon the earth?

St. Benedict was a man with a big mind and a big heart—his mind being as full of sound common sense as his heart was full of human tenderness. He wished his monastic houses to be real homes, where the abbot was a father in his calm and equable rule, where the monks were real sons in their generous obedience to their abbot, and real brothers in their unselfish relations with each other. As St. Benedict conceived it, homeliness was to be the native air of every Benedictine house; there was to be no admixture of stuffy professionalism, nothing sanctimonious or merely official.

But while ordinarily homeliness is the product of paternal goodness and of family obedience rooted in family stability, Benedictine homeliness is something more. Its real home is in heaven. *Nostra conversatio est in cælis*, our conversation is in heaven, is a Pauline phrase which gives us the Benedictine idea of private prayer and public worship. There is another phrase used in the same Epistle which conveys the active, practical, social side of the Benedictine life: *Digne Evangelio Christi conversamini*—let your conversation (your everyday behavior) be worthy of the Gospel of Christ. And these two ideas are unified by the Benedictine vow that still remains to be noticed—*Conversatio morum*, the solemn promise of true Christian behavior both towards God and man. And it is of more than scholarly interest that the word *conversatio* has been shown by Abbot Butler to have been the original one used by St. Benedict when he drew up the Rule—*Conversatio morum* and not *conversio morum*, as the later variant has it.

Benedictine behavior, then, is inspired from above by the Father of all men, and just in so far as this is so, does its homeliness descend like gentle dew upon the earth. And perhaps this same word *homeliness* gives a clue to the mind of St. Benedict upon most Benedictine matters.

When does a home cease to become a home and become something else? Such a question may very well have oc-

curred to St. Benedict as he was thinking out his Rule. And the answer to it may be read even now in the pages of the Rule itself. As far as can be judged from Abbot Butler's book, it was St. Benedict's wish that his monasteries should always be homes and never become anything else however grand, glorious or efficient. Homes cannot pass a certain point in size, numbers, wealth, extent and jurisdiction without becoming institutions. But is not an institution a thing from which the true family spirit has departed? By wishing that every one of his houses should be a home, St. Benedict evidently thought to avoid the extremes of individualism on the one hand, and of institutionalism on the other. His abbot was to be a spiritual father keeping home for a spiritual family; but no abbot, however good, can keep home for a multitude, much less a scattered multitude. He may, however, do something different and something very good of its kind. As Abbot Butler remarks, the feudal abbot was really great; but he was not and could not be St. Benedict's abbot.

And now we come to St. Benedict's idea of asceticism. An ascetic has been defined (by Dr. Johnson) as one wholly employed in exercises of devotion and mortification. It is remarkable, therefore, that the words *mortificare* and *mortificatio* are not to be found in the Rule at all. St. Benedict knew what extreme asceticism was from his own three years' experience of it in the cave at Subiaco; but having experienced it, he did not recommend it in later life either by precept or example. His asceticism differed a good deal from that of many of his monastic predecessors; it neglected much that they thought important; but for all that it was thoroughgoing to the point of austerity—it was of the inward rather than of the outward man, and it was concerned primarily with the growth, order, unity and simplification of the personal powers of the soul; this indeed was a difficult and lifelong task, but its gradual achievement enabled the soul to rest in its proper Object (which was God), and at the same time to keep the body in reasonable subjection. St. Benedict once met a hermit who had chained himself to a rock and spoke to him as follows: "If thou be God's servant," he said, "let the chain of Christ and not any other chain hold thee."

Personal devotion to Our Lord was, in fact, the motive power of all his life. He had also the habit of seeing him by

faith in everyone he came across. And this habit he impressed upon his monks; for he knew it to be a means of true recollection amid worldly intercourse, and the secret of the most delicate and genuine courtesy possible between man and man.

The Benedictine life may be described as one of devoted work for God and for the likeness of God in man. And St. Benedict lays great stress upon work. Idleness is the enemy of the soul and only work—hard, quiet, persistent work—will put that enemy to flight. Work is the way to every kind of achievement and the safeguard of whatsoever has been achieved. A stranger came one day and asked to be admitted to the monastery. St. Benedict gave him a bill-hook and told him to clear away some briars as a first step towards making a garden. "*Ecce labora!*" he said, "Go and work!"

Three principal traditions of work were established by St. Benedict and laid down in the Rule—the tradition of bodily labor, the tradition of learning and education, and the tradition of prayer.

The idea was common in St. Benedict's time that bodily labor was degrading to an honorable man. It was the sort of thing that only slaves should do. Unfortunately, the idea is still common but it is utterly unchristian for all that. According to St. Benedict's scheme of the monastic life, bodily labor took up more time daily than either study or church services, and was done either in the fields or garden or about the house. But the amount of time spent upon it varied very much according to circumstances as St. Benedict evidently foresaw that it would; for he writes in the Rule that "if the needs of the place, or the poverty of the monks, oblige them, they should themselves labor at gathering in the crops and not be saddened thereat; because they are truly monks when they live by the labor of their hands as did our fathers and the Apostles."

It was by this "labor of the hands," as well as by that of the mind and spirit, that the Benedictines renewed the arts of industry and peace in those parts of Europe which for the time had been given over to barbarism. And then they set out in the same quiet and practical way to convert a northernmost Europe that as yet had hardly been Christianized at all. In England, Germany, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Bo-

hemia and even in Slavdom "by the mere fact of settling among a people and exhibiting to them the excellence and beauty of the Christian life, the Benedictines won them insensibly to adopt the Christian creed." And Augustine, Wilfrid, Willibrod, Wulfram, Boniface, Ansgar, Sigfrid, Boso, Vicelin and Adalbert were the monks who led this splendid apostolate. A summary of what it effected in Saxon England may give some idea of its effectiveness in other countries.

When the Benedictines came to England they found an Anglo-Saxon race, which, during the hundred and fifty years of its occupation, had made no progress whatever. The monks taught the English a life of coöperation and free labor, a life of obedience, order, regularity and economy, a life which was nothing else than an unconscious imitation of Benedictinism itself: how to farm and drain the land, how to regulate their domestic and political affairs, how to practise punctuality and dispatch. They impressed upon our rough and hardy ancestors a gentler manner and breeding, new duties of respect to themselves and others. They taught them the meaning of justice and charity. The discipline of life as set forth by the monks "reached from the highest to the lowliest duties of man, as if all were bound together in one indestructible union. It allowed no fervor of devotion to be pleaded as an excuse for neglect, or waste, or untidiness; no urgency of labor as a set-off for want of punctuality; no genius or skill or rank as an exemption from the tribute of respect, consideration and kindness due to others. The broken fragments of their frugal meal were as carefully gathered up to be given to the poor, their clothes washed, mended, and put away, their kitchen utensils and linen, their spades and implements of husbandry kept in as trim order and ready for use, as if their spiritual advancement depended upon these things (as in fact it did). . . . These societies of well-bred and educated men took their turn at the trowel or the dungcart, and were deft and skillful in the kitchen, the brew-house, and the bake-house, in the workshop and in the field, as they were in illuminating manuscripts, in choral music, in staining a glass window or erecting a campanile. Talk, indeed, of an aristocracy of labor! Why the very notion of such a thing was inconceivable to the old world, as it would have been to us, but for the disciples of St. Benedict."⁴

⁴ *Giraldi Cambrensis Opera*, vol. iv., edited by J. S. Brewer, M.A., pp. 323-25.

It is not surprising that another non-Catholic historian should assert that "the chief claim of the monks to our gratitude lies in this, that they helped to diffuse a better appreciation of the duty and dignity of labor."⁵ But it is surprising that while so many of our learned or leisured people belaud the duty and dignity of labor, so few of them can make with their own hands any single thing of beauty or usefulness. At any rate they might go so far as to insist that their children should be taught some manual skill either at home, at school, or at the universities. Our schoolmasters (a timid race) might then be encouraged to go back to St. Benedict's sound notions on the importance of bodily labor, and take some practical steps to carry them out—and all this without any detriment to games which should always have a place (but hardly the first place) in the order of educational importance. If this were done there would be a great renewal of social sympathies, a great bridging over of social chasms.

In matters of learning and education the value of Benedictine work is admitted. In St. Benedict's rule a certain time daily was prescribed for reading of a kind that was almost entirely devotional. It was limited to the Scriptures, to the writings of the Fathers in general and those of St. Basil and Cassian in particular. Out of this arose, as time went on and circumstances gave occasion, other educational and learned undertakings, upon which Abbot Butler has an interesting chapter, until at last we come to that specialized, historical and textual scholarship which owes its spacious foundations to the corporate labors of the Benedictines of St. Maur.

The Venerable Bede (673-735) stands out as the first Benedictine historian and critical scholar, "who always took delight in learning, teaching and writing amid the observance of regular discipline and the daily care of singing in the Church."

St. Dunstan (924-988), who was educated by the monks of Glastonbury, becoming their abbot and finally Archbishop of Canterbury, was a less specialized scholar than St. Bede. He is representative of a splendid Benedictine type that still endures. Full indeed of the book learning of his time, he was also skilled in "handicrafts, masonry, carpentry, smith-work, metal-casting, could draw, paint and design beautifully, was

⁵ *An Essay on Western Civilization*, by W. Cunningham, D.D., vol. II., p. 35.

an excellent musician, playing, singing and composing well, and being especially fond of the old English songs and lays, which (St. Aldhelm and) King Alfred had delighted in." He also guided the policy of King Edgar, who was called the Peaceable and was the first acknowledged ruler of a united England.

Aldhelm, Benedict Biscop, Lanfranc and Anselm are other Benedictine names that savor of the same sound but inspired learning, combined with the same radiant social beneficence.

In a short space it is impossible to convey the fact and effect of the Benedictine life as lived throughout Western Europe between 650 and 1100—a period which Abbot Butler has called *par excellence* the Benedictine centuries. Throughout its duration the Benedictines undoubtedly and substantially fulfilled the intentions of their Founder. They glorified God by public worship and private contemplation; they cherished His likeness among men by an example that was wholesome, practical and inspired; they rescued and multiplied the treasures of ancient and patristic learning and by a craftsmanship, magnificent in scope and beautiful in detail and color, they touched with divine perfection whatever their hands found to do.

Work without inspiration is valueless, for it destroys true manhood. To work like a slave is to become a slave, whereas toil of body or brain, hard though it may be, grows sweet and dignified in the light of some noble end. Idle dreams are useless, but so are deeds without inspiration. Benedictine inspiration is from above—*donum perfectum desursum est, descendens a Patre luminum*. And it comes through prayer. Prayer is the principal work of the Benedictine life. The Church has always insisted that prayer is work; that it is a necessary activity of the soul, and that therefore it should be a deliberate and regular activity. Consequently, it needs guidance on the part of superiors, who are themselves men of prayer, and can discern the working of the Holy Spirit without disturbing it in any individual soul. It also needs serious self-discipline, of the honest interior sort, on the part of each individual monk. "We may not look," said Blessed Thomas More, "at our pleasure to go to heaven in feather beds. It is not the way." For every spiritual wayfarer there are places and times of genuine refreshment and relaxation; but these

are by the way; they are a necessary spiritual offset to other times of hardship and difficulty. In prayer as in every other serious occupation, men have to do honest work before a real foothold is gained, much less a livelihood of increasing excellence.

Prayer, like every other kind of effort, has its end; but, unlike any other kind of effort, its end is unique—it is the union of the soul with God. Prayer is a graduated thing of different degrees and stages, but in each of these the soul becomes more and more as God wishes it to be; it gives and loses and gets and gives itself again; it gives itself to God, it loses its own selfishness, it receives of God's goodness in return, and again gives this to others without any spiritual loss. And so, quietly, surely and persistently, now in one way and now in another, in darkness, in grayness or in light, in yearning or in hardship, in refreshment or in ease, the soul goes on to God, until God, Who is ever becoming more attractive to it, becomes in the end, the one and only Object of its life.

There are people who think that somehow or other the life of prayer must be a selfish life. But whatever it is, it can hardly be that. A man who does not pray has one tingling centre of personal reality and that is himself. He may speak about God and argue about God and even dream about God, but for all that he is more real and personal to himself than God is to him. With the man of prayer exactly the opposite is the case. He has two centres of personal reality, himself and God, and of the two God is the more real. God is more intimately real and personally present to the man of prayer than he is personally real and present to himself. If there is one true thing that can be said of men who make prayer their lifelong and determining activity, it is that they are unselfish. They are men becoming more and more emptied of selfishness and more and more filled with the goodness of God. They are ready, therefore, as none else are ready, to do good work for the world, and that they have done it in the past is evident from the Benedictine history.

Prayer, then, is a social as well as an individual activity, and so it has a public as well as a private way of expressing itself. At one time the monk takes part with all his brethren in the Community High Mass or in the recital of the Divine

Office; and at another he engages in private prayer or contemplation; but in each of these actions he is informed by one and the same spirit of prayer. This is brought out very clearly by Abbot Butler in three chapters entitled respectively, "St. Benedict's Teaching on Prayer," "Benedictine Mysticism," and "Benedictine Contemplative Life."

"It is sometimes asked," writes the Abbot, "which is the principal and best kind of prayer for Benedictines, the public prayer of the Liturgy, or private interior prayer? The answer is simple: each in its turn is best. Each kind of prayer answers to one of the two great instinctive tendencies of the human heart, the social and the individualistic. Man is a social animal, and it is a fact that he does many things best in company . . . and so in every religion recourse is had to social worship of God and common prayer, with their accompaniments of music and singing and ritual, as helps to the evoking of religious feeling and action. And the Catholic Church, true to that instinct which makes her take men as God made them, and which has been one of her principal sources of strength through the ages, appeals to men's souls through their senses and through the contagion of numbers, and so has made her public worship of God a solemn and stately social act of her children; like the glimpse vouchsafed in the Apocalypse of the worship of God by the saints in heaven where it is represented under the symbol of a grand act of solemn liturgical social worship.

"But there is that other instinctive way in the worship of God, expressed by Our Lord when He said: 'Thou when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father, Who is in secret.' This is that instinct that makes us seek God in our hearts and in our souls; introversion it is called, for the kingdom of God is within us. This is the solitary communing of the soul with God, spirit with Spirit, in interior prayer.

"Both these kinds of prayer are Scriptural: the Gospels show us Jesus Christ exercising both. Both are set before us by St. Benedict by word and example. And Benedictine monks, like others, must do their best to travel along both these great roadways of the soul to God. Nor is there any antagonism between them: they will mutually help each other. The more we are penetrated with the spirit of the

Liturgy, the better able shall we be to reach the heights of interior prayer; and the more sedulously we cultivate mental prayer the more spiritual and contemplative will our recitation of the (Divine) Office become.

"For it must be remembered that contemplation is not attached to interior mental prayer only; its heights may be attained also, and often are, in vocal prayer, whether the Office or some other."⁶

But Benedictines are counseled by the Abbot ever to bear in mind St. Benedict's words: "Let nothing be placed before the work of God," the *Opus Dei* by which St. Benedict always means the Divine Office.

Monks who recite the Office with becoming devotion will experience the truth expressed by Dame Gertrude More, an English Benedictine nun and mystic: "The Divine Office is such a heavenly thing that in it we find whatsoever we can desire: for sometimes in it we address ourselves to Thee for help and pardon for our sins, and sometimes Thou speakest to us, so that it pierceth and woundeth with desire of Thee the very bottom of our souls; and sometimes Thou teachest a soul to understand in it more of the knowledge of Thee and of herself than ever could have been by all the teaching in the world showed to a soul in five hundred years; for Thy words are works."⁷

An attempt has been made to summarize the general characteristics of the monastic life as Abbot Butler has given them to us, and as he believes St. Benedict himself to have conceived them. How the Founder's intentions were carried out through the ages, how they were developed, and how on occasion they deviated in their development, the reader may gather for himself by a perusal of the Abbot's book. The fact remains that after fourteen centuries the Benedictine life increases its quiet activity in a still unquiet world.

⁶ *Benedictine Monachism*, pp. 69, 70.

⁷ *The Inner Life and Writings of Dame Gertrude More*. Revised and edited by Dom Weld-Blundell. Vol. I., p. 58.

THE NATIONAL RELIGION OF JAPAN.

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II.

RELIGIOUS DUTIES OF THE MIKADO.



Each successive Mikado is but a link in the "divine" family line, he is not only the living god of Japan, but also the supreme pontiff in the cult of his divine ancestors, so that the performance of religious ceremonies takes up a good deal of his time. From early ages the celebration of rites in honor of the gods was considered to be the chief function of the Mikados, and it is more than ever so now.

There are three sanctuaries or shrines in the precincts of the imperial palace: one, dedicated to the spirits of defunct Emperors from Jimmu downward; the second, to the divine ancestress, the sun-goddess and other deities of her family, while the third contains a facsimile of the regalia of Japan, and its name may be translated, "Awe-Inspiring Place."

These regalia consist of three sacred emblems: the copper mirror, the steel sword and the precious stones, symbolizing respectively knowledge, courage and mercy. The original mirror, said to be kept in the famous temple of the sun-goddess at Ise, and which perhaps for centuries no living person has ever seen, is the palladium of Japan, the most sacred and precious thing in the whole Empire. Shintoists of today tell us that the sun-goddess is embodied or rather "transubstantiated" in it; therefore it is more than a symbol. Almost the same dignity is accorded to the replica preserved in the palace of Tokyo. The original sword has found its abode at the temple of Atsuta, near the large city of Nagoya. The three crescent-shaped jewels, one red, one white, and one blue, remain near the Emperor in the palace shrine.

These regalia, having been bestowed by the sun-goddess on her grandson when she sent him down from heaven to rule Japan, were thenceforth transmitted from generation to gener-

ation of the Mikados. Without them the Empire would hardly be conceivable to the Japanese people, for the whole tradition of the imperial people is bound up in them; their possession bestows sovereignty by divine right, and the instinct of the people is to acknowledge no man as Emperor unless he possess the regal symbols. Hence their supreme importance.

Shortly after the restoration of 1868 a new set of thirteen festivals celebrating imperial official events was established; these are national holidays, compulsory for all public offices, schools, banks, etc. But the religious calendar of the palace is still more burdened with anniversaries, purifying ceremonies and so on. The rites are mostly performed in the sanctuary of imperial ancestors, with offerings of rice, food and rice-beer, prayers and sacred music. A board of ritualists and special musicians are in charge of the ceremonies under the direction of a court noble as Grand Master of Rites, but the Emperor presides in person and reads a prayer. The morning ceremony is often repeated at four P. M., sometimes with a sacred dance, and in the interval those high officials and exalted personages who did not attend the rites, are "admitted" to worship before the shrine. On these occasions the Emperor and ritualists are robed in the ceremonial garb of the eleventh century, while the music—flutes and fifes, and sometimes a small drum—is the legacy of an epoch anterior to the ninth century.

Still more peculiar are the ceremonies of the last day of the year, a grand purification lasting for five or six hours, those of January 1st, beginning at half past five in the morning, and of the harvest festival, November 23d, repeated twice over the same night from 6 to 8 P. M., and from 1 to 3 A. M.; after the Emperor has again offered to his divine ancestors the newly-harvested rice and some rice-beer sent to the court from every prefecture, he himself partakes of the new rice of the year.

This latter rite, by the way, is an essential part of what we improperly call the coronation of a Mikado (as the Mikado has no crown at all), and must therefore always take place in November. At the so-called coronation the Emperor formally takes possession of the three regalia in announcing his accession to his divine ancestors; he then proclaims his accession to his faithful subjects, represented by a plenary meeting of all princes, nobles, higher officials and members of the Diet, and, finally, after one day of silent preparation and purification

during which the whole Empire must also observe silence, he passes the night in a specially built rustic shrine, attended by only one young female, in the mysterious company of his ancestors, offering to them rice and various viands and partaking himself of the banquet.

Obviously the characteristic of this cult is that it considers the divine and imperial ancestors as beings who still form the actual family of the Mikado and are really living in our midst, so that the duties of filial piety must never be neglected. A large staff of chamberlains and ritualists, to say nothing of princes of the blood, are constantly going and coming from the capitol to various Shinto temples and tombs of former sovereigns either to report important events to the gods and imperial ancestors or to represent the Mikado at ritual ceremonies. For all these religious performances are duplicated, one being held in the palace shrines and the other at the particular temple or grave of the ancestor concerned. The Mikado sends special envoys to apprise the sun-goddess and his nearer ancestors of family events, and events of national importance. On more solemn occasions he visits the grand shrine of the sun-goddess, and once a year worships before the grave of his father near Kyoto. These pious duties constitute the most important occupation of the Mikado.

Apart from the cultural or liturgical life of the Mikado there is little to say of this Emperor, who reigns and yet does not rule, leaving the real political power in the hands of a small clannish oligarchy. As becomes a superhuman monarch, he leads a very secluded life, restrained by the sternest protocol. The pitiless clique of stubborn officials of his household keep the four young imperial children dwelling apart from their parents in distant palaces, and hold their august master more confined, more enslaved than any of his subjects could possibly be. They make their living god pay dear for his divinity.

Out of respect for the sacred person of the Mikado his subjects *never* use his personal name either in speech or in print. Whereas "Mikado" (Sublime Porte) is a very old word, now utterly fallen into disuse in Japan, the ordinary term is *Tenno* (Celestial Emperor), and sometimes in print *Seijo* (All-Wise or Supreme Wisdom). Even the language used by the papers in announcing or recording the Emperor's actions and

journeys is strictly proper to His Majesty, and could not be used with reference to the actions of his subjects.

One rarely passes the main gate leading to the imperial palace, without seeing numbers of people approach the entrance of the "Double Bridge" with bared heads, bow profoundly in the direction of the palace, and then reverently withdraw. The palace buildings are not visible, and its precincts are separated from the esplanade by a wide moat and an embankment forty feet high. As His Majesty is unapproachable, his devout subjects have no other means of paying him obeisance, and so they display their devotion from afar, even though the Emperor be absent from the palace.

The citizens of the capital gaze reverently on his carriage when he drives through the streets to attend some official function. But, as it is considered wholly unbecoming and is rigidly forbidden to gaze on the Emperor from above, every upper window must be closed up and curtains drawn when the imperial retinue passes; boys cannot climb trees, fences, wagons, lamp-posts or near-by slopes; the street cars are stopped in side streets at a distance of two or three hundred yards, with all blinds lowered. The same rules hold good when the Mikado travels by rail, so that, if he raises his eyes, no matter when or where, he never sees anybody above himself. Cheers and applause are never indulged in: "stand silent and bare-headed" is the order.

For about twenty years after the restoration of 1868 it was almost forbidden to private persons to have in their possession the picture of the Emperor—it is still forbidden to snap a photo of His Majesty—but when it was decided to promote the imperial cult by every available means, the Shintoists decided the worship of the imperial picture would help enormously to this end. Since then the Emperor's photograph has been hung up in every school of the land, in barracks, on board warships, in all state and municipal administrative offices. On national holidays school children and students, army and navy men, must reverently bow down—worship, as they say—before this picture. In case of fire, the first and foremost care of reputable people is to snatch away from the blaze such a precious treasure even at the peril of their life: to neglect so sacred a duty is to be dishonored forever.

To understand why the Japanese have so readily accepted

the imperial cult, you must know the mental attitude of the race towards religion. The Japanese is religious, but he does not take religion seriously. It is for him a thing of secondary importance, optional, indifferent, and which he considers mostly from a utilitarian viewpoint. This is due to his intellectual training and to the lack of well defined principles of logic. For instance, neither Buddhism nor Confucianism has impressed upon the Japanese a clear distinction between matter and spirit; that notion, so familiar to us, is not clear in their mind, hence they attach little importance to it. Again, while certain Buddhist sects have taught the moral sanctions of a future life in which reward and punishment will be meted out according to strict justice, this doctrine has not penetrated the conscience of the Japanese to the extent of affecting seriously his moral conduct. Furthermore, its influence has been practically annihilated by other factors.

The first Regent of the family of Tokugawa, in 1600, without giving up Buddhism, which remained the national religion, thought it necessary, for political ends, to give a new impetus to Confucianism. With the rigor of an autocrat he imposed its doctrines, not on the mass of people incapable of grasping them, but on the military and educated class, which monopolized the intellectual and official life of Japan. Now to the orthodox Confucianist, what we call religion is mere superstition. For him there exists neither God nor future life, consequently all relations with a spiritual world, all notions of a supernatural life, all religious dogmas, are devices to impose upon the ignorant, tame the multitude, and console the unfortunate. Since all religions are regarded as radically false and imaginary, it follows that morality can have no connection with the religious idea, and could not but be weakened by being based on it. Morality is a matter of education, and is part of the political sciences. As far as the individual is concerned, his duty is to obey whether or not he understands the laws made for him: morality is defined by legality.

Such, for two centuries and a half, was the attitude of the leading class of Japan towards religion—and such it is today. But, by a singular inconsistency, while professing Confucianists despised Buddhism and considered it their duty to ridicule its practices and attack its doctrines, the official world and scholars continued to profess Buddhism at least externally.

The third Regent, Tokugawa, in 1624 built at Edo (Tokyo) the magnificent Buddhist temple of Ueno, which is now destroyed; the tombs of the Regents, feudal lords, Samurai, were intrusted to the care of bonzes, and the spirits of those illustrious personages were honored according to the Buddhist cult.

This example of inconsistency, given to the people by the leading classes for two hundred and fifty years, naturally increased their indifference to the religious question. The people remained strongly attached to their superstitions, to certain traditional celebrations and especially to their worship of the dead. Nothing would induce them to relinquish those pilgrimages to the tombs of the departed, which, for the most part, are only pleasure trips. These were quite sufficient to satisfy their religious instinct, and from the moral point of view, makes them neither better nor worse, since for them morality does not rest on religion but on filial piety and legality.

This state of mind explains how the Japanese nation, far from opposing the official introduction of the imperial worship, could not but welcome it. They were not handicapped by any previous religious conviction. On the contrary, the tradition of the divine nature of the Emperor, always tacitly admitted but little invoked, offered a natural basis for the new religion. Furthermore, the history of Japan shows that its people have always been coerced into passive submission to the civil power. They are the slaves of unrelenting customs and restrictions, so the administrative pressure in behalf of the worship of the Mikados met with no opposition.

As a matter of fact the spread of the new ideas has been easy. A large class derives power from their diffusion, and it is the business of no one in particular to oppose them. These ideas shock, disturb or hinder nobody, they clash with nothing dear to the people. Moreover, in the East the disinterested love of truth for its own sake is rare; the patience to unearth it, rarer still. Last, but not least, national pride works in the interests of credulity, for Japanese national pride has every reason to feel gratified with the doctrines enforced from above.

Owing to the "facts" that the Japanese land was begotten by the two gods, Izanagi and Izanamu; was the birthplace of the sun-goddess, and is ruled by her sublime descendants for

ever and ever as long as the universe shall endure, Japan is infinitely superior to other countries, whose chief and head it is. The descendants of the gods accompanied the grandson of the sun-goddess when he went from heaven to rule the country, and also the offspring of the successive Mikados, and have gradually increased and multiplied, and become the Japanese people. From the fact of the divine descent of the Japanese people proceeds their immeasurable superiority in courage and intelligence to the natives of other countries. Therefore, between the Japanese nation and other peoples of the world there is a difference of kind rather than of degree. No other nation is entitled to equality with her, and all are bound to do homage to the Japanese sovereign.

The absence of a Shinto moral code is accounted for by the innate perfection of the Japanese race, which obviates the necessity for such outward props. Every Japanese, being a descendant of the gods, is born with a naturally perfect and upright disposition, which, from the most ancient times, has been called *yamato-damashii*, and, being absolutely upright and straightforward, needs no moral teaching. While the mind of each Mikado is always in perfect harmony with that of his ancestress, the sun-goddess, so his ministers and people live up to the tradition of the divine age. In this way the age of the gods and the present age are not two, but one.

Foreign countries were of course produced by the power of the creating gods, but they were not begotten by Izanagi and Izanami, nor did they give birth to the sun-goddess, hence their inferiority. Further, as they are not the special domain of the sun-goddess, they have no permanent rulers, and evil spirits, having found in them a field of action, have corrupted mankind. In those countries any wicked man who could manage to seize on the power became a sovereign.

Such are the views of the "pure" Shintoists as described by Sir Ernest Satow in his *Revival of the Pure Shinto*. In this system the divinity and the mutual relations of the land, its creators and gods, its rulers and its people are so intermingled and inseparable that the Japanese believe themselves justified in asserting that everything pertaining to their origin, their nationality, their Emperor, their patriotism, their national spirit and soul, is absolutely unique and incomparable, and consequently foreigners are, and shall be forever, unable to

understand such sublime things. The Imperial Household Department, fountainhead and stronghold of revived Shinto, has ordered the pupils of all schools in the Empire to be indoctrinated with these views, so that every Japanese may be fully conscious from childhood of his superior nature.

Moreover, Japan has wonderfully prospered for the last fifty years, and her warriors have gained great victories. As Professor Chamberlain has rightly pointed out, the prestige thence accruing to Imperialism and to the rejuvenated Shinto cult was enormous. All military success was ascribed to the miraculous influence of the Emperor's virtues and to the virtues of his imperial and divine ancestors. Imperial envoys were regularly sent after each great victory to carry the good tidings to the sun-goddess at her great shrine at Ise. Not there alone, but at the other principal Shinto shrines throughout the land, the cannon captured from Chinese or Russian foes were officially installed with a view to identifying Imperialism, Shinto and national glory in the popular mind. Why should the shortsighted and insular Japanese not believe in a system that produces such excellent practical results, and is so powerful an instrument for the attainment of national aims?

Many Japanese Protestants are carried away by the irresistible tide. The Reverend Dr. Ebins (independent and undenominational), one of the leading lights of the Protestant sects in Japan, thus expounds his position: "Though the encouragement of ancestor-worship cannot be regarded as part of the essential teaching of Christianity, it (Christianity) is not opposed to the notion that, when the Japanese Empire was founded, its early rulers were in communication with the Great Spirit that rules the universe. Christians, according to this theory, without doing violence to their creed, may acknowledge that the Japanese nation has a divine origin. It is only when we realize that the Imperial Ancestors were in close communion with God (or the gods) that we understand how sacred is the country in which we live." Dr. Ebins ends by recommending the Imperial Rescript on Education as a text for Christian sermons.

How thoroughly the nation must be saturated by the doctrines in question for such amazing utterances to be possible!

In Japan there is a party of zealots always ready to fight

whoever is not bowed down before their national god and the incomparably perfect nature of the Japanese. While Christians may not utter a word or allude to these intangible questions, that party delights in launching against them the most disparaging and insulting attacks. From August to November, 1916, there appeared four numbers of a self-styled monthly review, the *Dai Kokumin* (Great Nation), treating solely of the "Extermination of Christianity." The cover of these four numbers show ignoble caricatures representing Christ in the shape of a dog with human head or of an ugly monster half-man, half-dog, and crushed beneath the colossal fist or heel of Japan. Some American papers, to which these caricatures were sent, deemed them too scandalous to be reprinted in the United States. The three hundred pages of text are entirely in keeping, in their infuriated and slanderous attacks on Christianity.

The promoters of this outrageous campaign were cowardly enough to remain anonymous, although the names of some would not be hard to guess. They are men of standing, else their publication could not have been printed at the *Kokumin's* (a great Tokyo daily owned and edited by a Peer, Mr. Tokutomi), published at the M. P.'s Club in the House of the Diet, and have contained articles or essays from many influential people. The four issues of the pseudo-review are numbered from 782 to 785, which figures would indicate a duration of sixty-five years for a monthly magazine, and this is nonsense in Japan. Indeed, no review with the title of *Dai Kokumin* was published before or after the four slanderous numbers: the *Dai Kokumin* was entered at the Post-Office as third-class matter on June 15, 1916, six weeks before the appearance of the first issue. This is a pretty good demonstration of that vaunted *yamato-damashii* or Japanese spirit, "without blemish and shortcomings, incapable of fault or sin, irreproachable and immaculate, unequaled all the world over."

It is neither possible nor advisable to translate here the attacks against particular Christian bodies in Japan, the silly blunders with regard to the social and religious conditions of the Western World, or the blasphemous and abusive language concerning Christ and His doctrine. We can give only a summary of the lucubrations of those infatuated minds.

"There could be no greater curse for Japan than the spread of Christianity, which, with its God and its Bible, excludes any other religion, overthrows the great law binding subjects to their sovereign, disobeys the Imperial Rescript on Education, diffuses dangerous opinions, hinders the liberty of thought, the study of art and the progress of civilization. Christianity is hurtful, wicked, fiendish, because it is essentially anti-national; its triumph would prove ruinous to the Japanese Commonwealth, to our national soul and ideals, to our peculiar spirit; in short, to our whole people. Whereas the peerless morality special to Japan rests primarily on the loyalty to the Emperor and on patriotism, Christianity does away with that noble foundation. In teaching that it is a crime to pray to the divine spirits of the imperial ancestors and to worship our Celestial Emperor, in putting one so-called Heavenly Father above our sovereign, in lowering the latter to the level of mortals born with sin and sinners, Christianity makes the Japanese who accept such doctrine disloyal, guilty of high treason, at war with their own country, rebellious people to be curbed by every means. Therefore, since Christianity cannot co-exist with our national organism, we want to drive it out of the land, so that it may not defile the divine religion of our Empire. Our gods, our ancestors, our imperial family, our nation form, so to speak, one soul, sublime, sacred and venerable. As Christianity is openly opposed to it and strives to wear it away, there can be no more urgent duty for us than to preserve our country from so harmful a religion and, in spite of the recognized liberty of worship, to resort to violence for preventing its diffusion, or else it will do away with the unity of thought on most essential and holy things and endanger the very existence of the Empire. Since we have divine ancestors who founded our country and lavished on it inestimable benefits, since the true religion of Japan is the worship of our Emperor, real and visible god, why should we adore foreign and barbarian gods or an imaginary Heavenly Father? If Christianity cannot adapt itself to the national organism and morality of Japan, then it is a poison and must be expelled outright."

These ideas are not the fancies of anonymous publicists or their obscure hirelings, but are endorsed and uttered by

many exalted personages who willingly contributed articles to the *Dai Kokumin*. Among them, Dr. S. Takata, then (1916) Minister of Education in the Okuma Cabinet, and for long years President of Waseda University; the presidents of the Tokyo Imperial University and of the private Universities, Keio and Chuo; a former president of the Kyoto Imperial University; a dozen of the most renowned university professors, one of whom, Dr. Y. Haga, was most kindly welcomed in America at the very time *Dai Kokumin* appeared in Japan; Lieutenant General G. Tanaka, Deputy-Chief of the Army General Staff; Rear Admiral T. Sato, President of the Naval Staff College; Dr. Yokota, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; K. Nishikulbo, then Chief of the Metropolitan Police; Baron T. Hirata, several times Minister of State, one of the heads of the reigning bureaucracy; Baron K. Takagi, Surgeon General of the Navy, retired, founder and director of a medical school and charity hospital in Tokyo; M. Kato, for many years Vice-President of the great shipping concern, *Nippon Yusen*; Dr. C. Egi, foremost jurist and barrister, and the chief editors of two Tokyo dailies.

In conclusion, I will repeat what is known to every missionary in Japan: as long as the Government continues to assert the divinity of the Emperor, and the official world apparently believes in it; as long as all classes of citizens have not full liberty to embrace the Christian religion and practise its tenets without hindrance, the Church will not make serious progress in the country.

The problem for Japan is how to get rid of the *divinity* of its ruler. Forty years ago it would have been easy; today, with all the *scaffolding* erected around that doctrine, it is a difficult task. It is to be feared that, in discarding the doctrine, the Japanese people might take occasion to overthrow the Emperor himself, and the remedy would be worse than the evil. The Japanese are not ripe for a republican form of government; they need to be ruled by a strong hand.

Let us hope that Divine Providence, which has means of solving human problems unknown to us, will bring about a happy solution to that mooted question. Then it will be seen that the obstacles to the conversion of the nation to Christianity are fewer in Japan than in several other pagan countries of the Far East.

IMAGINATION AND EMOTION IN LITERATURE.

BY F. P. DONNELLY, S.J.



ABOUT the beginning of the last century the terms, fancy and imagination, entered largely into all literary criticism, and for much the greater part of the nineteenth century writers were busy defining, illustrating and applying the ideas of fancy and imagination to literature and art. Wordsworth in his *Prefaces*, Coleridge in his *Biographia Literaria*, were the pioneers. Leigh Hunt followed with his book, *Imagination and Fancy*. Ruskin in his *Modern Painters* developed the ideas, analyzed the imagination and fancy into species and applied the terms to painting. He afterwards spoke slightly of this part of his work. Other critics, like Poe and Hutton, made use of the same terms. Philosophers followed in the wake of the critics and investigated the nature of fancy and imagination. But in more recent years there is less heard of these terms. What is the reason for this silence? Perhaps readers have been surfeited with fancy and imagination, or did not understand very well what the terms meant, or could not follow the multiple varieties which each new critic added. Perhaps they could not make out whether fancy and imagination were qualities in word or speech or faculties of the mind and, if the latter, whether they were distinct from each other and each divided into many species or simply two phases of the same faculty, and finally, whether that faculty was the immaterial mind or some material power.

The trouble all along with these terms has been their vagueness. Those who used them had no consistent philosophy or definite theory of thought, and could not speak of imagination and fancy without confusion. Coleridge brought in very early some of the terms of German idealistic philosophy, and further complicated things by tangling up the imagination with personality and consciousness. He calls, too, the imagination an "esemplastic" faculty, but one diligent reader can find no tangible meaning in that learned phrase unless it signifies the mind applying an adjective to a noun or assert-

ing a quality of a subject, in a word the intellectual process of attribution, "a good man," and of predication, "the man is good." Wordsworth and Hunt kept away from the philosophy of the subject, and by their illustrations led their readers to identify imagination and fancy not with any particular faculties. They kept strictly to the products of these faculties in language. Ruskin rejects the explanation of a Scotch metaphysician and refers everything to mystery. Poe has a clear, well-reasoned theory, easy at any rate to understand, if it does not explain the whole truth. He claims that imagination, fancy and humor are all products of one and the same faculty, the mind, which by attribution or predication, brings two or more ideas together. When the combination satisfies us as being true and natural, we have imagination; if the combination startles by its novelty, we have fancy; if the combined elements are incongruous, we have humor.

More recent literary criticism has made a fetish of emotion. Imagination had some meaning, but what meaning is attached to emotion by many critics it is very hard to determine. Imagination, too, was nearer to the truth because imagination is a faculty of knowing, and beauty, the object of literature, effects subjectively a pleasure in the cognitive faculty. Besides, the term, imagination, is not exposed to the excesses of the term, emotion. If imagination was a cloak for ignorance, what shall we say of emotion? A professor of theology used to warn his class that it was a good thing to know the precise point where reason ended and where mystery began. It was not good theology to cry mystery when the mind grew weary or was deficient in acumen. Neither is it good criticism to cry emotion when nobody knows just what is meant by emotion.

In a splendid book, the *Principles of Literary Criticism*, which is sane and sound despite its philosophy or lack of philosophy, Professor Winchester, the author, on every page speaks of literature in terms of emotion, and yet refuses to define emotion. "I have not thought it necessary," he states, "to enter into any investigation of the nature and genesis of emotion."¹ If the author wishes to make emotion the essential element in literature, he need not, of course, be able to comprehend fully what emotion is and how it is generated, but he

should have at least a definite objective meaning to the term, which would identify it for the mind when he uses the term.

Such a definite meaning would have saved him from inconsistency in saying that "emotions are motives, as their name implies; they induce the will; they decide the whole current of life,"² and then later³ rejecting from literature all self-regarding emotions. All action, it is well known, originates in good and every emotion appealing to the will is self-regarding. Again a definite meaning for emotion would have kept him from making one difference between imagination and fancy to be that imagination awakens emotion and fancy does not.⁴ If fancy does not awaken emotion, then fancy is ruled out of literature by the author's essential definition, and that would result in absurd consequences fatal to his theory.

Professor Winchester's good taste keeps him from the conclusions to which his theory, logically followed out, might lead. He has no sympathy with the school of literature or poetry which makes the spinal thrill the final test of poetic and literary excellence. A professor in one of our large universities subscribes to the theory of the spinal thrill.⁵ The extreme statement of the theory is found in the preface of *At A Venture*, a volume of poems issued by Blackwell, Oxford. "The wisest know that poetry is a human utterance, at once inevitable and unforced, and leave it at that. This much is certain: Reason has no part in it. There is no Muse of Logic. Feeling, which of its essence defies logical limitation, is the be-all and end-all of Poetry. Ultimately, perhaps, the spinal thrill is the surest working test." How far this statement is from Wordsworth's description of poetry as the "breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," and from Pater's, "All beauty is in the long run only fineness of truth or what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within!"

The earlier critics did not neglect emotions in their criticism of literature and of poetry, but Keble was probably the first who made the feelings and emotions so prominent a factor in poetry, which in his Oxford lectures he described as a relief of the emotions. It may have been due to these lectures that Newman added a note to his essay on Aristotle's poetics, making "the moving of the affections through the imagination"

² Page 48.³ Page 63.⁴ Page 127.⁵ *Bookman*, October, 1917, p. 133.

the function and aim of poetry. With Keble emotions were the efficient cause; with Newman the "affections," not a happy term, seem to be the final cause of poetry.

All this confusion about the emotions in poetry and fine art arises from a neglect or obscuring of the distinction between the appetitive emotions and the cognitive or æsthetic emotions. Balfour, in a lecture, "Criticism and Beauty," given at Oxford in 1909, after a depressing and skeptical rejection of all else connected with the idea of beauty, makes the following declaration: "What are the æsthetic emotions about which we have been occupied in these pages? They are the highest members of a great class whose common characteristic is that they do not lead to action. It is their peculiarity and their glory that they have nothing to do with business, with the adaptation of means to ends, with the bustle and dust of life. . . . They are self-sufficing, and neither point to any good beyond themselves, nor overflow except by accident into any practical activities."⁶ "Here then we have two great divisions of feeling—the one self-sufficing, contemplative, not looking beyond its boundaries, nor essentially prompting to action; the other lying at the root of conduct, always having some external reference, supplying the immediate motive for all the actions of mankind. Of highest value in the contemplative division is the feeling of beauty; of highest value in the active division is the feeling of love."⁷

Balfour states here at length what St. Thomas puts succinctly and comprehensively: "Good has the nature of an end or final cause; beauty that of a formal cause."⁸ "Beauty regards knowledge."⁹ "It belongs to beauty to satisfy by its sight and contemplation."¹⁰ This is the teaching of all Scholastic philosophers from his time down to Coffey's *Ontology* and Mercier's *Ontologie*.

The neglect or obscuring of the fundamental distinction between the emotions which are of the will and those which are of the mind, permeates Winchester's *Principles of Literary Criticism* and much recent criticism. Taste and a subconscious feeling for the truth keeps most critics from the spinal thrill absurdity, but it is unfortunate that this clear and fundamental distinction should in the slightest way be obscured.

⁶ Page 41.⁷ Page 45.⁸ S. 1a., q.v., a.lv.⁹ *Ibid*,¹⁰ S. 1a., 2æ., q.xxvii., ad.iii.

Æsthetic emotions differ from other emotions in faculty, in origin, in nature. To desire a fruit, to hope for it, to joy in its possession or grieve for its loss, these are emotions which are not æsthetic. Hope, desire, fear, joy, sadness and the like are tendencies towards good or away from evil, and are modifications of the primal emotions of love and hate. Even disinterested love begins in appetitive tendency and when it reaches the stage of so-called benevolence, it is still tending towards good, but now towards a higher and unselfish good. On the other hand, æsthetic emotions are not characterized by that outward tendency to an end. Interest, taste, wonder, mental delight, awe, inspiration, enthusiasm are some of the æsthetic emotions, although not all of these terms have the precise meaning and definite use which belongs to the corresponding terms of the other class of emotions. In truth, the specific kinds of æsthetic emotions have not been as definitely determined or as carefully differentiated as the kinds of emotions awakened by good or evil. Yet experience testifies that to call to imagination the vision of a fruit, to contemplate it, to admire shape, color or other beauties may be just as free from desire, hope and other species of love and hate as the contemplation of a painted or sculptured fruit would be. The æsthetic emotions belong to the faculty of knowing, which is not self-seeking. The other emotions belong to the will and appetite which are of their very nature and always must be self-seeking. Only good, or an end, can actuate will and appetite, and beauty, as such, has not, in the words of Aquinas, "the nature of an end."

What has led some astray is the fact that literature and all the arts may present emotion as their subject matter, just as they present persons and actions. "Even dancing," says Aristotle, "imitates character, emotion and action." Such emotions are the material objects of art, and are no more its formal object than character or action constitute such a formal object. Certain specific emotions are essential to certain species of literature, as fear and terror to tragedy, but these emotions are essential to the species not to poetry in general, any more than because to shave the beard is the specific work of the razor as distinguished from other knives, therefore all knives cut beards. In Aristotle's teaching it is the "imitation" which is the essential note of art; it is the "imitation" which

gives the artistic pleasure; it is the "imitation" which, by transferring nature to another universe through the different mediums of words, sounds, pigments and solids, generalizes the artist's subject, frees it from actuality, puts characters, actions and emotions into a sound world or color world or shape world or word world where appetitive emotions are released and awakened, but are robbed of their personal application by being transferred through imitation to another sphere. The emotion of fear is as innocuous for the spectator of a tragedy as the emotion of desire for the admirer of a painted apple. "Imitation" is originally a dramatic term and was transferred from the stage to all arts. Dramatization or staging would give the various suggestions of the term better than imitation. Whatever be Aristotle's full meaning, it is in dramatization that he places the essential note of all arts.

This digression to Aristotle has taken us away from the main question, which is, that æsthetic emotions are essentially different from the emotions which lead to action. Æsthetic emotions are caused by beauty, are cognitive and unselfish in nature and are connected with the senses, imagination and mind, whereas the common emotions of love and hate with all their species are awakened by good and evil, are self-seeking emotions, and are connected with the spiritual or corporal appetite.

The earlier criticism which judged all literature and art in terms of the imagination, and the later criticism which judges all literature and art in terms of emotions, are both right but are both defective through lack of definition. The term imagination should be restricted to its usual meaning, the material faculty which stores up the impressions of the senses and images objects in their absence. The imagination works always in union with the mind but is not the mind. In art the imagination is important because the beauty of art is embodied in a concrete medium, and the vivid imagining of the artist's product precedes, accompanies and perfects his work. The term, emotion, should likewise be carefully distinguished into its two kinds. When we agree upon what is meant by these terms and keep to that agreement, literary and artistic criticism will be greatly benefited.

THE LOYALIST.

BY JAMES FRANCIS BARRETT.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.



T was a hot October day. A torrid wave generated somewhere in the far west and aided by the prevailing trade winds, had swept relentlessly across the country, reaching the city at a most unusual time. It had not come unheralded, however, for the sun of yesterday had gone down a blazing red, illuminating the sky like the rays from a mighty furnace, and tingling the evening landscape with the reddish and purplish hues of an Indian summer. And what a blanket of humidity accompanied it! Like a cloak it settled down upon the land, making breathing laborious and driving every living creature out of doors.

Jim Cadwalader and his wife sat on the lawn, if the patch of brownish grass to the side of their little house could be termed a lawn, and awaited the close of the day. Three huge elms, motionless in the still sunshine and, like all motionless things, adding to the stillness, afforded a canopy against the burning rays of the sun. What mattered it that the cool, shaded air was infested with mosquitos and house-flies or that the coarse grass was uneven and unkempt, from the low mounds which ran all over it, and the profusion of leaves which had fluttered down from the great trees. Neither Jim nor his wife had found time for the proper care of the premises, and even, had they had the time, inclination was wanting.

"Sumthin's got t' turn up in sum way 'r other b'fore long. I ain't see the sight o' work here in nigh two year."

"Guess you won't see it fur a while," responded the wife, from her straight-backed chair, her arms folded, her body erect.

"Like as not a man 'd starve t' death in these here times, with nuthin' t' do."

Jim sat with his elbows resting upon his yellow buckskin breeches, his rough stubby fingers interlocked, his small fiery eyes piercing the distance beyond the fields.

"If this business o' war was through with, things 'd git right agin."

"But it aint goin' t' be over, let me tell yew that."

They became silent.

Sad as was their plight, it was no sadder than the plight of many of their class. The horrors of a protracted war had visited with equal severity the dwellings of the rich and the poor. It was not a question of the provision of the sinews of war; tax had been exacted of all classes alike. But it did seem as if the angel of poverty had tarried longer at the doorposts of the less opulent and had, in proportion to their indigence, inflicted suffering and privation. Figuratively speaking, this was the state of affairs with Jim's house.

Everything that could stimulate or gratify a middle-aged couple; the blessings of health, the daily round of occupation, the joys of life and the hopes of at length obtaining possession of a little home, all these and the contentment of living, were swept away from Jim Cadwalader and his wife by the calamities of war. They had lived as many had lived who have no different excuse to plead for their penury. The wages of their day's labor had been their sole means of support, and when this source of income had vanished, nothing was left. In the low, dingy rooms which they called their home, there were no articles of adornment and many necessary for use were wanting. Sand sprinkled on the floor did duty as a carpet. There was no glass upon their table; no china in the cupboard; no prints on the wall. Matches were a treasure and coal was never seen. Over a fire of broken boxes and barrels, lighted with sparks from the flint, was cooked a rude meal to be served in pewter dishes. Fresh meat was rarely tasted—at most but once a week, and then paid for at a higher price than their scanty means could justly allow.

"The way things 're goin' a pair o' boots 'll soon cost a man 'most six hundr' dollars. I heard a man say who's good at figurin' out these things, that it now takes forty dollar bills t' make a dollar o' coin. We can't stand that much longer."

"Unless a great blow is struck soon," observed Nancy.

"But it won't be struck. Washington's watchin' Clinton from Morristown. The Americans are now on the offensive an' Clinton's busy holdin' New York. The French 're here an' who knows but they may do somethin'. 'Twas too bad they missed Howe's Army when it left here."

"Were they here?"

"They were at the capes when the chase was over. Lord Howe's ships had gone."

Again there was silence.

"I guess Washington can't do much without an army. He has only a handful an' I heard that the volunteers won't stay.

Three thousan' o' them left t' other day. Can't win a war that way. If they'd only listen to Barry they'd have a navy now, an' if they want to catch Clinton in New York they'll need a navy."

"Is the Captain home?"

"I saw him t' other day. He is goin' t' Boston t' command the *Raleigh*, a thirty-two gunner. But one's no good. He needs a fleet."

"Thank God! The French have come. Peace is here now."

"It's money we need more'n soldiers. We can git an army right here if we could only pay 'em. No one 'll fight fur nuthin'. They're starvin' as much as us."

The fact that the hopes of this American couple had suffered a partial collapse, must be attributed rather to the internal state of affairs than to the military situation. While it is true that no great military objective had been gained as a result of the three years of fighting, yet the odds at the present moment were decidedly on the American side. Still the country was without anything fit to be called a general government. The Articles of Confederation, which were intended to establish a league of friendship between the thirteen States, had not yet been adopted. The Continental Congress, continuing to decline in reputation and capacity, provoked a feeling of utter weariness and intense depression. The energies and resources of the people were without organization.

Resources they had. There was also a vigorous and an animated spirit of patriotism, but there were no means of concentrating and utilizing these assets. It was the general administrative paralysis rather than any real poverty that tried the souls of the Colonists. They heartily approved of the war; Washington now held a higher place in their hearts than he had ever held before; peace seemed a certainty the longer the war endured. But they were weary of the struggle and handicapped by the internal conditions.

Jim and his wife typified the members of the poorer class, the class upon whom the war had descended with all its horror and cruelty and desolation. Whatever scanty possessions they had, cows, corn, wheat or flour, had been seized by the foraging parties of the opposing forces, while their horse and wagon had been impressed into the service of the British, at the time of the evacuation of the city, to cart away the stores and provisions. A means of occupation had been denied Jim during the period of stagnation, and to eke out a mere existence now, he depended solely on the tillage of the land upon which he dwelled. Nevertheless the Cadwaladers maintained their outward cheer and ap-

parent optimism through it all, although they yearned inwardly for the day when strife would be no more.

"I can't see as t' how we're goin' to git off eny better when this here whole thin's over. We're fightin' fur Independence, but the peopul don't want to change their guverment; Washington 'll be king when this is over."

Jim was ruminating aloud, stripping with his thumb nail the bark from a small branch which he had picked from the ground.

"'Twas the Quebec Act th' done it. It was supposed to re-establisn Popery in Canada, and did by right. But th' Americans, and mostly those in New England who are the worst kind of Dissenters and Whigs, got skeered because they thought the Church o' England or the Church o' Rome 'd be the next thing established in the Colonies. That's what brought on the war."

"We all don't believe that. Some do; but I don't."

"You don't?" he asked, without lifting his eyes to look at her. "Well, you kin. Wasn't the first thing they did up in New England to rush t' Canada t' capture the country or else t' form an alliance with it? And didn't our own Arnold try t' get revenge on it fur not sidin' in with him by plunderin' th' homes of th' peopul up there and sendin' the goods back to Ticonderoga?"

She made no reply, but continued to peer into the distance.

"And didn't our Congress send a petition to King George t' have 'em repeal the limits o' Quebec and to the people t' tell 'm the English Gover'ment 'is not authorized to establish a religion fraught with sang'uary 'r impius tenets.' I know, 'cause I read it."

"It makes no diff'rence now. It's over."

"Well it shows the kind o' peopul here. They're so afreed o' the Pope."

She waved her hand in a manner of greeting.

"Who's that?" asked Jim.

"Majorie."

He turned sideways looking over his shoulder. Then he stood up.

That there was more than a grain of truth in the assertion of Jim Cadwalader that the War for Independence had, like the great rivers of the country, many sources, cannot be gainsaid. There were oppressive tax laws as well as restrictions on popular rights. There were odious navigation acts together with a host of iniquitous, tyrannical measures which were destined to arouse the ire of any people, however loyal. But there were religious prejudices which were likewise a moving cause of the revolt, a moving force upon the minds of the people at large. And these

were utilized and systematized most effectively by the active malcontents and leaders of the strife.

The vast majority of the population of the Colonies were Dissenters, subjects of the Crown who disagreed with it in matters of religious belief and who had emigrated thither to secure a haven where they might worship their God according to the dictates of their own conscience rather than at the dictates of a body politic. The Puritans had sought refuge in Massachusetts and Connecticut, where the white spires of their meeting houses, projecting above the angles of the New England hills, became indicative of Congregationalism. Roger Williams and the Baptists found a harbor in Rhode Island. William Penn brought the Quaker colony to Pennsylvania. Captain Thomas Webb lent active measures to the establishment of Methodism in New York and in Maryland, while the colony of Virginia afforded protection to the adherents of the Established Church. The country was in the main Protestant, save for the vestiges of Catholicism left by the Franciscan and Jesuit Missionary Fathers, who penetrated the boundless wastes in an heroic endeavor to plant the seeds of their faith in the rich and fertile soil of the new and unexplored continent.

Consequently with the passage of the Quebec Act in 1774, a wave of indignation and passionate apprehension swept the country from the American patriots of Boston to the English settlements on the west. That many and influential members of the Protestant religion were being assailed and threatened with oppression, and the fear of Popery, recently reëstablished in Canada, became an incentive for armed resistance and proved motives of great concern. The people reminded King George of these calamities and emphatically declared themselves Protestants, faithful to the principles of 1688, faithful to the ideals of the "Glorious Revolution" against James II., faithful to the House of Hanover, then seated on the throne.

"Can a free government possibly exist with the Roman Catholic Church?" asked John Adams of Thomas Jefferson. This simple question embodied in concrete form the apprehensions of the country at large, whose inhabitants had now become firmly convinced that King George, in granting the Quebec Bill, had become a traitor, had broken his coronation oath, was a Papist at heart, and was scheming to submit this country to the unconstitutional power of the English monarch. It was not so much a contest between peoples as a conflict of principles, political and religious, the latter of which contributed the active force that brought on the revolt and gave it power.

Strange to relate, there came a decided reversal of position after the formation of the French Alliance. No longer was the Catholic religion simply tolerated; it was openly professed, and owing in a great measure to the unwearied labors of the Dominican and Franciscan Friars, made the utmost progress among all ranks of people. The fault of the Catholic population was anything but disloyalty, it was found, and their manner of life, their absolute sincerity in their religious convictions, their generous and altruistic interest in matters of concern to the public good, proved irrefutable arguments against the calumnies and vilifications of earlier days. The Constitutions adopted by the several States and the laws passed to regulate the new governments, show that the principles of religious freedom and equality had made progress during the war, and were to be incorporated as vital factors in the shaping of the destinies of the new nation.

The supreme importance of the French Alliance at this juncture cannot be overestimated. Coming, as it did, at a time when the depression of the people had reached the lowest ebb, when the remnant of the army of the Americans was enduring the severities of the winter season at Valley Forge, when the enemy was in possession of the fairest part of the country together with the two most important cities, when Congress could not pay its bills, nor meet the national debt, which alone exceeded forty million dollars—when the medium of exchange would not circulate because of its worthlessness, when private debts could not be collected and when credit was generally prostrated, the Alliance proved a benefit of incalculable value to the struggling nation, not only in the enormous resources which it supplied to the army, but in the general morale of the people which it made buoyant.

The capture of Burgoyne and the announcement that Lord North was about to bring in conciliatory measures, furnished convincing proof to France that the American Alliance was worth having. A treaty was drawn up by virtue of which the Americans solemnly agreed, in consideration of armed support to be furnished by France, never to entertain proposals of peace with Great Britain until their independence should be acknowledged, and never to conclude a treaty of peace except with the concurrence of their new ally.

Large sums of money were at once furnished the American Congress. A strong force of trained soldiers was sent to act under Washington's command. A powerful fleet was soon to set sail for American waters, and the French forces at home were directed to cripple the military power of England and to lock up and neutralize much British energy which, otherwise, would be

directed against the Americans. Small wonder that a new era began to dawn for the Colonists!

When we remember the anti-Catholic spirit of the first years of the Revolution and consider the freedom of action which came to the Catholics as a consequence of the French Alliance, another and a striking phase of its influence is revealed. The Catholic priests hitherto seen in the Colonies had been barely tolerated in the limited districts where they labored. Now came Catholic chaplains of foreign embassies; army and navy chaplains celebrating Mass with pomp on the men-of-war and in the camps and cities. The French chaplains were brought in contact with all classes of the people in all parts of the country, and the Masses offered in the French lines were attended by many who had never before witnessed a Catholic ceremony. Even Rhode Island, with a French fleet in her waters, blotted from her statute book a law against Catholics.

"What have we here, Marjorie?" asked Jim as he walked part of the way to meet her.

"Just a few ribs of pork. I thought that you might like them."

She gave Jim the basket and walked over to Mrs. Cadwalader and kissed her.

"Heaven bless you, Marjorie," exclaimed Nancy as she took hold of the girl's hands and held them.

"Oh, thank you! But it is nothing, I assure you."

"You ken bet it is," announced Jim as he removed from the basket a long side of pork. "Look 't that, Nancy." And he held it up for her observation.

Marjorie had been accustomed to bring little gifts to Jim and his wife since the time when reverses had first visited them. Her good nature, and the long friendship which had existed between the two families, prompted her to this service. Jim would never be in want through any fault of hers, yet she was discreet enough never to proffer any avowed financial assistance. The mode she employed was that of an occasional visit in which she never failed to bring some choice morsel for the table.

"How's the dad?" asked Jim.

"Extremely well, thank you. He has been talking all day on the failure of the French to take Newport."

"What's that?" asked Jim, thoroughly excited. "Has there been news in town?"

"Haven't you heard? The fleet made an attack."

"Where? What about it?"

"They tried to enter New York to destroy the British, but it was found, I think, that they were too large for the harbor. So they sailed to Newport to attack the garrison there."

"Yeh."

"General Sullivan operated on the land, and the French troops were about to disembark to assist him. But then Lord Howe arrived with his fleet and Count d'Estaing straightway put out to sea to engage him."

"And thrashed 'm—"

"No," replied Marjorie. "A great storm came up and each had to save himself. From the reports father gave, General Sullivan has been left alone on the island and may be fortunate if he is enabled to withdraw in safety."

"What ails that Count!" exclaimed Jim thoroughly aroused. "I don't think they're much good."

"Now don't git excited," interrupted Nancy. "That's you all th' time. Just wait a bit."

"Just when we want 'im he leaves us. That's no good."

"Any more news, girl?"

"No. Everything is quiet except for the news we received about the regiment of Catholic volunteers that is being recruited in New York."

"In New York? Clinton is there."

"I know it. This is a British regiment."

"I see. Tryin' t' imitate 'The Congress' Own?"

"So it seems."

"And do they think they will git many Cath'lics, or that there 're enough o' them here?"

"I do not know," answered Marjorie. "But some hand-bills have appeared in the city which came from New York."

"And they want the Cath'lics? What pay are they goin' t' give?"

"Four pounds."

"That's a lot o' money nowadays."

"That is all I know about it. I can't think what success they will have. We are sure of some loyalists, however."

"I guess I'll hev to git down town t' see what's goin' on. Things were quiet fur so long that I stayed pretty well t' home here. What does yur father think?"

"He is angry, of course. But he has said little."

"I never saw anything like it. What'll come next?" He folded his arms and crossed his knee.

An hour later she stood at the gate taking her leave of Jim and Nancy.

"Keep a stout heart," she was saying to Jim, "for better days are coming."

"I know 't, girl. Washington won't fail."

"He is coming here shortly."

"To Philadelphia?" asked Nancy.

"Yes. So he instructed Captain Meagher."

"I hope he removes Arnold."

"Hardly. He is a sincere friend to him. He wishes to see Congress."

"Has he been summoned?"

"No! Captain Meagher intimated to me that a letter had been sent to His Excellency from the former Chaplain of Congress, the Rev. Mr. Duche, complaining that the most respectable characters had withdrawn and were being succeeded by a great majority of illiberal and violent men. He cited the fact that Maryland had sent the Catholic, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, instead of the Protestant, Tilghman."

"Who is this Duche?"

"I do not know. But he has since fled to the British. He warmly counseled the abandonment of independence."

"If that's his style, he's no good. Will we see the General?"

"Perhaps. Then, again, he may come and go secretly."

"God help the man," breathed Nancy.

CHAPTER II.

"Simply a written statement. A public utterance from you denouncing the Catholics would prove of incalculable value to us."

John Anderson had been for an hour or more in the company of the Military Governor. Seemingly great progress had been made in the recruiting of the regiment, much of which had, of necessity, been effected in a secret manner, for now the city was under the domination of the Continental forces. Yet Anderson had made the most of his time and was in a fair way to report progress for the past month.

"Don't be a fool, Anderson. You know that it would be the height of folly for me to make any such statement. I can do no more than I am doing. How many have you?"

"Nearly a hundred."

"There are several miserable Papists in Congress. If they could be prevailed upon to resign, it would create a considerable impression upon the minds of the people."

"I did see Carroll."

"How did he receive you?"

"He replied to me that he had entered zealously into the Revolution to obtain religious as well as civil liberty, and he hoped that God would grant that this religious liberty would be preserved in these States to the end of time."

"Confound him! We cannot reach him, I suppose."

"So it appears. He is intensely patriotic."

"You have a hundred, you say? All common folk, I venture. We should have several influential men."

"But they cannot be reached. I know well the need of a person of influence, which thought urged me to ask such a statement from you."

He looked at him savagely.

"Do you think I'm a fool?"

"The fool knows more in his own house than a wise man does in another's.' I merely suggest, that is all."

"My answer is—absolutely, No!"

There was silence.

"I know that Roman Catholic influence is beginning to reveal itself in the army. Washington is well disposed toward them and they are good soldiers. Time was when they were less conspicuous; but nowadays every fool legislature is throwing public offices open to them, and soon France will exercise the same control over these States as she now wields across the seas."

"Would you be in league with France?" asked Anderson with a wavering tremor in his voice.

"God knows how I detest it! But I have sworn to defend the cause of my country, and I call this shattered limb to witness how well I have spent myself in her behalf. I once entertained the hope that our efforts would be crowned with success, nevertheless I must confess that the more protracted the struggle grows, the more the conviction is forced upon me that our cause is mistaken, if not entirely wrong, and destined to perish miserably. Still, I shall not countenance open rebellion. I could not."

"You will continue to advise me. I am little acquainted with the city, you know, and it would be difficult for me to avoid dangerous risks."

Arnold thought for a minute, his features overcast by a scowl which closed his eyes to the merest chinks.

"I shall do no more than I have already done. I cannot permit myself to be entangled. There is too much at stake."

He was playing a dangerous game, inspired by no genuine love for country, but by feelings of wounded pride. He was urged on, not because of any genuine desire to aid or abet the cause of the enemy, but to cast suspicion upon a certain unit within his

own ranks. To be deprived of active duty in the field was to his warm and impulsive nature an ignominious calamity. To learn subsequently of the appointment of Gates to the second in command, the one general whom he despised and hated, was more than his irritable temperament could stand. The American cause now appeared hopeless to him, nevertheless he entertained no thought of deserting it. He had performed his duty in its behalf, as his wounded limb often reminded him, and it was only fitting that he, who alone had destroyed a whole army of the enemy, should be rewarded with due consideration. Congress had ever been unfriendly to him and he had resented their action, or their failure to take proper action, most bitterly. Throughout it all his personal feelings had guided to a large extent his judgment, and, for that reason, he viewed with mistrust and suspicion every intent and purpose, however noble or exalted.

He had been violently opposed to the Alliance with France from the start. It was notorious that he abhorred Catholics and all things Catholic. To take sides with a Catholic and despotic power which had been a deadly foe to the Colonists ten or twenty years before, during the days of the French and Indian Wars, was to his mind a measure at once unpatriotic and indiscreet. In this also, he had been actuated by his personal feelings more than by the study of the times. For he loathed Popery and the thousand and one machinations and atrocities which he was accustomed to associate with the name.

The idea of forming a regiment of Catholic soldiers interested him, not for the numerical strength which might be afforded the enemy, but in the defection which would be caused to the American side. He hoped the Catholic members of Congress would be tempted to resign. In that event he would obtain satisfaction through the weakness to which the governing body would be exposed, and the ill repute which would befall American Catholics and their protestations of loyalty.

Arnold deep down in his own heart knew that his motives were not unmingled. He could not accuse himself of being outrageously mercenary, yet he was ashamed to acknowledge, even to himself, that the desire of gain was present to his mind. His debts were enormous. He entertained in a manner and after a style far in excess of his modest allowance. His dinners were the most sumptuous in the town; his stable the finest; his dress the richest. And no wonder that his play, his table, his balls, his concerts, his banquets had soon exhausted his fortune. Congress owed him money, his speculations proved unfortunate, his privateering ventures met with disaster. With debts accumulating and

creditors giving him no peace, he turned to the gap which he saw opening before him. This was an opportunity not to be despised.

"About that little matter—how soon might I be favored?" the Governor asked, rising from his chair and limping with his cane across the room.

"You refer to the matter of reimbursements?" Anderson asked nonchalantly.

"I do." He gazed from the window with his back turned to his visitor.

"I shall draw an order for you at once."

"You shall do nothing of the kind." He looked fiercely at him. "You are playing a clever game, are you not? But you have to cope now with a clever adversary."

He walked deliberately up to him, and continued:

"Anderson," he said, "I want to tell you I know who you are and for what purpose you have been sent here. I know, too, by whom you have been sent. I knew it before you were here twenty-four hours and I want to tell you now before we continue that we may as well understand one another in a thorough manner. If you desire my assistance you must pay me well for it. And it must be in legal tender."

"Of course—but—but—the truth is that I am in no way prepared to make any offer now. I can communicate with you in a few days, or a week."

"Don't come here. You must not be seen here again. Send it to me, or better still, meet me."

"Can you trust the Shippens?"

"Absolutely."

"Why not there?"

"You mean to confer with me there?"

"If it is safe, as you say, where would be more suitable?"

"True. But I must have some money as soon as possible. The nation is bankrupt and my pay is long overdue. I cannot, however, persuade the creditors any longer. I must have money."

"You shall have it. At the Shippens then." He rose and walked directly to the door. "Next week."

He shut the door after him and hurried along the corridor. As he turned he came face to face with a countenance entirely familiar to him, but momentarily lost to his consciousness by its sudden and unexpected appearance. In a second, however, he had recovered himself.

"Captain! I am pleased, indeed." He put out his hand.

Stephen thought for a moment. Then he grasped it.

"Mr. Anderson. What good fortune is this?"

"Complimentary. Simply paying my respects for kindness rendered."

"Have a care lest your zeal overwhelm you."

Anderson colored at the allusion.

"Thank you. I shall exercise all moderation."

Stephen watched him as he moved away. He deliberated hurriedly on the advisability of starting after him. Whatever his mission or his purpose, he would not learn in this house certainly, nor from him nor from Arnold for that matter. If he was intent on securing information concerning this man he must do it in a surreptitious manner. There was no other method of dealing with him, and such being the circumstances, he deemed it perfectly legitimate to follow him at a safe distance.

The more he thought over it the more did his resolve take action. Whatever mischief was afoot, and he had no more than a mere suspicion that such existed, must reveal itself sooner or later. His object in all probability had already been accomplished, nevertheless his errand, if he had an errand, might still be discovered. He would follow him if for no other purpose than to learn his destination.

Second Street was now astir with an animated procession. There, every day when business was over, when the bank was closed, when the exchange was deserted, crowds of pleasure-seekers came to enjoy the air and to display their fine clothes. There might be seen the gentlemen of fashion and of means, with their great three-cornered, cocked hats, resting upon their profusely powdered hair done up in cues, their light colored coats, with their diminutive capes and long backs, their striped stockings, pointed shoes, and lead laden cuffs. They were paying homage to the fair ladies of the town, gorgeous in their brocades and taffetas, luxuriantly displayed over cumbrous hoops, tower built hats, adorned with tall feathers, high wooden heels and fine satin petticoats. It was an imposing picture to behold these gayly dressed damsels gravely returning the salutations of their gallant admirers with a deep courtesy.

Stephen searched deliberately for his man throughout the length of the crowded thoroughfare, standing the while on the topmost step of the Governor's mansion—that great, old-fashioned structure resembling, in many details, a fortification, with its two wings like bastions extending to the rear, its spacious yard enclosed with a high wall and ornamented with two great rows of lofty pine trees. It was the most stately house within the confines of the city and, with Christ Church, made Second Street one of the aristocratic thoroughfares of the town.

With difficulty, Stephen discerned Anderson walking briskly in the direction of Market Street. He set off immediately, taking care to keep at a safe distance behind him. He met several acquaintances, to whom he doffed his hat, while he pursued his quest with lively interest and attention. When he reached Market Street he was obliged to pause near a shop window lest he might overtake Anderson, who had halted to exchange the pleasantries of the day with a young and attractive couple. On they went again, deliberately and persistently, until, at length, it began to dawn upon Stephen that they were headed for the Germantown road, and for the Allison's house.

What strange relation was arising between Marjorie and that man? Anderson is paying marked attention to her, he began to muse to himself, too much attention, perhaps, for one whose whole existence is clouded with a veil of mystery. Undoubtedly he is meeting with some encouragement, if not reciprocation (perish the thought!), for he is persistent in his attention, and this Stephen resented and deplored. Yet this man was not without charm. There was something fascinating about him which even he was obliged to confess was compelling. What if she had been captivated by him, by his engaging personal qualities, by his prepossessing appearance, by his habit of gentle speech, by his dignity and his ease of manner! Justifiable irritation possessed him.

There was little doubt now as to Anderson's destination. Plainly, he was bent on one purpose. The further he walked, the more evident this became. Stephen wanted to be sure, however, and pursued his way until he had seen his man turn into the Allison's house. Then, turning deliberately, he began to retrace his steps.

"This looks like the kind of book. Has it the 'Largo?'"

Anderson sat on the music-stool before the clavichord, turning over the pages of a volume that rested on the rack.

"Perhaps. I scarce think I know what it is. I have never heard it."

Marjorie was near by. She had been musing over the keys, letting her fingers wander where they would when he had called. He would not disturb her for all the world, nevertheless he yielded to her entreaties to take her place on the stool.

"You have never heard Handel? The 'Largo,' or the greatest of all oratorios, his *Messiah*?"

"Never!"

He did not reply. Instead he broke into the open chords,

the sweetly solemn, majestic harmony of the "Largo." He played it entirely from memory, very slowly, very softly at first, until the measured notes, swelling into volume, filled the room in a loud *arpeggio*.

"That is beautiful," she exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I should have said exquisite. May I learn it?"

"Surely there must be a copy in the city. I shall consider it a favor to procure one for you."

"I should be delighted, I am sure."

He played it again, she watching him. It was astonishing to note the perfect ease and grace with which he performed. The erect carriage, the fine mold of the head, the delicately carved features attracted her attention, while talents with which he was so signally endowed, furnished matter for reflection. He was exceedingly fascinating, a danger to the heart of any woman. Still Marjorie was shrewd enough to peer beneath his superficial qualities, and to become absorbed in a penetrating study of the man, his character, his peculiarities—so absorbed, in fact, that the door behind her opened and closed without attracting her attention.

"I must obtain that copy," she announced as she turned towards her chair.

"Why, father!" she exclaimed. "When did you come? Mr. Anderson, father—you already know him."

"Well, met, my boy. You are somewhat of a musician. I was listening."

"Just enough for my own amusement," laughed the younger man. "I know a few notes."

"Be not quick to believe him, father. He plays beautifully."

Mr. Allison sat down.

"Accomplishments are useful ornaments. Nowadays a man succeeds best who can best impress. People want to see one's gifts."

"The greatest of talents often lie buried. Prosperity thrives on pretence."

"True. I'm beginning to think that way myself, the way things are going."

"With the war?" he asked.

"With everything. I think Congress will fail to realize its boasts, and Arnold is a huge pretender, and—"

"He has lost favor with the people."

"Lost it? He never had it from the day he arrived. People do not like that sort of thing."

Anderson watched him intently and Marjorie watched Anderson.

"He may resign for a command in the army. I have heard it said that he dislikes his office."

"Would to God he did! Or else go over to the other side."

Anderson's head turned—the least little fraction—so that Marjorie could see the flash light up his eyes.

"He could not desert the cause now without becoming a traitor."

A pause followed.

"Men of lofty patriotism often disagree in the manner of political action. We have many loyalists among us."

"Yet they are not patriots."

"No! They are not, viewed from our standpoint. But every colony has a different motive in the war. Now that some have obtained their rights, they are satisfied with the situation. I don't know but that we would be as well off if the present state of affairs were allowed to stand."

"What do the Catholics of the Colonies think?"

This was a bold question yet he ventured to ask it.

"We would fare as well with England as with some of our own," answered Marjorie decisively.

Anderson looked at her for a minute.

"Never!" replied Mr. Allison with emphasis.

"See how Canada fared," insisted Marjorie.

"Tush!"

Anderson listened attentively. Here was a division of opinion within the same family; the father intensely loyal, the daughter somewhat inclined to analysis. A new light was thrown upon her, which afforded him evident satisfaction and conscious enjoyment. To have discovered this mind of apparent candor and unaffected breadth was of supreme import to him at this critical moment. He felt sure that he had met with a character of more than ordinary self-determination which might, if tuned properly, display a capacity for prodigious possibilities, for, in human nature, he believed the chord of self-interest to be ever responsive to adequate and opportune appeal.

Marjorie might unconsciously prove advantageous to him. It was essential for the maturing of his plans to obtain Catholic coöperation. She was a devout Catholic and had been, in so far as he had been enabled to discover, an ardent Whig. True, he had but few occasions to study her, nevertheless today had furnished him with an inkling which gave her greater breadth in his eyes than he was before conscious of. The remark just made might indicate that she favored foreign rule in the interest of religious toleration, yet such a declaration was by no means de-

cisive. Still he would labor to this end in the hope that she might ultimately see her way clear to coöperate with him in his designs.

"We are losing vast numbers through the Alliance," volunteered Anderson.

"I suppose so," admitted Mr. Allison. "Many of the Colonists cannot endure the thought of begging assistance from a great Roman Catholic power. They fear, perhaps, that France will use the opportunity to inflict on us the worst form of colonialism and destroy the Protestant religion."

"But it isn't the Protestants who are deserting," persisted Anderson. "The Catholics are not unmindful of the hostile spirit displayed by the Colonists in the early days. They, too, are casting different lots."

"Not us. Every one of us is a Whig. Some have faltered, but we do not want them."

"And yet the reports from New York seem to indicate that the recruiting there is meeting with success."

"The Catholic regiment? I'll wager that it never will exist except on paper. There are no Tories, no falterers, no final deserters among the American Catholics."

"What efforts are being made in Philadelphia?" asked Marjorie.

"None—that I know of," was the grave reply. "I did hear, however, that an opportunity would be given those who are desirous of enlisting in New York."

Marjorie sat and watched him.

"I heard Father Farmer was invited to become its chaplain," observed Mr. Allison.

"Did he?"

"He did not. He told me himself that he wrote a kind letter with a stern refusal."

And so they talked; talked for the best part of an hour, now of the city's activities, now of the Governor, now of the success of the campaign. Until Anderson felt that he had long overstayed his leave.

"I am sorry to leave your company." Then to Marjorie, "At Shippen's tomorrow?"

"Yes. Will you come for me? If you won't I daresay I shall meet you there."

"Of course I'll come. Please await me."

There was a certain exhilaration for Marjorie in the presence of this man; and while she felt that she did not care

for him, she was conscious, nevertheless, of a certain subtle influence about him which she was powerless to define. It has been said that not all who know their mind, know their heart; for the heart often perceives and reasons in a manner wholly peculiar to itself. Marjorie was aware of this and it required her utmost effort to respond solely to the less alluring promptings of her firm will. She was decided to frequent the company of her new acquaintance, on the pretence of being impelled by her feelings, in order to exchange confidences with him and emerge the victor in the combat.

She would allow him to see her again that she might learn more about him and his strange origin. Stephen had suggested to her the merest suspicion concerning him. There was the possibility that the germ of this suspicion might develop—and in her presence. The contingency was certainly equal to the adventure.

It was not necessary that she pay Peggy a formal call. Immediately after the announcement of the engagement, she had gone to offer her congratulations to the prospective bride upon her enviable and happy fortune. The note, which again had come into her possession upon Stephen's return of it, whose contents were still unknown to her, she had restored to Peggy together with a full explanation of its loss and its subsequent discovery. One phase of its history, however, she had purposely overlooked. It might have proved embarrassing for her to relate how it chanced to fall into the hands of Stephen. And as he had made no comment upon its return, she was satisfied that the incident was unworthy of mention.

Anderson called promptly on the hour and found her waiting. By mutual agreement they walked into town. This was preferable, for there was no apparent haste and, for the present, no greater desire throbbed within them than the company of their own selves. For, as they talked continually of themselves, they could never weary of one another's company.

The country about them was superb. The fields stood straight in green and gold on every side of the silvery road. Beside them, as they passed, great trees reared themselves aloft from the greensward, which divided the road from the footpath, and rustled in the breeze, allowing the afternoon sunshine to reveal itself in patches and glimpses. The air was a sea of subdued light, resonant with the liquid notes of the robin and the whistle of the quail, intruders upon the tranquility of the hot Sunday afternoon.

"Does it not strike you that there are but few persons with whom it is possible to converse seriously?"

"Seriously?" asked Marjorie. "What do you call seriously?"

"In an intelligent manner, with perfect ease and attention."

"I suppose that this is due to the great want of sincerity among men."

"That, as well as the impatient desire we possess of intruding our own thoughts upon our hearer, with little or no desire of listening to those he may want to express."

"We are sincere with no one but ourselves, don't you think? The mere fact of the entrance of a second person means that we must try to impress him. You have said that prosperity thrives on pretence."

"And I repeat it. But with friends all guile and dissimulation ceases. We often praise the merits of our neighbor in the hope that he, in turn, will praise us. Only a few have the humility and the whole-hearted simplicity to listen well and to answer well. Sincerity to my mind is often a snare to gain the confidence of others."

There was depth to his reasoning, Marjorie thought, which was riddle-like as well. It was amazing to her how well he could talk on any given topic, naturally, easily, seriously, as the case might be. He never seemed to assume the mastery of any conversation, nor to talk with an air of authority on any subject, but was alive to all topics and entered into all with the same apparent cleverness and animated interest.

He stopped suddenly and exerted a gentle though firm pressure on her arm, obliging her to halt her steps. Surprised, she turned and looked at him.

"What is it?" she asked.

There was no response. Instead, she looked in the direction of his gaze. Then she saw.

A large black snake lay in graceful curves across their path several rods ahead. Its head was somewhat elevated and rigid. Before it fluttered a small chickadee in a sort of strange, though powerless fascination, its wings partly open in a trembling manner, its chirp noisy and incessant, its movement rapid and nervous, as it partly advanced, partly retreated before its enchanter. Nearer and nearer it came, with a great scurrying of feet and wings, towards the motionless head of the serpent. Until Anderson, picking a stone from the roadside, threw a well-aimed shot, which bounded over the head of the snake, causing it to turn immediately and crawl into the recesses of the deep underbrush of the adjoining field. The bird, freed from the source of its sinister charm, flew out of sight into safety.

"Thank God!" Marjorie breathed. "I was greatly frightened."

"Nothing would have saved that bird," was the reply. "He already was powerless."

Marjorie did not answer to this, but became very quiet and pensive. They walked on in silence.

Nearing the home of Peggy, they beheld General Arnold seated on the spacious veranda in the company of his betrothed. Here was intrusion with a vengeance, Marjorie thought, but the beaming face and the welcoming expression soon dispelled her fears.

"Miss Shippen," Anderson said, as he advanced immediately toward her to seize her hand, "allow me to offer my tender though tardy congratulations. It was with the greatest joy that I heard the happy announcement."

"You are most kind, Mr. Anderson, and I thank you for it," was the soft response.

"And you, General," said Marjorie. "Let me congratulate you upon your excellent choice."

"Rather upon my good fortune," the Governor replied with a generous smile.

Peggy blushed at the compliment.

"How long before we may offer similar greetings to you?" he asked of Mr. Anderson, who was assisting Marjorie into a chair by the side of Peggy.

"Oh! Love rules his own kingdom and I am an alien."

He drew himself near to the Governor and the conversation turned naturally and generally to the delicious evening. The very atmosphere thrilled with romance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

THE LETTERS OF ST. TERESA. A complete edition translated from the Spanish and annotated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. With an Introduction by Cardinal Gasquet. Volume I. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This precious addition to the Teresian translations of the Nuns of Stanbrook Abbey, probably will be the last. They have given us the Saint's *Interior Castle*, *Way of Perfection*, *Poems* and *Minor Prose Writings*, all versions made directly from her native tongue, learnedly and sympathetically edited. Their service to the English-speaking clients of the greatest of modern mystics is incalculable.

The letters cover St. Teresa's entire public life, the twenty years from her first foundation at Avila till close upon her happy departure to Paradise in 1582. They are addressed to her closest intimates, religious and secular, including her principal spiritual advisers; many of them were written also to persons of great prominence, including King Philip II., and several canonized saints. She was at home with everybody. Her native candor, her entire absence of human respect, her perfect mastery of a lucid style, and the immense sacredness of the topics she usually discussed, give to her letters the highest spiritual value. They are her literary relics. Compelled by obedience, St. Teresa wrote her *Life*, likewise the history of her *Foundations*, both truly great books.

But better, in some respects, even than these two great works, better because bringing us into her most sacred confidences, are these *Letters*. They form a self-written chronicle of St. Teresa's later and most important era. They impart a new sense of realism to our knowledge of her, eliciting deeper veneration for one of the most fascinating characters formed by the Holy Spirit during many ages.

The Stanbrook Nuns, besides procuring Cardinal Gasquet's invaluable introduction, have distributed editorial comments throughout the text, making St. Teresa live again in the local and personal environment of their origin.

One may well envy the translators their privilege of spending so many years within the cloister of the Saint's holiness, translating her writings, listening to her noble Spanish idiom as she discoursed, with contagious enthusiasm, of divine things, unconsciously heartening all future generations to greater and greater zeal for God's honor and men's salvation.

"MARSE HENRY," AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Henry Watterson. Two volumes. New York: George H. Doran & Co. \$10.00.

Colonel Henry Watterson of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* has written his reminiscences as only a Southern gentleman, a Jacksonian Democrat, and a journalist of the post-bellum school could pen them. Narrated in a colloquial tone, there is little of the egotism or garrulity of the publicist, who rightly regards himself as a political force, a national observer, and an appraiser of men's motives and characters. For sixty odd years, "Marse Henry" has been an observer who allowed few events to escape his searching analysis, and few Americans of note have crossed the stage without making his acquaintance and meeting his appraisal. Watterson is never neutral, never without a sturdy opinion. Furthermore, neither an office-holder nor a seeker of patronage, he has guarded so well his heritage of free speech, that he can castigate the leaders of his party when they fall into the snares of Populism or speak in terms of the world rather than of America. In general, if a man's interpretation of democracy does not differ from that of Jefferson, Jackson, Tilden, and Watterson—a sort of political quadrilateral fortress—Watterson's estimate is tolerant and justly fair, even in its picturesque candor. Always there is sincerity and an intuitive perspicacity which challenges the reader, and will attract the student despite the inconvenience of a wretched arrangement and no index.

Washington, of his early years, Watterson pictures as quite as unattractive as the poet Tom Moore found it. His own father, a representative from Tennessee, led so convivial a life with Senator Franklin Pierce, that both had been whisked away by irate families to preserve them from publicans and politicians. Yet, they renewed associations, one as editor of the *Washington Union*, the other as President of the United States. It was in this newspaper office and around Kimball's livery stable, headquarters for frontier statesmen, that the boy was schooled rather than by his private tutors or during his impatient attendance at a Philadelphia academy. His style as a writer is ascribed to his connection as a reporter with Jack Savage, "a brilliant Irishman, who with Devin Relley, John Mitchell, Thomas Francis Meagher, his intimates, made a pretty good Irishman of me. They were '48 men with literary gifts, who certainly helped me along with my writing." Through his family position he was on intimate terms with Washington's leaders, revelling in their society, when the war ended all, the War of the Sections, as Watterson persistently and justly labels the internecine conflicts.

Slightly new is the commentary on the war. Watterson had

never believed in slavery, had freed his valet, had opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, had no sympathy with the fire-eating radicals, had supported, along with his father, Douglas, and had ascribed to the latter's view of his opponent: "Lincoln is a good man, in fact a great man, and by far the ablest debater I have ever met." With secession, he was at odds, and hence hoped to retire to literary seclusion in Tennessee. Yet, when the crisis came, like many another—how many we shall never know—he followed his State. Looking back, he is inclined to believe that the secessionists had a debatable if not a logical position, and that if the erring Sister-States had been suffered to depart in peace, they would have soon clamored for re-admission into the Union. Slavery proved the obstacle even to Southern success, for as Slidel suggested to Watterson, if slavery could have been gradually abolished without disrupting the Confederate armies, France and England would have intervened. Reconstruction is only seen as a vicious attempt to ruin the South by a radical Republican Congress, desirous of turning Dixie-land into "a carpet-bag Poland and a terrorized Ireland." "To this ghastly end," he writes, "had come slavery and secession; and all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of the Confederacy. To this bitter end had come the soldiership of Lee, and Jackson, and Johnston and the myriads of brave men who had followed them." At this moment, "Marse Henry" accepted the editorship of the *Courier-Journal*, which waged the long campaign for honest reconstruction, bridging the chasm between the sections, and the burial of the "bloody shirt."

Scattered sections of the volumes dealing with the Liberal Republican movement and the disputed election of 1876, offer original material which no future historian can afford to ignore. Elsewhere there is not available so complete a survey of those vitally important political episodes and their promoters, so idealistic and impractical. Greeley, Watterson regards as the last of the old editors, and Samuel Tilden as the last of the orthodox Democrats. With Cleveland, he parted company because of his tariff heresies, and with Bryan's cheap money fallacies he could no more agree than he can accept Wilson with his personal ambition, federalizing tendencies, and League of Nations. Taken to task for bolting the organization, the Colonel questions its loyalty to the past, urging that, like the Republican Party, it has repudiated its founders. Party alignments have become artificial, for politicians, like actors, dissimulate to please the multitude. No longer is it North against South or even East against West. The agitator downs the statesman; fads displace principles; for

it is an age which "teaches men to read, not to think." Prohibition and woman suffrage, the least objectionable phase of feminism, by federal amendment, have destroyed what was left of old line Democracy. The *coup de grâce* has been struck by Wilson, "the disciple who thinks himself a doctrinaire," Wilson of the coat of many colors, of the run-away pen, who "proposes to bind the hands of a giant and take lottery chances on the future," in order to enter the new jingoist rôle of moral custodian of the world. This true, Watterson rejoices that he is eighty years of age!

Journalists will find an especial appeal in Watterson's favorable view of schools of journalism, his associations with, as well as estimates of, many whose names will be heralded in the annals of the press.

A *bon homme* himself, Watterson loved raconteurs, gamesters, reporters, actors, and knight-errants, for he has always been one of them, gifted as he is with a boundless, if somewhat erratic, versatility. A master of epigram, a rare story teller, the wielder of an ironic, snarling pen, an honest man, a candid speaker, an idealist, tolerant in religious matters, something of an optimist, a connoisseur of mint juleps, but above all things else, a Kentucky Colonel and an old-style Democrat, such is "Marse Henry" Watterson in the flesh and in his book.

THE NEW BLACK MAGIC. By J. Godfrey Raupert, K.S.G. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$2.00.

This latest volume from the authoritative pen of Mr. Raupert serves as an antidote to the poisonous influence of Sir Oliver Lodge's visit to America. He, together with Sir Conan Doyle, are singled out as the special adversaries, and their fantastic theories and maudlin sentimentality receive scant mercy. In the opening chapters, Mr. Raupert presents the claims of the Spiritists accurately and specifically, quoting passages from their most representative works. In the succeeding chapters, he thoroughly disproves their contentions from all viewpoints, from the evidence of history, of fact, of true science and from reason. In the last chapter, "The Inevitable Inference," he draws his conclusion that these spirits "who come to us in the forms and with the voices of our dead, are not really spirits of the dead at all, but are some of those fallen angels of which the true revelation speaks." Accordingly, throughout the book, there is continually sounded the note of warning against any meddling with these phenomena and spirit manifestations. Not only do their contradictory statements give clear proof of their origin, but the moral, intellectual,

and physical degeneration which they invariably produce substantiate the author's contention that "never probably in all the history of the world has a greater danger threatened our moral and social life."

To the scientific investigator, the conclusions of Mr. Raupert, based as they are on an intimate knowledge of the subject, should furnish a danger signal, while to the over-curious, they should prove a strong deterrent. While the book is a scientific repudiation of the claims of the Spiritists, it is also a magnificent eulogium of that true belief of the other world, as taught by the Church.

SCIENCE AND MORALS, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Sir Bertram Windle. London: Burns & Oates, Ltd. 7 s.

This, Sir Bertram Windle's latest volume, is worth while and very much worth while. It is worth while as a readable and popularly rendered contribution to apologetical literature: it is very much worth while because it is a contribution from a recognized scientist on a subject of wide scientific consequence.

The first chapter of the book is a sharp critical commentary on certain scientists, turned moralists. The moral of the chapter is the advice given to the cobbler in the old proverb. The second, gives his historical accounting for what he calls modern Theophobia—a Calvinistic by-product—in the dominant literary currents of the past century and a half. It contains some pregnant observations on Spiritism. "Within and Without the System" is a protest against the fallacy of "separatism," as a too common phenomenon among biologists. It is the most technical chapter of the volume. "The Tyranny of the Church" in keeping "Science in Bondage," an old subject in apologetical literature, is refreshingly re-treated in the fourth chapter. This, with certain chapters of Von Ruville's *Back to Holy Church*, "should be in every scientist's library." Of the five other chapters one may say in all truth that each is a contribution in itself to biological apologetics. Each is worth reading, worth keeping, worth advertising among one's friends.

The book's general thesis is expressed in the concluding sentences of the fifth chapter: "We are anxious," says Dr. Windle, "that science and scientific teaching be assisted in every possible way. But let us be quite clear that, while science has much to teach us and we much to learn from her, there are things to which she has no message to the world. The Minor Prophets of science are never tired of advising theologians to keep their hands off science. The Major Prophets are too busy to occupy them-

selves with such polemics. But the theologian is abundantly in his right in saying to the scientific writer, 'Hands off morals!' for with morality science has nothing to do. Let us at any rate avoid that form of *kultur* which consists in bending Natural History to the teaching of conduct, uncorrected by any Christian injunctions to soften its barbarities."

THE MAID OF ORLEANS. By M. S. C. Smith. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.25.

This history of Joan of Arc, for girls, is a commendable piece of work. All that is essential for knowledge of the historical circumstances is given concisely, though interestingly, while all that relates to the character of the girl-martyr is dwelt upon in loving detail. Most appropriately, the latter portion of the book deals not only with her canonization, but also with the wonderful increase of devotion to her developed during the War, the awakening in minds non-Catholic, even non-religious, of reverent interest in her personality, the "Pardon, Jeanne!" of the English soldiers as they passed her statue, the tribute of the popular song, "Joan of Arc, they are calling you." The work is an excellent means for the inculcation and intensifying of understanding love for the newly-canonized saint.

LIBERALISM IN AMERICA. By Harold Stearns. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.75.

This book merits its title by the law of contraries. Instead of being a narrative of the "Origin, Temporary Collapse and Future" of Liberalism, as the sub-title declares, it is a condemnation of our unliberalism in the past, an exposé of the Government's despotism during the late War, and a grave fear that liberal principles may not control in the impending social revolution. The evils of our present system and its problems are portrayed with great lucidity; the remedies offered by Liberalism are rather vague and shadowy. Herein lies the fundamental weakness of the discussion. One gathers no clearly defined impression of what Liberalism is or expects to do, and who are the Liberals. The author says, "I have attempted to make Liberalism mean not a body of specific beliefs or a particular creed, but an attitude and a temper and an approach to all beliefs and creeds equally." And earlier, "That the core of liberal philosophy is respect for the individual and his freedom of conscience and opinion." But the author's interpretation of such a tolerance seems to be irrestraint of any kind. The utter freedom which he pleads, in its development must lead to anarchy and confusion. Social life necessarily

requires law, and law, of its nature, must curtail some of the individual's freedom, must impose certain restrictions, and must employ compulsion, when necessary, for the good of the community.

In his preface, the author disarms the critic by giving what he calls a reasonably fair review. We agree with him when he says that "the volume is slightly uneven in tone" and "that no definite remedies are advanced for the curing of the evils exposed." We would distinguish his meaning when he calls the book "unconventional" and "provocative." In these times, it is quite conventional to strive for the unconventional, and so the book falls into a well-defined category. It is "provocative" in the sense of being "an irritant," for it casts a shadow over almost every phase of public endeavor. Mr. Stearns writes impassionately and with a refreshing verve that carries the reader headlong with him.

PREACHING. By Rev. W. B. O'Dowd. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.25 net.

Father O'Dowd's book on *Preaching* contains in brief compass the essentials of a very vast and difficult subject. He sticks rigidly to his theme of guiding the average young priest to address acceptably the average parochial congregation. *A priori* it would seem the easiest task in the world; for is not the priest a well-educated man, and has he not been specially trained in view of his profession? But sad experience proves that really good preachers are extremely rare, and even acceptable preachers, who can hold the interest of a congregation are by no means common. Father O'Dowd advises the young priest to write out his first sermons in their entirety, and to learn them word for word. Then gradually as he acquires facility in speaking and self-confidence, to emancipate himself more and more from the manuscript, until at last he is able to speak extempore as long as he possesses the heads of his discourse. But Father O'Dowd wisely recognizes that the personal equation enters more largely than elsewhere into the preparation of a sermon, and hence he gives ((pp. 106-108) Mgr. Benson's method of preparing a sermon which is almost diametrically opposite. Chapter III., which describes and illustrates "real and unreal preaching," is also very good. The heart must be moved before the mouth can utter with conviction, and a preacher will succeed in making others feel only what he himself has felt first. Nor is the author such a slave to convention as to recommend famous preachers (*e. g.*, St. Augustine), whose genius precludes their being either safe or suitable models for ordinary mortals.

Appendix IV. furnishes subjects for a three years' course of sermons, and gives the references to aid in their composition. The book is full of valuable counsel and hints to young preachers.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE. By William S. Davis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.50.

Since the history of France is the history of all Europe, to present it in an abridged form, suitable for the class-room and the average reader, is a test of real historical power. Professor Davis has done fairly well, and in a measure given us a clear and dramatic portrayal of the very intricate national life of this interesting people. He has wisely omitted much of the irrelevant military and diplomatic details and has insisted more on the development of the national consciousness. As a result there is a proper foreshortening of the earlier history and a greater emphasis on the periods nearer our own. Though one can clearly discern the author's purpose of presenting his facts fairly and with due justice to all, he has not perfectly understood the spirit and ideals that have made France. All writing of history must, of its very nature, be partisan; the author's early training and mode of thought, his sub-conscious self will imperceptibly obtrude to color his work. Early and mediæval France cannot be judged by the ideals of modern American Protestantism; modern France must not be viewed from the angle of the dominant anti-clerical party. Despite his evident attempt to be fair, and his sympathy with our late Allies, Prof. Davis has failed to give that Catholic tone which is demanded in the history of a Catholic people.

A DICTIONARY OF CANON LAW. By Rev. P. Trudel, S.S. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.50.

The present work is a concise summary of Canon Law, alphabetically arranged. There are many who would like to get some knowledge of the laws of the Church, whether general or particular, but are deterred by the difficulties of the language in which the laws are written, or the extensive reading which the perusal of the whole text would require. This work does away with such difficulties by presenting in brief form and in the vernacular the ecclesiastical laws. The book has less than two hundred and fifty pages, yet it is more than an index to the New Code; it is, as the title declares, a dictionary, containing under each term or heading, complete explanations of the law. If the student wishes to examine these various laws in the text of the Code, he may easily do so, for the author has appended the Canon number to each point of ecclesiastical legislation.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ROME. Volume II. By Guglielmo Ferrero and Corrado Barbagallo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.90 net.

The leading ideas of this *Short History of Rome* have already been developed by Ferrero in the five volumes of his *Greatness and Decline of Rome*. His method of setting forth his facts is the same, although the sketches are necessarily shorter and the narrative more concise. The second volume deals with the Empire from the death of Julius Cæsar to the Fall of the Western Empire—44 B. C. to 476 A. D.

As an out-and-out rationalist, following German models, Ferrero is always inaccurate and unfair in discussing Christianity, either in itself or in its relation to the Empire. He styles it first of all a Jewish sect, whose only message was "the approaching end of the world and the near advent of the Kingdom of God." This original Gospel was changed by the convert, Paul of Tarsus, who substituted the doctrine of the redemption of mankind from original sin and from evil by Christ's death upon the Cross. Nero, he tells us, did not persecute the Christians for their faith; Trajan, "in fact, did Christianity a service by bringing it to a legal trial;" Diocletian even "hesitated to shed the blood of the martyrs, despite the provocation of rebellion." The aims of Julian the Apostate were "lofty and noble even to sublimity"—especially as he fought Christianity through the schools, as do his modern pagan imitators. We never knew before that Christianity openly combated (or tacitly despised) the sacred duty of marrying and having children—or that the Catholic Church began at the Council of Sardica in 342. And yet such writers descend upon the narrowness and obscurantism of the Christian scholar.

THE DRIFT OF PINIONS. By Robert Keable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.

When, in 1902, Hugh Benson, then a member of the Anglican Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield, published *The Light Invisible*, a definite step was taken in what we may call the Anglican school of mystical fiction. A year later Benson became a Catholic, and there was no one to take the place in High Church literature, which he had just begun to carve out for himself, until a woman, writing under the pseudonym, "Michael Wood," began the series of charming tales which includes *The House of Quiet* and *The White Island*. There have been few to venture into this unpopular and esoteric field, a field so new to Anglicans that there are few to follow the spiritually-minded authors, among whom the Rev. Robert Keable easily ranks as first. The first

two and the last of the sixteen chapters of *The Drift of Pinions* easily rank with Benson at his best, while both the spiritual and the literary tone throughout the volume are of the highest order. The chapters just mentioned are frankly about Roman Catholics. One reads the other chapters carefully to discover that the clergymen and others who recount their supernatural experiences are Anglicans. The scene of the South African Mission (known by experience to the author before he was transferred to a chaplaincy in the B. E. F.) lends charm and glamour to the subject matter.

It is a book which cannot fail to interest Catholic readers, and which, if studied carefully, will give a better insight to the peculiar psychology of the "extremely High Church" Anglican than anything that has hitherto appeared in this country. The chapters, "In No Strange Land," "Our Lady's Pain," and "The Acts of the Holy Apostles" are not only the best stories in the book, but they are the only ones which carry with them a sense of actuality—all the others, devotional, vivid, interpenetrated and suffused with the spirit of Catholicism as they are, are rather what the author wishes and dreams might be in his own denomination.

THE SOCIAL EVOLUTION OF RELIGION. By George Willis Cooke. Boston: The Stratford Co. \$3.50.

This book aims to show that religion is "a product of social experience, a form of social organization, an expression of social need." The author's viewpoint is frankly naturalistic: "It is to be borne in mind that man is an animal, that he is of animal origin, that he continues to inherit congenitally much that belongs to the animal nature; but in many respects he has left far behind his animal instincts and desires. He has somehow, in the course of the ages, acquired that marvelous instrument for the development of social heredity, language." Religion, then, is a purely human phenomenon; for Mr. Cooke there is no such thing as the supernatural.

The author has drawn heavily upon writers of his own way of thinking. In fact, the volume is a compilation of naturalistic theories of religion, taken over bodily, without the slightest exercise of the discriminating spirit for which there is so much room, as there is so much need, in such lucubrations. Nowhere is there evidence of any scientific discernment. For instance, Mr. Cooke quotes sympathetically the views of Hartland and of Cheyne, who opine that the Virgin Birth of Our Lord is a heathen myth borrowed from Greek or from Babylonian mythology, and invested

with a Jewish character. Now for this theory there has not been a particle of solid proof adduced from any source since the days when Justin the Martyr refuted a similar objection. Parallels, indeed, may be found, but the deep-lying differences between them and the Christian belief, as well as the difficulty—recognized by all historians—of transplanting a heathen myth to Jewish, Christian soil, have always appealed to serious scholars as decisive. Harnack's testimony that the myth explanation of the Virgin Birth contradicts the entire earliest development of Christian tradition, is not even noticed in this volume.

We looked for the usual sciolist's cavil at the philosophic school of religious thought, and were not disappointed. "Too long have we listened to the metaphysicians and theologians. They have not led us to the green meadows of life, but into a tangled wilderness of subtleties and abstractions. All their beliefs and dogmas may well be swept away." This from a man who extends the easy hospitality of his pages to such "theologians" as Stanley Hall, H. G. Wells, and Roy Wood Sellars.

All creeds, including, of course, the Christian creed, are doomed to go into the "dust heaps of the past," but they will be succeeded by a more satisfying religion. "What man has made man can make again. He has created many a spiritual world in the past, and he can build more stately mansions for the souls in years to come." What these "stately mansions" will be, the author refrains from telling us, but we cannot help recalling Talleyrand's recipe for founding a new religion.

The foreword gravely informs us that "Mr. Cook is prophet quite as much as scholar."

BOLSHEVISM AND THE UNITED STATES. By Charles Edward Russell. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50 net.

The author of this volume aims not at the destruction, but at a radical and sweeping alteration of the present "house of civilization." The proximate purpose of his book, he informs us, is that it "may serve to warn my countrymen." He darkens nearly the entire treatise with graphic descriptions of the horrors produced by Russian Bolshevism, makes the rain of American industrial injustice beat into the reader's face, and finally the conclusion flashes forth that since "labor creates all the wealth of the world," the "doom of the wage system is foreshadowed," and the coöperative system "is already in sight."

From purely empirical standards the work is what a bookseller might call intensely absorbing. The author was commissioned to visit the scene of the terrible tragedy that he recounts,

and the perusal of nearly ninety per cent of the book is like the uncoiling of a reel of sensational pictures, *Lenine*, obsessed with the Great Idea, the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, in the title rôle.

Skillful as the writer is in sketching descriptions, the same compliment cannot be paid to him when he starts drawing conclusions. Should the book be studied in view of knowing just what Bolshevism is, the reward comes through such attenuated remarks as: "In the last analysis, Bolshevism is not really a creed or a doctrine or a system. Bolshevism is an order of mind." Reference to the United States is brief. In our own land, Bolsheviks, actual and potential, are classified under seven headings, one of the groups consisting of "certain intellectuals, clergymen, university professors, educators, writers and artists." One reflects bewilderingly in an effort to attach favorable connotations to the terms of such statements as this: "We may as well recognize the fact that the thesis with which *Lenine* started is substantially sound."

It is praiseworthy to concede the existence of acute social evils, to propose remedies, and to warn one's country against impending danger. Economic prudence is disclosed in emphasizing production, distribution and the inter-dependence of both individuals and nations. But it would be far healthier for the reading public, if producers of popular, though ephemeral, books would express more pointedly the moral aspects of life, rather than aggravate existing social unrest by promising a new paradise through mere economic reforms.

HEY RUB-A-DUB-DUB. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.00 net.

Mr. Dreiser's volume of essays, far from being "exciting," as the publisher's cover promised, is dull and drab in the extreme. He states so many things that are not so, and he states them so arrogantly and cocksuredly, that the intelligent reader asks himself in amazement: "How can such an inane book—poorly written, full of repetitions, blatant in its irreligion, shameless in its immorality—find enough readers to warrant publication?"

The writer denies the existence of God the Creator, because, sponge-like, he has absorbed the teaching of the discredited German monist, *Hæckel*, and finds himself at a loss to solve the problem of evil. He questions the Ten Commandments and the moral law, because he cannot settle the simplest questions in casuistry. He calls all Christians hypocrites, because he has met

a few dishonest ones in his newspaper hack work, and dubs all lovers of decency, Pharisees, when they will not praise the indecencies of a Swinburne or they dare to suggest a censorship of the modern movie. He ridicules the narrowness of the Christian teaching on marriage, and by "broadness" means a harking back to the morals of pagan Rome. He declares our American democracy an utter failure, because the money power dominates our courts and legislatures, and our statesmen hobnob with autocrat nations like Japan, England and the old imperial Russia before its fall.

He tells us that he "is constantly astonished by the thousands of men exceedingly capable in some mechanical or narrow technical sense, whose world of philosophic vision is that of a child." That he is one of the thousands he so vigorously denounces, never enters his mind for an instant. Mr. Dreiser has no saving sense of humor—hence this awful book.

A CRY OUT OF THE DARK. By Henry Bailey Stevens. Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$1.25 net.

This volume contains three one-act plays. They are not practicable for acting, and were not written for that purpose. They embody the author's views upon war, which he regards only as a hideous disease. His manner of expressing himself shows imagination and excellent literary quality; but from his limited outlook he contributes nothing which has not been long and deeply pondered by all thoughtful people. Other worth while considerations, such as the inspiration of courage, service and sacrifice, seem to have escaped his attention.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS AND OTHER POEMS. By Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.

Benjamin Low's new volume is a pursuit of beauty rather than of happiness—if, indeed, the two be definitely separable—and the sonnet sequence, or series, which gives it title, is a group of fifty-five lyrics related only in what Fiona Macleod would have called their "nostalgia for sweet, impossible things." Wistful, yet restrained, is the chord upon which their music ends—its abiding, persistent consciousness that

There is a beauty, after all is said—
And after all is sung—unreached forever.

Mr. Low shows wide metrical proficiency and an almost confusing wealth of metaphor, but in the last analysis his appeal is chiefly, perhaps, intellectual. He is not merely a "poet's poet"—

he is also a scholar's poet. At once romantic and classic, of the past and of modernity in his affiliations, his place in contemporary American letters is distinctly interesting and challenging.

MINCE PIE. By Christopher Morley. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.75.

In his foreword, "Instructions," the author tells us this book is intended to be read in bed. "Please do not attempt to read it anywhere else . . . If one asks what excuse there can be for prolonging the existence of these trifles (originally published in various newspapers and magazines) my answer is that there is no excuse. But a copy on the bedside shelf may possibly pave the way to easy slumber. Only a mind debauched by learning (in Dr. Johnson's phrase) will scrutinize them too anxiously." This is all very good. No volume can be more delightful for the luxurious relaxation which one feels propped up in bed, at peace with the world and on the threshold of slumber than *Mince Pie*, which, as a mixture duly flavored and sweetened, proves alluring to all healthy appetites.

"Two Days We Celebrate" throws sidelights upon Samuel Johnson with such delicate sympathy that the Great Cham lives again in his stalwart Christian faith. "163 Innocent Old Men" is delectable and there is a deal of the lighter psychology in "Sitting in the Barber's Chair." It is indeed the lighter and brighter side of life which attracts Mr. Morley, at whose command are deft touches, a naïve and whimsical humor, and an unfailing literary skill. There are allusions aplenty to prove Mr. Morley's wide acquaintance with literature, and at the same time to tickle the palate of the Epicurean without offending the uninitiate. The interest of the reading public in *Mince Pie* is a good sign; it means that the witty, the humorous, and the clever need not be divorced from the clean.

ALTRUISM: ITS NATURE AND VARIETIES. By George Herbert Palmer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

This little volume, containing the Ely Lectures for 1917-18 at the Union Theological Seminary, is, in much, interesting and readable. In much else, it may be accused fairly of obfuscating old and accepted definitions by giving canonized terminology a new content.

The book is an appeal for selflessness: but there is a lack of insistence on the only source of the only enduring selflessness. The chapter of introduction, especially, shows the author to be one of those who believe that the "conjunct or social self" is the only

"real person." This is pure idealism, sprung of the subjectivist logic that has come down from Kant. To insist on partial truth—man's social relations to the extent of denying the other half of the truth involved—man's personality and individuality—is an excess that carries its own condemnation.

MYSTICS ALL. By Enid D. Dinnis. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.60 net.

Wide circulation is the rightful due of this welcome collection of eleven stories which treat of Catholic mysticism, laid, for the most part, among scenes and people of everyday life. They combine much diversity of theme with uniformity of interest and merit. None falls below the standard of the group, but there is one that surpasses it, "The Lady," a lovely little tale with a quality for which not even the general excellence had entirely prepared us.

THE PRIESTHOOD OF CHRIST, by the Bishop of Sale (The Australian Catholic Truth Society), contains a series of sermons preached by the Most Rev. Patrick Phelan, D.D., Bishop of Sale in the Cathedral of St. Mary on the occasion of the consecration of Australasia to the Sacred Heart. The central idea developed in these sermons is the Priesthood of Christ as exercised by Himself and shared in by the people of His own and succeeding generations. These sermons make good reading and will be found both interesting and instructive.

THE Catechism of Religious Profession, published by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart at Metuchen, N. J. (\$1.50 net), is a standard work for all religious communities with simple vows. In question and answer form it discusses various queries in reference to the religious life, following the outlines of the *Normæ* and the legislation of the New Code of Canon Law.

Part First treats of the vow in general, of religious profession, of perfection and the observance of rules and constitutions. Part Second is concerned with the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, while Part Third deals with perseverance in the institute.

The volume offers much useful and necessary information for religious and those considering the question of vocation.

THE canonization this month of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque has inspired a very beautiful commemorative ode *To Margaret Mary in Heaven*, by Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J. This worthy tribute of a gifted poet and devoted client of the Sacred

Heart to the "predestined girl, woman of fated and celestial might," will be welcomed by all who, led by her, have entered "a strife that holiest Heart to come more near." The poem is presented by the Queen's Work Press of St. Louis, in a booklet of attractive size and make-up. Price, 50 cents a copy; \$40.00 a hundred.

GOOD CHEER, by Humphrey J. Desmond (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 60 cents), sets forth a cheerful outlook upon life. The author arranges his material into eight chapters, each being subdivided into paragraphs that are, practically, in themselves miniature essays. The matter presented contains much that is sensible and timely. On the whole, the little book repays reading, especially as its form admits of taking it up, from time to time, to occupy a leisure minute.

THOSE interested in noting the prominence, in many fields of activity, of Americans who are of Irish birth or ancestry, will find an excellent and careful summary in *Some Contributions to American Life and History*, an address delivered at the Training School of Teachers, Brooklyn, New York, on March 17, 1920, by Dennis R. O'Brien.

IN the March issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, in giving notice to a publication of Allyn and Bacon, entitled *Everyday Science*, we stated that it was our regret that the book did not contain an alphabetical Index. As a result of a protest from the publishers, we find that the particular volume sent to us for review was a faulty one, and that the properly bound book carries a full Index of thirty-three pages. We wish, therefore, to withdraw this exception to the worth of the book which our criticism made and of repeating our otherwise full approval.

STORIES OF GREAT HEROES, by the Rev. James Higgins (New York: The Macmillan Co. 60 cents), recounts in simple fashion the tale of seventeen of the discoverers, explorers and Apostles of the New World. It aims to interest youthful readers in the men, who, since 1492, have opened up to colonization and civilization the broad plains of America from Canada to Patagonia. The book will be useful as a supplementary reader in the third or fourth grades both for history and language lessons.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

De sacris particulis abanno 1730 in senensi basilica S. Francisci incorrupte servatis, by Agostino Ruelli, O. E. S. A. Siena: tipografia S. Bernardino, 1917. On the fourteenth of August, 1730, the ciborium preserved in the tabernacle of the high altar of the church of St. Francis of Assisi in Siena was stolen by sacrilegious hands. It contained a great number of consecrated hosts for the Communion of the faithful on the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. The authorities of the town instituted a rigorous investigation. On the seventeenth of August, in the Church of Saint Mary of Provenzano, a seminarian, Paolo Schiavi, praying before the high altar, saw some hosts in a broken place in the marble of the altar, on the Gospel side. They were taken by prelates appointed by the Bishop of the town, and recognized as those stolen from the Church of St. Francis. Their number was of 348, besides six fragments. Monsignor Alessandro Zondadari, Bishop of Siena, ordered them to be transferred with due solemnity to the Church of St. Francis. On the eighteenth of August of the same year the sacred particles were placed into a ciborium, and after fifty years were still found in a perfect state of preservation. On the tenth of June, 1914, Bishop Monsignor Prospero Scaccia again certified to their continued miraculous preservation. Studying this marvelous preservation, F. Agostino Ruelli, a learned Augustinian, has taken occasion to present an admirable historical and theological study on Eucharistic miracles. His treatise embraces a most accurate and critical examination of the sources of the supernatural event of Siena. The writer possesses an extensive knowledge of the Fathers of the Church and of St. Thomas. He quotes them frequently and harmonizes their doctrine with his conclusions. The work of F. Ruelli deserves cordial welcome from the students of Catholic theology. It is written in most elegant Latin, and betokens in all its pages the greatest devotion of the writer towards the Blessed Sacrament.

A publication containing many helpful hints for the education and up-bringing of children and young people is the review published by The League for the Popularization of Practical Knowledge, Pedagogical and Sociological in the Family. It is called *L'Education Familiale* and comes out in Brussels ten times a year. (Rue Victor Lefèvre, 14). The subscription is 9 francs.

Exposition de la Morale Catholique. Morale Speciale. IX. "La Justice envers Dieu," by Rev. M. A. Janvier, O.P. (Paris: P. Lethiel-leux. 5 fr.), presents the seventeenth course of Lenten conferences delivered at Notre Dame in Paris by the Abbé Janvier. It treats of the Worship of God, Exterior and Interior Worship, Public Worship, the Efficacy of Prayer, the Excellence or Importance of Prayer, and Sacrifice. At the very beginning of his conferences Father Janvier declares that he has no confidence in the Paris Peace Conference, because it made no mention of God in its sittings. He quotes the New

Testament most aptly: "*Viam pacis non cognoverunt: non est timor Dei ante oculos eorum*, and the way of peace they have not known. There is no fear of God before their eyes" (Rom. iii. 17, 18).

Pierre Téqui publishes *Le Droit Canon des Laïques*, by Rev. J. Louis Demeuran, a brief synopsis of the New Code of Canon Law for the use of the laity. Abbé Demeuran follows the order of the Code throughout, laying special stress upon those laws that in any way affect the laity. Such a book in English would be welcomed by our people.

And *Marriage, Célibat, Vie Religieuse* (3 fr. 50), by the Abbé Milot, the Vicar General of Versailles, a series of conferences on marriage, celibacy and religious life. These simple talks to young girls are illustrated by stories in real life and happenings in the lives of the saints.

Also *Prières de la Vie Intérieure* (1 fr. 50). This collection of affective prayers, highly endorsed by the Bishop of Versailles, is well calculated to promote a growth of spiritual life, grounded in humility and energized by courageous confidence. *Ibo Te duce*, a spirit that dares the heights, is the keynote of this little volume, whose author modestly withholds her name.

From the Librarie Gabriel Beauchesne we have *Une Doctrine de Vie*, by Dr. Henri Carrière (7 fr. net), which gathers together in a volume of some four hundred pages some of the finest passages in the writings of Henry Bordeaux, the well-known French critic and novelist. Dr. Carrière dedicates his book to the youth of France, asking them to make a careful study of this writer, who has always waged a vigorous fight against the enemies of the faith and morals of Catholic France.

And *La Compagnie de Jésus*, by Rev. Joseph Brucker, S.J. (12 fr.), a most thorough account of the Jesuits from their foundation to their suppression (1521-1773). In some eight hundred pages the author gives us the history of the Society in all the countries of the world, their missions, schools, literary and scientific labors, etc. He answers in brief form the many calumnies of their enemies, and sets forth simply and eloquently the many services the Jesuits have rendered the Church.

Scintillæ Ignatianæ, by Gabriel Hevenesi, S.J. (New York: Frederick Pustet & Co. \$1.25; cloth, 75 cents), contains spiritual readings for every day of the year, selected from the works of St. Ignatius. They treat of poverty, chastity, obedience, humility, prayer, the love of God, mortification, spiritual blindness, rash judgment, envy, calumny, scrupulosity, etc.

Recent Events.

The revolutionary government which was set up in Berlin under Dr. Wolfgang von Kapp as Chancellor and General Baron von

Luettwitz as Commander-in-Chief collapsed after a brief existence of five days. The collapse was brought about by the general apathy of the people, and the open hostility of all political parties and particularly by the operation of the general strike which had been called by President Ebert throughout Germany. Both Kapp and von Luettwitz and the other leaders of the Revolutionists fled from Berlin, and the revolutionary troops returned to their barracks at Doeberitz. A few days later the Ebert Government was again in control in Berlin.

Almost immediately the restored Government found itself face to face with serious disorders throughout the country, especially in Westphalia and the valley of the Ruhr, where the workers endeavored to set up a Soviet régime. Armed workmen seized Essen, and violent fighting took place in Kiel, Leipsic, Hamburg, Stuttgart, and particularly in the Ruhr district, which was reported aflame with Bolshevism, and where Communist forces were said to number as many as 70,000 well-armed men. In order to quell these disorders the Berlin Government sent an armed force into the region and requested permission of the Allies to increase the number of her troops in the disturbed district, which, according to the Treaty of Versailles, has been neutralized. To this request England, Italy and the United States seemed disposed to accede, but France offered opposition.

This division of Allied opinion was intensified at the beginning of April, when France took individual action and sent into the Rhineland an army of 18,000 men under General Degoutte, which occupied Frankfort, Darmstadt and Hanau. Her ground for this action was that the Germans had violated the Treaty provision which forbade the invasion of the neutralized Rhine valley by German Government troops. France was supported in this stand by Belgium, but Great Britain and Italy emphatically disavowed approval of the French occupation. The contention of the French was, that the Versailles Treaty had been violated, and that the presence of German troops in the Rhineland was a grave military danger to France. England, while admitting a technical violation of the Treaty, felt the military danger to be slight, and that the Allies' first duty was to permit Germany a free hand in

stamping out Bolshevism within her borders. Sharp notes were exchanged between France and England, and for a time it looked as if there would be a dissolution of their alliance, but this was finally averted in a new settlement.

By this settlement the British Government commits itself anew to the enforcement of the Versailles Treaty, especially the clauses prescribing the disarmament of Germany, and which particularly affect France. The French Government agrees to a slight extension of the permission to the German Government to maintain a limited number of troops in the neutral zone. As soon as the supplementary troops have been withdrawn by the Berlin Government, the French troops will quit Frankfort, Darmstadt, Hanau, Hamburg and Dieburg. The French Government regards the outcome as a victory. Although it retreats somewhat from its original stand by agreeing to evacuate Frankfort before all the German troops are withdrawn from the neutral zone, yet it points out it has gained the assurance of the enforcement of the disarmament clauses of the Treaty, for the strict carrying out of which the Rhine move was only a detailed measure. In the new settlement France retains for unforeseen eventualities the right of individual action.

The Interallied Commission of Control has recommended that the August protocol permitting the Germans to have 17,000 troops in the Ruhr, which expired April 10th, be extended one month. The Germans asked for a three months' extension. The recommendation of the Interallied Commission will probably be adopted by the three main Allied Governments. The withdrawal of all German troops no longer needed in the Ruhr district has already begun, and the Communist revolt, with the exception of sporadic outbreaks, seems to have been effectually broken.

Shortly after the return of the Ebert Government to Berlin an entirely new Cabinet was formed, composed of Majority Socialists with six places, Democrats with three, and Centrists with three. The new Premier, who is also Foreign Secretary, is Herman Muller. Gustave Noske, the former Minister of Defence, who was looked upon as the strongest man in the old Cabinet, has been replaced by Herr Gessler, the Chief Burgomaster of Nuremberg. The Labor Federation, whose opposition proved fatal to the Kapp régime, has expressed its approval of the new Cabinet. Reports from South Germany, however, indicate that a secession movement, centring in Munich and affecting Bavaria and neighboring States, is gathering strength. The south Germans are reported dissatisfied with the coalition Government in Berlin, particularly because of its recent concessions to the labor unions.

Similar dissatisfaction with the Berlin administration has been expressed in the West. The Catholic newspapers in particular are restive because of what they call the Government's dilatoriness in handling the Ruhr insurrection, and have even hinted at a dissolution of the Republic. Moreover, a commission, representing the Reichwehr troops operating in the region of Essen and also the Socialist and Catholic labor organizations there, which is in Berlin to make representations regarding the pacification of the region, demands that the Government punish the Communist leaders immediately. The commission also protests against the interference of the labor unions in the Government. On the other hand, recent dispatches show that the rule of the workmen has ceased throughout the Ruhr district, the executive committees at Dusseldorf, Elberfeld, Barmen and Hagen having relinquished authority to the municipal officials in accordance with the peace terms between the Government and the workers.

Recently the German battleships, *Nassau* and *Ostfriesland*, arrived at the Firth of Forth, this constituting the first steps in the surrender of the remainder of the German warships under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. Ultimately the *Ostfriesland*, which was reckoned by the Germans one of their first-class battleships, and which displaces 22,800 tons, will be turned over to the American Government. The *Nassau*, which is also of the dreadnaught class, but displaces only 18,000 tons, has been allocated to Japan. The arrival of these two battleships marks the first delivery of German naval vessels since the Scapa Flow incident. There remain six battleships, several light cruisers and some forty or fifty torpedo-boat destroyers and a number of submarines to be delivered. In addition, it has been agreed that fifty-four German submarines shall be sold for the benefit of the Allies. The allocation of the remaining vessels has not been determined upon, but it is understood that Brazil will receive six torpedo-boat destroyers, some submarines and a cruiser. The delivery of these vessels is expected to take place within a month.

In execution of the armistice terms Germany also has recently delivered to France 2,683 locomotives, of which 697 have been ceded by France to the Allied Powers.

Financial conditions in Germany have improved during the past month. Recent quotations on the Berlin Exchange show that the mark, which before the Kapp revolution stood steadily at rather more than 300 to the pound sterling, stands now at 216. Also there has been a drop in price of some important raw materials, such as copper. But the fall in the mark has been accompanied by an all-around rise in prices and by the exhaustion of

some necessities. There is little or no coal, and the price of leather has increased enormously. The food situation is decidedly worse than a year ago. Imported foodstuffs are three times dearer than six months ago.

The physical condition of the people, especially the children, is very poor. At least twenty-five per cent of Berlin's children between one and fourteen years are badly underfed. Of 485,000 Berlin children, 29,000 are suffering from tuberculosis, according to the latest statistics, and 77,000 are suffering from various other illnesses brought on by long underfeeding. In January the figures for forty-three big towns of Germany showed that over 200,000 children were afflicted with tuberculosis, and 850,000 were ill from lack of proper food. All great towns report a big increase in the death rate.

Russia.

The most important military event of the month has been the launching of the long heralded spring campaign of the Bolshevik armies against Poland. This campaign began about the middle of March and has continued to the present, but has met with uniform failure, the Poles repulsing, with sanguinary losses to the enemy, repeated and shifting attacks along a four hundred mile front, despite the fact that they were greatly outnumbered and that the Soviet troops used heavy artillery, tanks, armored cars, and other apparatus captured from General Denikin on the South Russian front. The most severe fighting has occurred on the Polesian-Podolian line, near the Galician frontier, the Bolsheviks concentrating their attacks on this sector in an endeavor to capture Kovno, an important railroad centre, and Kamenetz-Podolsk, a city highly prized because of its strategic importance. The Russian offensive has broken down at all points, due partly to the superior morale of the Polish troops and partly to the collapse of the Russian railroad system, which is in no condition to support an offensive. A recent report of Russian technical experts to the Allied representatives at Warsaw, shows that there are approximately only 300 serviceable locomotives throughout the country as compared with 16,000 before the War.

Meanwhile, peace negotiations have been in progress between the Bolsheviks and the Poles, but to date without definite result. The Polish peace terms are severe, the foremost condition being that Russia must renounce sovereignty to all territory obtained by Russia through the partition of Poland by the Governments of Prussia, Austria, and Russia more than a century ago. In addition, the Poles ask considerable guarantees in the form of a row

of barrier States, a new *cordon sanitaire*, under Polish protectorate and lying between the neighborhood of Brest-Litovsk and the old Polish frontier of 1772. The Poles also demand the temporary occupation of the Government of Smolensk as an additional measure of security, but this may be a mere talking point to be traded off for something else.

The Soviet Government in its counter proposal asked for an armistice along the entire battlefront during the proposed peace negotiations, and also suggested the holding of the peace conference in Esthonia instead of Borisov, on the Beresina River, north-east of Minsk, but the Poles rejected both these proposals, on the ground, first, that a general armistice would be taken advantage of by the Bolsheviki to bring up reinforcements, and, second, that Esthonia, by its negotiation of a treaty with the Russian Soviets, violated the terms of its existing treaty with Poland. The latest development of the situation has been the announcement by the Soviet Government that it considers the last note of the Poles in the nature of an ultimatum, and declares that the selection of a city in the military zone for the negotiations and the conclusion of a merely local armistice are unprecedented. The message concludes by saying that Russia's only alternative is to address a communication to the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy, pointing out that the reestablishment of commercial relations with the Powers will be greatly hindered if Russia is unable to obtain peace, and that "it is impossible for the Entente to decline responsibility on this occasion when their influence would induce Poland to adopt a less irreconcilable attitude."

Other military operations of the Bolsheviki have been of a minor nature. At the beginning of April they launched attacks on both sides of the River Dvina, apparently opening a drive on the northern front designed to carry them in the direction of Vilna. Fighting of an inconclusive character at various points on this front, has been reported in Lettish dispatches. The Bolsheviki also started an offensive against Finland, but this has since been discontinued.

Novorossisk, the last base in Southern Russia under control of General Denikin, was captured late in March by the Bolsheviki and the volunteer force thoroughly defeated. Over 100,000 men and great quantities of supplies fell into the enemy's hands. With the remnant of his army Denikin then retreated to the Crimea, making his base at Theodosia on the Black Sea. Shortly after his arrival there, however, in the face of a new Bolshevik offensive in the Crimea, Denikin placed his resignation in the hands of his councilors and entreated them to select another chief, whereupon

they appointed General Wrangel as commander of the southern volunteer forces.

General Wrangel is of Norwegian blood, and is such a forceful character that his adherents believe he can reorganize the shattered volunteer and Cossack forces better than the Generals who participated in the campaign around Odessa and Novorossisk, where the volunteers showed no desire to fight. Volunteer troops are to occupy Simferopol and Sebastopol. General Alexieff's division is to occupy Kertch. Don and Kuban Cossacks are at Eupatoria, on the western coast of the Crimea.

According to latest dispatches, the Bolsheviki have not yet made any headway in the Crimea. Foreign military officers who watched the evacuation of Novorossisk and other places in the South, are not optimistic about the defence of the Crimea, however, because, they assert, the morale of the volunteer troops is low and there is no general disposition to make a vigorous defensive campaign. On the other hand, the natural defences in this region are extremely effective, and the Bolshevik army has been so weakened by the typhus that the volunteers may hold their ground in spite of the demoralization that exists. It is estimated that 100,000 refugees are gathered in the Crimea. After his resignation General Denikin went to Constantinople and later, in consequence of the assassination of his chief of staff while visiting the Russian embassy there, took refuge on a British warship, which has since been reported to have sailed for Malta.

In the Caucasus the Bolsheviki are advancing rapidly toward Azerbaijan and Georgia. The Georgian Government is so weak and so hard pressed by its own radical elements that there seems little hope of successful resistance to the Soviet forces. The Georgian situation is further complicated by the flood of Cossack soldiers and civilians fleeing across the mountains ahead of the Bolshevik advance. Armed Cossacks to the number of 30,000, moving southward from Novorossisk and to Tuapie are concentrated at Sochi, with the Bolsheviki pursuing the Georgians in their front, the mountains on the one side and the sea on the other. The Georgians refuse to admit the Cossacks into Georgia unless they disarm, which the Cossacks decline to do, although virtually starving. The British have provided a temporary flour supply to quiet the situation, in the hope of effecting a settlement.

With the sailing of Brigadier General Wm. A. Graves, Commander-in-chief of the American Expeditionary Forces in Siberia, and about 2,000 men from Vladivostok on April 1st, the evacuation of American troops from Siberia was completed. A few hours subsequent to their departure from Vladivostok, a Japanese

proclamation was posted throughout the city stating that Japanese troops would not evacuate Siberia at the present time and warning all inhabitants against any unfriendly attitude on the part of the Russian population. On April 5th, Japanese troops suddenly seized Vladivostok in a night attack, ousted the provisional government, which is alleged to have been in communication with the Bolsheviks, and disarmed all Russians.

The purpose of the Japanese occupation of Vladivostok is stated to be, to protect Japanese interests, to safeguard the principal Japanese base of supplies in Siberia at Vladivostok, to ward off the threat of Bolshevism which has been advancing steadily toward the Pacific with the Bolshevik forces through Siberia, and also to remove the menace to Manchuria and Korea, which lie to the east and west of Vladivostok. No representations have been made by the American Government against Japan's action, and it is not understood that there will be any, as Japan's vital interest from the point of view of national defence in the maintenance of troops in Siberia is recognized by this Government. Later dispatches state that the Japanese have captured the entire Ussuri railroad between Vladivostok and Khabarovsk. This line, which is about four hundred miles long, runs directly north and south and passes through the important towns of Nikolsk and Ussuri.

The Soviet Government continues to make overtures for trade to the various countries, neutral and Allied, and recently a Russian Trade Commission, accompanied by twenty-four experts in trade and engineering, arrived at Copenhagen from Moscow. It is the intention of this Commission after a short stay in Denmark to proceed to London, and perhaps later to the United States. The Commission will endeavor to get in touch with merchants and manufacturers in Allied and neutral countries, and start trade between them and Russia as soon as possible.

In this connection later dispatches announce that the British delegation has concluded its negotiations with the Russian Soviet representatives, and that there is good prospect for the early establishment of trade between Great Britain and Russia. Agreement for the resumption of commercial relations has been reached also between Sweden and Russia, providing Great Britain and France annul the Baltic blockade. Recent dispatches announce the arrival of an Italian commercial mission in Athens on its way to Russia to negotiate with the Soviet Government for the purchase of raw materials for manufacture. The mission is reported to be furnished with several million rubles in cash.

The ban on trade relations between this country and Russia may soon be lifted, according to a report from Washington, al-

though the recent American proposal to the Supreme Council for concerted action to this end by Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States has temporarily deferred action here. The Allies are believed to be awaiting a conference with members of the Russian coöperative mission before replying to the American suggestion. Whatever the Allies decide, however, American officials say, it is probable that formal notice would soon be given by the United States that restrictions now in force have been withdrawn. There will be no objection to the visit to this country of the Russian coöperative mission, it was added, if the members are able to prove absence of any official connection between the coöperatives whom they represent and the Russian Soviet Government.

France. The principal question before the Supreme Council and the Allied Governments during the last month (outside the controversy over the French occupation of towns in the Rhineland already treated), has been the Turkish problem. Various solutions have been proposed during the month, and the Supreme Council requested the advice of President Wilson on the subject. The two chief points of the President's note in reply, were a demand for the expulsion of the Turk from Europe, and the proposed creation of an Armenian state with as wide boundaries as possible.

The objection of the Allied Governments to this proposal are threefold; they contend, first, that the three countries most closely concerned and upon which the military consequences of any decision would rest, namely, Great Britain, France and Italy, are united in the belief that the Sultan should not be sent to Asia Minor; second, that even expulsionists among the Allies place serious credence in the dangerous effervescence of Mussulman feeling which the expulsion of the Sultan from Constantinople would cause; and third, that the retention by the Turkish Government of Constantinople under Allied control promises better results, particularly in safeguarding the lives of the Armenians, than the expulsion policy, which might lead to the establishment of an uncontrolled hostile Turkish Government beyond the Taurus Mountains.

No reply to the President's note will be sent until after the conference of the Allied Governments at San Remo, Italy, between the 19th and 22d of April. It is conjectured that the Allies will express their sympathy with the giving to Armenia of a state with boundaries in proportion to her population, but it will be pointed out that the Armenians from a strict equity point of view have less

right to the disputed territory than the indigenous Turkish peasants, and that the Armenians are not so numerous as to warrant giving them such extended boundaries as the President desires.

Of course, the failure of America to ratify the Peace Treaty and its refusal to accept an Armenian mandate, has thrown Allied councils into confusion, particularly with regard to the Turkish question, and in a further endeavor to find a solution for that question, the Supreme Council early in April addressed a communication to the League of Nations requesting that the League accept a mandate for Armenia. After several meetings, however, the League declared that it was unable to accept the mandate because it lacks the machinery for administering such a charge. To take over such a mandate would require both military and financial resources, neither of which the League possesses. The Council of the League believes it can find a mandatory for Armenia in some neutral State if some one else will pay the expenses, and recommends that the members of the League make collective arrangements to meet Armenia's needs. As for the assumption of guardianship of the racial minorities in Turkey, the Council of the League believes it is within its province to accept this duty, but cannot definitely commit itself as to ways and means until the Turkish Treaty has been fully drafted. It is expected by Allied observers that some kind of Turkish Treaty will be sufficiently ready by the end of April or the beginning of May, to invite the Turkish delegation to Paris. The details of the Treaty it is expected will be finally disposed of at the San Remo conference. The San Remo conference may also have occasion to make the final decision on some questions regarding the Hungarian Peace Treaty.

Turning to purely French affairs and internal conditions, the depreciation of French currency, which was checked for a time after the fall in January, has begun again with doubled velocity. In the last three sessions of the Exchanges the value of the franc has dropped fourteen per cent as compared with sterling, and about twelve per cent as compared with the dollar and Dutch, Spanish, Swiss and Scandinavian money. At present even Germany gains seven per cent on France. Reducing the French economic situation to its simplest terms, the principal cause for the depreciation of the franc is that the country is obliged to buy abroad nearly six times as much in money value as it sells. That France has far too much floating paper is merely an additional handicap, not a basic source of the trouble. There is much talk about work and augmented production, but production cannot be augmented unless imports are augmented simultaneously, and

when that occurs, the franc, of course, falls faster than ever. Imports have already been reduced to the lowest possible figure, so that there is no remedy in that direction. Yet, unless a remedy is found, disaster would seem to be inevitable.

In a recent debate in the Chamber of Deputies on new taxes, Deputy Auriol, Socialist, asserted that the only remedy for France's financial situation was the taxation of capital and war profits. Budget Reporter Dumont's statement on the budget was well received by the House. It is expected that the Government's revenues under the new taxes will be increased 8,500,000,000 francs. Among the fresh taxes is one of ten per cent upon the gross receipts of theatres, music halls, circuses, hippodromes, race tracks and bicycle races.

Subscriptions to the latest French loan totaled 15,730,000,000 francs, of which 6,800,000,000 francs was in new money. The new loan subscription included 8,000,000,000 francs in national defence bonds, more than 550,000,000 francs in national defence obligations, and about 375,000,000 francs in French *rentes*. Subscriptions totaling 275,000,000 came from abroad, and 84,000,000 francs from the colonies.

The financial situation is the determining factor in French opposition to President Wilson's proposal that the Allied and Associated Powers declare forthwith the lifting of all trade restrictions against Russia. The French Government is determined not to participate in any such step, until the Moscow Government recognizes the debt of 26,000,000,000 francs which Russia owes to the French Government and other French interests. At the negotiations which will soon be opened in London between representatives of the Allies and of Russia, the representative of France may be expected to present the French claims with vigor. The Russian delegation is headed by Krassin, who has been widely quoted as saying that Russia had wiped all foreign debts off the slate and would consent to no consideration of them.

Particulars of the distribution of enemy warships among the Allies have recently been published in Paris. France's share, which is ten per cent of the total tonnage of all the captured enemy ships, with the exception of submarines, represents 92,000 tons, half of which is in German ships and half in Austrian. Five cruisers and ten destroyers are allotted to France, and the same number of cruisers and destroyers to Italy. Each of these two Powers will also receive a light cruiser and three destroyers, which may be used for a year for experimental purposes, but must be destroyed when that time has elapsed. France will receive the cruiser *Emden*. Forty submarines now in French ports are also

allotted to France, and of these ten may be put in service. France is the only Power to which the privilege of using captured submarines has been granted.

Italy. According to latest dispatches, conditions in Fiume are becoming more critical daily, owing to factional quarrels among the

d'Annunzio troops, labor unrest and the lack of food and work. D'Annunzio has sent to Rome a committee headed by Signor di Ambris, Chief Secretary to Mayor Gigante, to discuss with Premier Nitti plans for a relaxation of the blockade of the city, which is paralyzing the activities of the port.

A general strike was recently declared in Fiume, but it lasted only one day. The workmen demanded restoration of the food situation to a normal basis, a reversion to the prices prevailing prior to the local troubles, and the adjustment of the value of money in exchange, so as to restore the former purchasing power of wages. It is complained that prices are now quoted in lire, whereas wages are paid in Jugo-Slav crowns, worth only one-twelfth of the lire. The National Council promised an improvement in conditions.

The strike leaders asserted they were insistent on having d'Annunzio leave Fiume. They said if they were unsuccessful locally, the strike would spread to Trieste, then to Milan and threaten Italy. The workers say their demand for normal food rations is impossible of fulfillment while the partial blockade continues, and that the blockade would continue as long as d'Annunzio remained. D'Annunzio is also faced with a disagreement among the troops over Monarchist and Republican feuds. This, coupled with the attitude of the working groups, places him in the most serious situation since his occupation of Fiume.

A recent telegram from Trieste asserts that the Italo-Jugo-Slav Commission, which has been in consultation regarding an Adriatic settlement, has reached an agreement concerning the Adriatic ports under which Italy obtains sovereignty over Fiume, while the Jugo-Slavs receive Susak, the Canale della Fiumara, the Porto-Baross, the port of Volosca and Scutari. D'Annunzio is declared to be strongly against the arrangement, of which Premier Lloyd George is credited to be the author. Italian representatives express the conviction that the matter will finally be settled by direct negotiations after the disappearance of the obstacles created by d'Annunzio's occupation of Fiume. The d'Annunzio movement, it is added, is now considered in a state of dissolution.

The new Nitti Cabinet has faced several crises during the last month, but in each case has been given a vote of confidence by the Chamber of Deputies. The new Government is in favor of a lenient policy toward Russia and Germany, favors a friendly understanding with the Jugo-Slavs on the Adriatic question, does not desire any territorial occupation of Turkey or Asia Minor, and as regards home policy desires the maintenance of order by all classes, increased work and production, and diminution in consumption in order to avoid disaster to the nation. In order to bring these home policies into effect the food-card system has been revived with an even stricter system than during the War. Coal cannot be had at any price, and gas for only three hours per day. Many trains have been suppressed.

Labor demonstrations have been made in various cities throughout Italy during the month, and at Milan an attempt was made to set up a Soviet system of control of large industrial concerns. Strikes have occurred also in Bologna, Pisa, Leghorn and Florence, and there were casualties both to the police and the strikers. In the Novra, Alexandria, Brescia and Treviso Provinces a gigantic agricultural strike was called, involving 300,000 workers. Several peasant demonstrations were put down by machine-gun fire.

April 17, 1920.

With Our Readers.

AN important, though short, contribution to the history of Catholic service in the late War is an article, contributed to the March *Month*, entitled "The French Priest in the War," by the Rev. John Dawson, S.M. The extent of the services of the Catholic priests and of how that service in turn reflects the Catholic soul of France is by no means sufficiently known or considered. "What they (the French chaplains) told me and what I saw with my own eyes, convinced me of one thing: that there is far more Catholic life in France than we, who judge her by her public acts, are apt to believe. How it is that so many generous, even fervent, Catholics exercise so little influence on the public life of their country remains a puzzle that no French Catholic, priest or layman, has ever been able to solve for me."

The answer might be made that the French Catholic body has lacked the means of common action in matters of public legislation.

Whether this be true or not, it is true that an active minority may rule a country; shape its legislation; control its public institutions; deprive private institutions of their life, while the majority are, so to speak, asleep, uninterested and unorganized for common public action.

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IN our own country we have seen that prohibition was made a federal constitutional amendment by an active minority. The activities of "foundations," of institutes, of societies and organizations eager to push their special object or their particular measure of reform or supervision are today centred upon federal legislation. The objective of their activities is the Congress of the United States. Success there means a short cut to success in the particular State they seek to affect or in all the States. Thus do minorities work: framing their proposed legislation in learned and influential council; far-visioned in the importance of its phrasing; securing prominent men and women, who know little of the real bearing of the legislation in question, as their supporters; impressing the Senator or Congressman with their repeated appeal, magnifying the volume of public opinion back of it—meanwhile pushing a vigorous propaganda in the press under various forms and disguises. When the matter is actually

presented in the halls of Congress they who are back of it have the big advantage of position, of initiative, of planned campaign. The public sometimes learn of the bill when it is introduced: oftentimes much later, sometimes they know nothing of it until it is passed.

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IN the light of all this, it is increasingly important that organizations interested in legislative measures should be really interested, and have the means of securing information, even from the beginning. We speak not in a political way. The political ends of legislation, that is in so far as they affect candidates or parties, have nothing to do with the question, at least nothing to do with it directly, as we treat it here. Legislation is not only becoming more and more federal, legislation is becoming more paternal. Time was when the Christian citizen or the Christian organization might avert its eyes from Washington and go its undisturbed way, confident that the Federal Government would not only not interfere with, but would certainly support Christian principles and Christian morals. Neither the individual nor the organization can have any such security today. Like Horace, though in quite a different sense, the Federal Congress considers nothing human a stranger to itself. As he treasures the sanctities of life, so, therefore, must every citizen be alive to every matter of proposed legislative action, either national or state. With equal truth may it be said that every organization really interested in the true welfare of the country, in the preservation not only of the fundamental principles of Christian society, but in the right to educate our children therein—with equal truth it may be said that every such organization should be intensely, vitally interested and informed on every matter of religious or moral concern that is proposed as a subject of legislation. Most truly does it behoove those who watch from the towers of Israel to regard even the far-off enemies that have their face set towards the holy city.

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ONCE legislation affects the sacred and moral rights of the individual or of the Church, the name political may be eliminated and religious substituted. Today there is no question affecting religion at least indirectly that is not being made the subject of federal legislation. We all know the federal attempts to control and define the education of the young. The same movement is showing itself in state legislatures. In Michigan far more than the number necessary have signed a petition which brings

before the voters next November, a constitutional amendment which would forbid the very existence of parochial schools in that State.

Marriage laws are for the present left to the State. Lax as they are, the tendency is to greater laxity.

Americanization bills are being considered; to the Americanization portion of them no one would have any objection: but to the powers which some of them would confer of killing the right of private schools many would object. Health legislation is on its federal way; it includes a sex hygiene programme to which no one can be indifferent who is not indifferent to Christian morals. This naturally touches the most fundamental questions of ethics, and not only the physical but the spiritual welfare of the generation to come. Hospitals; homes for the feeble-minded; segregation; child welfare; industrial problems concerning women, all are within the range of national legislation.

Today it is forbidden to send the reading matter of birth-control societies through the mails. A vigorous campaign will soon open whereby these societies will seek, and they confidently expect, the permission of the federal authorities to send through the mails their obscene and immoral propaganda. The words are none too strong, for they teach not only contraceptive methods, but that sexual immorality is not sinful.

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OUR aim in these paragraphs is not to point out legislation that may be harmful and anti-Christian. Legislation may be good or bad: worthy or unworthy. Our point is that we do not know its character: we are unable to meet or encourage or modify or oppose, unless we keep ourselves informed through channels that capably operate.

Organization, capable and ready representation are needed if such is to be the case: if we as Catholics are to preserve our own fundamental religious rights and contribute our preëminent share to the legislation that will shape and control the destiny of our country. Organization is not a matter simply of numbers nor of a national committee nor group. Organization is not a centralized authority. That would work more harm than good. Organization demands the constant watchfulness of those who serve under authority: it demands also the declaration of a programme, a line of action, at least on general lines that will bespeak the aim and purpose of the body Catholic. Unless legislation is radically and thoroughly bad—and framers are seldom so foolish as to permit it to be classified entirely in that category—

successful opposition to it means a definite constructive programme on the part of those who oppose. Organization in opposition, therefore, means constant study of the forces in operation; of the social conditions to be affected; of how best the reform looked for may be secured; of full and correct data on the question or questions under discussion. Organization demands the ability to use the means of publicity: the service of those who can present it capably to the press. It demands further the means to inform every part of the organization—all lay Catholic societies for example—to keep them in touch with national affairs, readily to secure their aid, their advice, their support.

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WE have attempted here to show but one reason why the formation of the National Catholic Welfare Council, composed of the hierarchy of the United States, was not only advisable, but, given the circumstances, absolutely necessary.

Decided upon at the meeting of the hierarchy in September, 1919, the first steps in the actual formation were taken by the Administrative Committee in the first part of December, 1919. The Administrative Committee were directed to establish five departments, the Department of Education, the Department of Social Action, the Department of Legislation, the Department of Lay Organizations and the Department of Press and Publicity. The Chairman of the Administrative Committee is the Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco. The Chairmen of the various departments in the order named are: the Most Rev. Austin Dowling, Archbishop of St. Paul; the Most Rev. D. J. Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia; the Right Rev. Peter J. Muldoon, Bishop of Rockford; the Right Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Toledo, and the Right Rev. William T. Russell, Bishop of Charleston.

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TO secure unity of action among the five departments, the Administrative Committee directed a joint national committee to be formed, consisting of a representative of each of the departments; that the headquarters of such committee be established at Washington, and that the conduct of the committee as a whole should be under the care of a General Secretary acting as representative of the Chairman of the Administrative Committee. To this position of General Secretary the Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., Editor of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, was appointed.

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CONSIDERING the difficulties that must inevitably be met with in securing capable men, the plans and programmes that must be drawn up and carried out in the formation of these departments, the progress already made is very encouraging. The headquarters of the joint committee have been established at 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C. The Executive Staff there is practically complete. The representative of the Department of Education is the well-known authority, Dr. Edward A. Pace; that of the Department of Social Action, Dr. John A. Ryan, author of the now classical work, *A Living Wage*; with Dr. Ryan is associated Dr. John A. Lapp, whose work on *The Fundamentals of Citizenship* is now widely used throughout the country. This Department has already done remarkable work in outlining programmes; in providing lecture courses in our seminaries and colleges; in the definite preparation of two important volumes; and in the publication of timely pamphlets, two of which are now in press. This Department shall fix the standards and programmes for all the social service work of the Council. The final steps in organizing the Department of Legislation are about to be taken.

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THE Press and Publicity Department has not only completed its home organization, with three special Bureaus, but has begun the issuing of a weekly news sheet to the Catholic press of the country. The mission of the National Catholic Welfare Council demanded that existing Catholic organizations should, through its efforts, be helped and strengthened in their appointed fields. For years, through much labor and sacrifice, the Catholic Press Association had done creditable work for Catholic journalism. Only those who were with it in its pioneer days and who were then encouraged and fortified by the leadership of its President, the Right Rev. James J. Hartley, Bishop of Columbus, know from experience the almost insurmountable difficulties that had to be met.

Almost all the Catholic journals of the country are members of the Catholic Press Association. Its news service was creditably handled. It asked for the extension of that news service. This could not be done by the funds at the disposal of the Association. The Press and Publicity Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council has undertaken to supply this.

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BEFORE the work of organization was undertaken, the National Catholic Welfare Council through the Episcopal Chairman of the Press Department attended the National Convention

of the Catholic Press Association. Eight members of the latter are members also of the Executive Committee of the Press Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council, and the agreement made with the Press Department of the Council means that the Catholic Press Association will be stronger and more efficient than ever before. To those vital questions of uniform size; of national advertising; of common purchase of paper, it will now be able to give its full attention. The Press and Publicity Department has, as we have said, organized an Information and Clipping Bureau and also a Book and Pamphlet Bureau, which will not only keep in touch with all Catholic publications, but will file copies of the same in its library at national headquarters. The Executive Committee of the Department will be announced at a later date.

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IN the formation of the Department of Lay Organizations it was necessary, first, to form a National Council of Catholic Women, which would help in a national way every existing Catholic organization of women, use existing societies for the national work that is to be done, and also sustain and direct its own service department for national social service work. The success achieved by the women's organizations during the War and in after-the-war work under the direction of the Committee on Special War Activities of the National Catholic War Council, made imperative the existence of such an organization. The women's work thus conducted must be sustained and directed after the active labors of the National Catholic War Council have ceased. A National Catholic Women's Council that will continue to direct and supervise it is of supreme importance. That the Catholic women of the country realize this was evidenced most widely and most enthusiastically at the national conference held under the direction of the Episcopal Chairman of the Department, Bishop Schrembs of Toledo.

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THE Conference met in Washington, March 5th, 6th, and 7th. Two hundred attended: of these one hundred and seven were voting delegates. To its deliberations were invited representatives of all the dioceses of the country, representatives of all national Catholic women's organizations, and some "unattached" women who have made their name in Catholic social service.

The mind of the Convention expressed one purpose—the formation of a National Council of Catholic Women; a constitution and programme were adopted; national officers elected; and every

Catholic organization gladly pledged its fidelity to, and its affiliation with, the National Council of Catholic Women. The work before it is vast and its difficulties numerous; but evidences are not lacking, even at this early date, that it will do great work for Church and for Country.

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THIS is but a brief summary, necessarily incomplete, of the formation up to date of the National Catholic Welfare Council. The mere recital extends the vision and enlarges the heart. Face to face with a crisis in our country and our civilization, the like of which this generation has not seen, looking upon a world that gives of itself no comfort, but distress and bewilderment, is it not comforting and inspiring to know that our divinely appointed leaders have with such foresight prepared us to meet the nation's problems and enemies with well-buttressed organization? The National Catholic Welfare Council exists for the service of all, individual and organization. To the smallest of our Catholic societies and the largest, in any department where information or guidance is helpful, it must give all the help at its command. It has no centralized authority; it seeks not to direct, but to help and to serve. It narrows no one's field of activity. It enlarges the broad area of Catholic work, and gives what it can in the way of opportunity for all to serve more efficiently. Behind every Catholic organization it places permanently the background of national organization. Today the local Catholic organization is refused a share in community chests because it is simply local and has no national standing. Community work cannot be extended unless an organization has its trained workers with national experience, its national service school, its national organization. A national council provides these. Time and again does the necessity present itself of common Catholic action; and that is possible only through a National Catholic Council.

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SOcial service is the common work of all: it is but the channel whence we bring to men a knowledge and love of the Faith which inspires us, which is dearer to us than life itself. Without that Faith it lacks meaning; it conveys no comfort; it increases rather than lightens the problem to which it may apply itself. The common effort of unified Catholic strength is the concert of the faith of American Catholics, seeking to express itself most effectively for the welfare of Church and of Country. Trumpet-tongued, its message shall be heard through all the land, illustrating the saving truth of Jesus Christ and of His Church. "To become absorbed in worldly pursuits and to neglect those

which belong to our eternal welfare, is the root evil whence spring the immediate causes of our present condition. God, from Whom all things are and on Whom all things depend, the Creator and Ruler of men, the source and sanction of righteousness, the only Judge Who with perfect justice can weigh the deeds and read the hearts of men, has, practically at least, disappeared from the whole conception of life so far as this is dominated by a certain type of modern thought. Wherever this sort of thinking is taken as truth, there is set up a scheme of life, individual, social and political, which seeks, not in the eternal but in the human and transitory, its ultimate foundation." So spoke the Bishops of our country in their recent joint Pastoral.

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CHRIST must again come to men. He comes through us, for each and every one of us has life only in Him; each in his own measure, great or small, is Christ to others. In Him we live, and as one with Him must we show that He died to give His life for all. What we work for in the world of externals is but a reflection of our spiritual life within. So will the unified, harmonious action of the great Catholic body of the United States have its effective share in illustrating to men the Communion of Saints and our Oneness in the Mystical Body of Christ.



THE injustice of the proposed Home Rule Bill for Ireland, and the dishonesty of those who claim it gives freedom of government to that country, are glaringly apparent from the fact that the Bill provides that by English power, "the Free and Accepted Masons of the Grand Lodge of Ireland and any lodge or society recognized by that body shall not be included in the enactments relative to unlawful oaths or unlawful assemblies." In other words neither of the proposed parliaments in Ireland shall have the authority to forbid Freemasons from taking "unlawful oaths" or calling or attending "unlawful assemblies." Such a provision simply hamstring the government proposed. It makes the Bill a farce, and proves again that the English Government is not prepared and does not intend to do justice to Ireland.



DURING the course of their publication, we called editorial attention to the exceptional worth of the papers, entitled "St. Matthew and the Parousia," by the Rev. Edmund T. Shanahan, S. T. D., contributed to THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

In the current *Dublin Review*, Father Hugh Pope writes

"On the Coming of Christ." In the course of his article he states: "We venture to suggest that this eschatological problem may have been solved in THE CATHOLIC WORLD's series of twelve papers by Dr. Shanahan, entitled 'St. Matthew and the Parousia.' We say without hesitation that these papers are the work of a real exegete."

Father Pope then follows Dr. Shanahan step by step. In the reconciliation or explanation of the words of the prophets and the teaching of our Blessed Lord, he finds that Dr. Shanahan has made a "discovery of immense importance," for it affords us a test which we can apply at once, and which is found to fit the lock and open up the secrets in a fashion which might almost be termed "uncanny." Father Pope "cannot speak too highly of Dr. Shanahan's work. His methods are highly critical and yet he has not let himself be misled by the tools he has employed."

Our readers will all share the hope he voices that Dr. Shanahan's papers will soon appear in book form.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Mount Music. By E. G. Somerville and M. Ross. \$2.00. *The Skilled Laborer, 1760-1832.* By J. L. Hammond and B. Hammond. \$4.50 net. *From Dust to Glory.* By Rev. M. J. Phelan, S.J. \$1.60. *St. Luke: the Man and His Work.* By H. McLachlin, M.A. \$3.00. *Dona Christe.* By Mother St. Paul. \$1.75. *The English Catholics in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.* By J. H. Pollen, S.J. \$7.50.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

Caught by the Turks. By F. Yeats-Brown. \$2.00. *Armenia and the Armenians.* By K. Aslan. \$1.25. *The American Army in the European Conflict.* By Colonel de Chambrun and Captain de Marenches. \$3.00.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

The Science of Labor and Its Organization. By Dr. J. Ioteyko. \$1.60 net. *The Worldlings.* By L. Merrick. *Red Terror and Green.* By R. Dawson. \$2.50 net. *Ireland—An Enemy of the Allies?* By R. C. Esecouffaire.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

War and Peace. By W. Jay. *Judicial Settlement of Controversies Between States of the American Union.* By J. B. Scott, LL.D. *Effects of the War on Money, Credit and Banking in France and the United States.* By B. M. Andrews, Jr., Ph.D. *War Thrift.* By T. N. Carver.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:

Memories of Buffalo Bill. By his wife, Louise F. Cody. \$2.50 net. *From Upton to the Meuse.* By W. K. Rainsford. \$2.00 net. *Siberia Today.* By F. F. Moore. \$2.00 net. *A Cry of Youth.* By C. Lombardi. \$2.00 net. *Mercier, the Fighting Cardinal.* By C. Kellogg. \$2.00 net.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:

Jane Austen. By O. W. Firkins. \$1.75.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Lady Trent's Daughter. By I. C. Clarke. \$1.75 net. *Reflections for Religious.* \$2.00 net.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

Religion and Culture. By F. Schlegel, Ph.D. \$2.00 net.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:

Bobbins of Belgium. By C. Kellogg. \$2.00 net.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

Open Gates to Russia. By M. W. Davls. \$2.00 net. *The Doughboy's Religion.* By B. D. Lindsey and H. O'Higgins. \$1.25 net.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR Co., New York:

Just Happy. By Grace Keon. \$1.65.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

Cardinal Mercier's Own Story. By His Eminence, D. J. Cardinal Mercier. *Invincible Minnie.* By E. S. Holding. *Home—Then What?* Collected and arranged by J. L. Small.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY, New York:

Puritanism in History and Literature. By T. L. Connolly, S.J. Pamphlet.

BRENTANO'S, New York:

Meslomi's Messages from the Life Beyond. By M. A. McEvilly. \$1.50. *The Standard Opeaglass.* By C. Annesley.

ALLYN & BACON, New York:

Everyday Science. By William H. Snyder, Sc.D.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

The January Girl. By J. Gray. \$1.50. *Whispers.* By L. Dodge. \$1.75 net.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:

The Eastern Question and Its Solution. By M. Jastrow, LL.D. \$1.50 net. *How to Speak French Like the French.* By Marie and Jeanne Yersin.

JOHN JOSEPH McVEY, Philadelphia:

The Pope and Italy. By Very Rev. N. Crasacca, D.D. 50 cents.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington:

Industrial Schools for Delinquents, 1917-18. Community Americanization. By F. C. Butler. *Proceedings of the Fourth Annual Meeting of the National Council of Primary Education, Chicago, Ill., February 25, 1919. The Public School System of Memphis, Tenn. Part II. The Accredited Secondary Schools of the North Central Association.* By C. O. Davls.

THE CATHOLIC EDUCATION PRESS, Washington:

A General History of the Christian Era. Volume I.

CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE, Washington:

A Manual of the Public Benefactions of Andrew Carnegie.

THE FOUR SEAS Co., Boston:

East by West. By A. J. Morrison. \$1.50 net. *Outdoors and In.* By J. F. Crowell. \$1.50 net. *The Birth of God.* (Play.) By V. von Heldenstam. \$1.25 net. *Three Plays.* By N. Leslie. *The Death of Titian.* By H. von Hofmannsthal.

BIBLIOTHECA SACRA Co., Oberlin, O.:

Moses and the Monuments. By Melvin G. Kyle, D.D., LL.D.

EXTENSION PRESS, Chicago:

Spiritism the Modern Satanism. By Thomas F. Coakley. \$1.25.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Chicago:

Catholic Beginnings in Kansas City, Mo. By G. J. Garraghan, S.J. \$1.25.

MISSION PRESS, Techny, Ill.:

An Appeal to the Catholics of the World to Save the German Foreign Missions. Pamphlet.

KANSAS STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, Topeka:

Report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture for the Quarter Ending December, 1919.

A. R. MOWBRAY & Co., London:

A Dictionary of English Church History. Edited by S. L. Ollard, M.A.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:

The Martyrs of Uganda. A Fairy Godmother. By L. Moore. *The Failure of Anglicanism.* By F. J. Kinsman. Pamphlet.

BROWNE & NOLAN, Dublin:

St. Bernard's Sermons and the Canticle of Canticles. By a Priest.

M. H. GILL & SON, Dublin:

A Patriot Priest. By Rev. D. Riordan, C.C.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:

Le Pauvre. Par G. Béarn. 1 fr. 50. *La Parole Educatrice.* Par Abbé F. Delerue. 7 fr. *Les Grands Blessés du Lieutenant Kessler.* Par A. Boulicaut. 4 fr. 50. *Les Prosateurs et les Poètes Latins.* Par C. Callonier. 5 fr. *Geneviève Hennett de Goutet.* Par M. Amalbert. 7 fr. *Les Origines du Dogme de la Trinité.* Par J. Leclercq. 24 fr.

BLOU & GAY, Paris:

Almanach Catholique Français pour, 1920.

EXAMINER PRESS, Bombay:

The British and Anglo-Saxon Period. By E. R. Hull, S.J.

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THE REVELATION OF AN ARTIST IN LITERATURE.¹

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.



It is interesting to observe that Catholics frequently complain, with a certain irritation, that the Protestant mind seems incapable of understanding the essential value of the Church or the psychology of individual Catholics themselves. Protestants, it is often said, have an opaque side in their mentality, "like the moon," and it is frequently turned toward their Catholic brethren. This is a quotation, and I do not feel entirely responsible for the metaphor. This is very easily explained, since the Catholic religion among persons who have—let us say—"inherited" it, becomes as easily worn as an old glove. It answers to every movement of the soul and the mind. There is very little stiffness about it, and if wrinkles do occur in its surface there is generally an effective rule for smoothing them out.

It is not that Catholics are a singular people, set apart, but that they have a point of view not always easily explained to other people, and a point of view which they do not, as a rule, attempt to explain because to them it seems obvious.

On the other hand, it is safe to say that Catholics do not take very much trouble to study the cast of mind of non-Cath-

¹ *The Letters of Henry James.* Selected and Edited by Percy Lubbock. Vols. I, II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

lies. "There's the Catholic Church," they say, "you can take it or leave it." Of course, some non-Catholics do at times utter rather banal things which one cannot always take seriously. Some of the things, however, that we say at times must sound equally astounding to our separated friends. I happen to know, for instance, a devout Baptist who was shocked beyond words when he heard the request a zealous sodalist made to a pious nun that she might pray for the happy death of three neighbors. This request, from the Baptist point of view, confirmed his worst suspicions. It seemed such an unchristian way of getting rid of obnoxious persons. To speak in a more moderate manner, however, it is rather inconsistent that we should constantly complain of being misunderstood, that our compatriots do not take the trouble to analyze the reasons for our conviction or the motives for our actions, when we are so remiss in our study of the mental and spiritual habits and motives of our companions and friends in everyday life.

In reading *The Letters of Henry James* with some Catholic friends, I am very much struck with the truth of this. I must confess that I found them rather intolerant, rather unsympathetic, and rather inclined to demolish all the exquisite artistry of the author of these letters because he seems to have left the great question which is the central motive of all Catholics out of his sphere. And it is plain that in these letters, when he shows himself to be neither a philosopher nor a mystic, he evinces very little interest in that great matter which is the chief concern of all of our Faith—the union of the human soul with God.

It is an appalling void, but then it may be that neither in his books nor in his letters does Henry James reveal his inmost thoughts.

It is curious that a man so removed from an insight into the very things that made Italy very beautiful to him, who is always conscious of the lack of these things in American life, should have made his one important play, *Guy Domville*, turn on the subject of Catholic life in England at the time when the Church was proscribed. This play was a failure, not because of its literary faults, but because of its very perfection and an undramatic end. There are touches of both pathos and humor when this very precious, exquisite, and meticulous

artist tried to write down to the taste of the British public in the theatre.

In his letter written on January 9, 1895, to his brother, William James, the distinguished apostle of Pragmatism, he says:

Obviously the little play, which I strove to make as broad, as simple, as clear, as British, in a word, as possible, is over the heads of the usual vulgar theatre-going London public—and the chance of its going for a while (which it is too early to measure) will depend wholly on its holding on long enough to attract the unusual. I was there the second night (Monday, 7th) when, before a full house—a remarkably good “money” house Alexander told me—it went singularly well. But it’s soon to see or to say, and I’m prepared for the worst. The thing fills me with horror for the abysmal vulgarity and brutality of the theatre and its regular public, which God knows I have had intensely, even when working (from motives as “pure” as pecuniary motives can be) against it; and I feel as if the simple freedom of mind thus begotten to return to one’s legitimate form would be simply by itself a divine solace for everything. Don’t worry about me: I’m a Rock. If the play has no life on the stage, I shall publish it; it’s altogether the best thing I’ve done. You would understand better the elements of the case if you had seen the thing it followed (*The Masqueraders*) and the thing that is now succeeding at the Haymarket—the thing of Oscar Wilde’s. On the basis of their being plays, or successes, my thing is necessarily neither. Doubtless, moreover, the want of a roaring actuality, simplified to a few big familiar effects, in my subject—an episode in the history of an old English Catholic family in the last century—militates against it, with all usual theatrical people, who don’t want plays (from variety and nimbleness of fancy) of different kinds, like hooks and stories, but only of one kind, which their stiff, rudimentary, clumsily-working vision recognizes as the kind they’ve had before. And yet I had tried so to meet them! But you can’t make a sow’s ear out of a silk purse. I can’t write more—and don’t ask for more details.

At several times in his life Henry James desired earnestly to write plays. He believed that he had the dramatic gift; but nobody who reads *The Wings of the Dove* or *The Golden*

Bowl or *The Awkward Age* will believe this. It is true, however, that some of his long, early stories and some of his shorter ones fall naturally into theatrical form; but that he could ever have been induced in later life to create characters who acted directly, or who were permitted to act without *finesse*, is doubtful. There came a time when he looked on *Daisy Miller*—a very direct tale—and until recently the most widely read of all his stories—as an indiscretion of youth, and regarded *Washington Square* and *The Portrait of a Lady* and even *The Ambassadors* as not quite worthy of the perfected artistry of his later years.

It was the fashion some years ago for the more cultured of the ignorant to dismiss Browning with a sneer, and later to yawn over Francis Thompson; and it is the fashion of the same class of people, who exist in great numbers today, to treat Henry James as the representation of a school of affectation as outworn as that which produced the preciosity of Madame de Rambouillet.

It is not probable that this kind of person will read these letters, or try to pluck out the heart of the mystery of the great talent of this very unusual American. James has been declared to be the first of literary *poseurs*, when in fact he seldom poses. Those who dislike his works have been known to say that he was the most egoistical of authors; but a careful reading of these very interesting letters—though there are too many of them—will show that he is neither a *poseur* nor even an egoist.

In fact, the letters are disappointing because they reveal so little of the inner soul of Henry James, from the fact that while he may become unconscious of himself, he is always borne down by the consciousness of other people. It is evident that his main defect is the fear of life; he constantly speaks of himself as “crouching” in his little garden-house at Rye. He could not live without society, but this society must be a society of conventional refinement, of conventional culture; he always seems to be afraid to go beyond the surfaces of life. He was constantly engaged in polishing these surfaces. But a book is not a useless book if it gives us new light on the types of mental growth cultivated by circumstances which surround us in our own country, and in other countries. And whether a serious reader may like or dislike the productions

of Henry James, it would be careless of him to neglect the opportunity of discovering the effect of educating environments on such a sensitive man as this most distinguished of all American prose writers.

It would be difficult for the serious reader, if he is not a student of literature, to disregard all the productions of Henry James, for his "first" manner is so reasonably realistic, that one can always see the wood for the leaves, whereas, in the later, or "second" manner, the leaves curl and twist and arabesque and lose themselves and their shapes into such wreathes of mist as to make the twigs, as well as the branches and trunks of the trees, seem impalpable. But, as an artist of his "second" manner, he always drew real trunks of trees in his academic groves; they are there, though clouded; he was not that kind of artist whose slovenliness in drawing obliges him to slur the anatomy of his subject. And this fact leaves us with a certain admiration of those nebulous creations of his "second" manner, *What Marie Knew*, *The Awkward Age*, *The Golden Bowl*. Few persons have discovered what Marie really knew, and *The Golden Bowl* one may, not irreverently, compare with "Sordello"—which even Browning never really understood. Henry James' attitude towards the public in the later books was probably like that of Lord Dunsany when two enterprising young geniuses, energetic students of literature, said to him in one rapturous voice: "We love your works, but we don't understand them." "Understand them!" repeated the author of "Why the Milkman Shivers at the Sight of the Dawn," in a sepulchral voice. That was enough!

In his later novels, Henry James aimed not at the understanding but at the temperament and the emotions, and it is only justice to look at them from this point of view. One may dislike the music of Debussy—even "The Afternoon of a Faun"—but that is no reason why the beauty of its art should not be acknowledged. And the same dictum ought to apply to *The Wings of the Dove*, *The Sacred Fount*, and *The Awkward Age*.

When Henry James devoted himself both to the telling of a story and the creating of an atmosphere, he was an exquisite artist in letters. There is no better short story in any language than "The Turn of the Screw" and there are other short

stories of his that approach it in merit. There is nothing in Poe more gruesomely pathetic or pathetically terrible, than in this story. When you have finished it, you shudder, and thank God that the story of the "possessed" children is not true. Of this story, James writes to Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson, in 1898:

But apropos, precisely, of the ghostly and ghastly, I have a little confession to make to you that has been on my conscience these three months, and that I hope will excite in your generous breast nothing but tender memories and friendly sympathies.

On one of those two memorable—never to be obliterated—winter nights that I spent at the sweet Addington, your father, in the drawing-room by the fire, where we were talking a little, in the spirit of recreation, of such things, repeated to me the few meagre elements of a small and gruesome spectral story that had been told him years before, and that he could only give the dimmest account of—partly because he had forgotten details, and partly—and much more—because there had been no details and no coherency in the tale as he received it, from a person who also but half knew it. The vaguest essence only was there—some dead servants and some children. This essence struck me, and I made a note of it (of a most scrappy kind) on going home. There the note remained till this autumn, when, struck with it afresh, I wrought it into a fantastic fiction which, first intended to be of the briefest, finally became a thing of some length, and is now being "serialized" in an American periodical. It will appear late in the spring (chez Heinemann) in a volume with one other story, and then I will send it to you.

In all these letters, which concern his books, one finds a disdain of the public mingled with a desire for its approbation. Except in his plays, he will not go one step forward or backward—as he might have said—to gain this approbation. He tells us that the faculty of attention has vanished from the Anglo-Saxon mind. He pictures the newspaper, the magazine, "who keeps screaming, 'Look at me, I am the thing, and I only the thing!'" He insists that, for the people, the fineness of art does not exist. To love an imitation of art—for they can love only imitations—it must be thrown bodily at them.

Mr. James had not, before his death, realized the despotism of the "movie"—that most degenerate form of public art.

Mr. Henry James never actually visualized anything, except his friends and his attitude to his friends. We read that his flower garden at Rye, which was probably, after conversation, the principal joy of his life, was ablaze with color. He loved "Lamb House," Rye. He liked the society of London, but he was really never happy in London; yet he was much happier in the fogs of London and in the close quarters of De Vere Gardens than he ever was in his own country. His dislike for the United States and its crudities of atmosphere he cannot conceal, even if he would. He found some compensation for being in his native air in the splendors of California; but New York, with its horse shoe tiers, in the Metropolitan Opera House, blazing with diamond tiaras, because there was "no court in which to display them," almost made him "crouch."

He deliberately expatriated himself, and he frankly gives his reason for this. Any one who knows both London and New York, both Surrey in one place and Ulster County in another, can understand very well why his temperament suited Surrey better than Ulster. His point of view was distinctly artificial, every action and word seemed to have been carefully analyzed and reduced to a uniformity of social color; but in his letters to his friends he lets himself loose—and yet with a certain restraint. Strictly speaking, he ought to be less exaggerated than he is in his epistolary expressions; and yet he restrains himself from being restrained. It seems scarcely possible that the meticulous ironing out and attenuating of phrases so characteristic of his later work, could exist in the same atmosphere with the exaggerated generousities, overstatements and superfluous phrases in his letters. Verbally, he throws himself at the heads of his friends. A small present fills him with ecstasy. An amiable line or two is "splendid;" a slight defect in something, "positively hideous." There is no happy medium between a moderate feeling expressed in a friendly way and the high notes of exaggerated affection.

Of the women in *Catriona*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, he says: "They are quite too lovely and everyone is running after them. In David not an error, not a false note ever; he is all of an exasperating truth and rightness." James has

a passion for distinctions, very subtle and not very convincing distinctions. Of *Catriona* he subtilizes:

The one thing I miss in the book is the note of visibility—it subjects my visual sense, my seeing imagination, to an almost painful underfeeding. The hearing imagination, as it were, is nourished like an alderman, and the loud audibility seems a slight the more on the baffled lust of the eyes—so that I seem to myself (I am speaking of course only from the point of view of the way, as I read, my impression longs to complete itself), in the presence of voices in the darkness—voices the more distinct and vivid, the more brave and sonorous, as voices always are—but also the more tormenting and confounding—by reason of these bandaged eyes. I utter a pleading moan when you, *e. g.*, transport your characters, toward the end, in a line or two from Leyden to Dunkirk, without the glint of a hint of all the ambient picture of the eighteenth century road. However, stick to your own system of evocation so long as what you positively achieve is so big. Life and letters and art all take joy in you.

Every friend he writes to is a swan, and he tells him so; and it is quite evident that he is not consciously insincere in this attitude. He seems to be grateful for the shortest line that anybody addresses to him in a letter. He is benignant, kind, simple; but there are times when you read between the lines and discover that he may be at times a little sulky, somewhat easily offended by difference of opinion in regard to his art, and always contemptuous of that rude public which might easily become dear to him were it to throng in large numbers to the plays which he has written for it. But his judgments on the contemporary drama in England, though over colored by his own artistic tint, are generally just. He sees an "Ideal Husband:" it was a raging success; the fine flower of fashion bloomed in its presence, and yet in spite of the popular acclaim he found it clumsy, feeble and vulgar, and he was right.

He delays writing a letter to Edmund Gosse, and he hopes that Gosse will not think him "a finished brute or a heartless fiend or a soulless one" because he has not answered it; he has pressed the letter to his bosom again and again; and then he makes some very exaggerated excuses. Mrs. Humphry

Ward consults him as to some detail in the American background of her novel, *Eleanor*. He writes:

For it's well—generally—to keep in mind how very different a thing that is (socially, æsthetically, etc.) from the American free (and easy) multitudinous churches, that, practically, in any community, are like so many (almost) clubs or Philharmonies or amateur theatrical companies. I don't quite think the however obscure American girl I gather you to conceive would have any shockability about Rome, the Pope, St. Peter's, kneeling, or anything of that sort—least of all, any girl whose concatenations could, by any possibility of social handing-on, land her in the milieu you present at Albano. She would probably be either a Unitarian or "Orthodox" (which is, I believe, "Congregational," though in New England always called "Orthodox"), and in either case as Emersonized, Hawthornized, J. A. Symondsized, and as "frantic" to feel the Papaacy, etc., as one could well represent her. And this, I mean, even were she of any provincial New England circle whatever, that one could conceive as ramifying, however indirectly, into Villa Barb. This particularly were her father, a college professor. In that case, I should say "The bad clothes, etc., oh, yes; as much as you like. The beauty, etc., scarcely. The offishness to Rome—as a spectator, etc.—almost not at all." All this, roughly and hastily speaking. But there is no false note of surface, beyond this, I think, that you need be uneasy about at all. Had I looked over your shoulder I should have said: "Specify, localize, a little more—give her a definite Massachusetts, or Maine, or whatever, habitation—imagine a country-college-town—invent, if need be, a name, and stick to that." This for smallish, but appreciable reasons that I haven't space to develop—but after all not imperative. For the rest the chapters you send me are, as a beginning, to my vision, very charming and interesting and pleasing—full of promise of strong elements—as your beginnings always are.

He meets Zola and finds him sane, and common, and inexperienced; nothing has ever happened to him in this world except the writing of his succession of "scientific novels." In a letter to his friend, Howells, he tells him that he is not as "big" as Zola, but that he has certain compensating qualities.

One can understand why Henry James admired the re-

straint, the sincerity, and the subdued vitality of Howell's pictures of life, but we cannot comprehend why a man of his fastidious temperament could have endured the crudeness and lack of reality in Zola's experiments in realism—but it was the fashion of the '80's to speak of Zola as one of the *seculæ* of Science!

He closed Meredith's *Lord Ormont and His Aminta* with a furious "bang." He finds this much-vaunted novel of Meredith is full of extravagant verbiage, of airs and graces, of phrases and attitudes, of obscurities and alembications. He thinks that no author ever told the reader less of what the reader needs to know. This last bit of censure might easily be turned against James himself in his later works. But underneath all his statements of admiration for certain English authors, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that there is really no great literature for him except the French.

Of his own works he gives a list to a gentleman who wants to read them in philosophical rotation; he is a young Texan, and that a request for this information should come from Texas causes Henry James to comply with it very pleasantly. "Come to me about that dear young man from Texas, you shall have your little tarts when you have eaten your beef and potatoes." But his list, when we consider that he tried to revise all the direct characteristics of simplicity from his earlier books, is of no special value. He puts *The Golden Bowl* at the end.

There are allusions to politics in his letters. He may allow himself some criticisms of England and the English, but he evidently looks on all political manifestations in the United States, which are not sympathetically English, as nefarious. In August, 1913, he writes:

I take you all to have been much moved by Woodrow Wilson's fine, and clearly so sincere, even if so partial and provisional, address yesterday. It isn't he, but it is the so long and so deeply provincialized and diseducated and, I fear—in respect to individual activity and operative, that is administrative value—very below-the-mark "personalities" of the Democratic party, that one is pretty dismally anxious about. An administration that has to "take on" Bryan looks, from the overhere point of view, like the queerest and crudest of all things!

He is a friend and admirer of H. G. Wells. He tells Wells that his generosity in sending him a book has reduced him to "mere gelatinous grovel," and he is amiable when Miss Henrietta Rubell tells him that she is bewildered over *The Awkward Age*. He says that the book has excited nothing but bewilderment, except in England, "thick-witted denunciation." He declares that a work of art fails in its mission if it has to be explained. He tells her, in the kind of French he occasionally drops into, that he had in view a highly modern and actual social London group which seemed to him to *se prêter à merveille* to an "ironic"—lightly and simply ironic treatment—and that clever people at least would know "who, in general, and what, one meant." But here, at least, it appears "here are very few clever people."

At times, one sees that Mr. James was disappointed even in the English mind. The average clever person takes the attitude of the serious Scot in the presence of a joke when he approaches *The Awkward Age*. James is disappointed when he discovers that his novels do not *pay*, and yet he would have been even more disappointed if they were not "caviare to the general."

His letters to his brother, the philosopher, Mr. William James, are really the most sincerely human in the book; and his discovery that he has been all his life a Pragmatist without knowing it, is very delightful. Of the real problems of existence—the problems which at some time or other must have concerned nearly every one of his correspondents—especially men like Bourget and Barrès, whom he admires so much, he seems in his letters to have no conception. He breaks out into a burst of admiration of a figure of the Crucified in the Boston Library; but this admiration is founded on the artistic conception of it rather than the awfulness of its symbolism.

To us, desiring to understand the attitude of a very distinguished artist in letters, who had a purity of outlook which may be called Emersonian, a hatred of vulgarity which prevented him from presenting a sensual scene, and an exquisiteness of perception which made him very susceptible to the glow and glory of Venice and of Rome and to the loveliness of Italy, it seems strange that there is no hint that he believed in the actuality of the life to come; sometimes he almost seems to say with Autolycus, in a *Winter's Tale*—"for the life to

come, I sleep out the thought of it:" for his fineness of analysis, his immersion in a world of characters who were sublimated dreams, seems in a sense to have been a refuge from the grave thoughts that occasionally must have oppressed him. He loved life, but only the well-ordered beauties of life; but he dwelt in a valley arranged like the landscapes in the poems of Alexander Pope; the light of the sublime or of the highest exaltation seems never to have touched him.

In very few ancient or modern artists of the brush or of the pen do we find, judging from their confessions, so little of those touches of light which is never seen on land or sea than in the revelations of Henry James. He was not English in temperament, though he loved England. He was not Latin in character, though he adored the literature of France. He was always an American. And he never could—if he wanted to—rid himself of his Americanism. His peculiar state of mind, the especial values of his characteristics, could never have been produced outside of New England; therefore his letters offer a most interesting study to us to whom the things of the soul are the greatest of all, and the promise of a future life the one thing that makes us not afraid to live in this.

One leaves these letters with a certain regret and a certain doubt. With regret, because they contain such an embarrassment of riches that no review can do justice to them; with a certain doubt because it almost seems that a more careful examination would reveal the real man who must exist somewhere among their exaggerations, their half truths, their charming touches of humanity, and their insincerities which are only the shadows of the sincerity that evidently lay deep in the heart of this very precious and fine artist.

IS MARS INHABITED?

BY OTHMAR SOLNITZKY, M.A.



THE strange signals which have been picked up by wireless stations recently have been repeatedly declared to come from the planet Mars. This belief has been strengthened by the regularity and insistence with which these signals manifest themselves. That these signals may come from the sun, which displays prodigious activity, has been denied by such men as Marconi and Flammarion. The belief that they come from Mars presupposes not only that Mars is inhabited, but also that the inhabitants, if any, have at least reached a state of civilization similar to our own.

During the last fifty years it has been repeatedly claimed by astronomers of great fame that Mars is inhabited by beings not only equal, but far in advance of us in the journey of life. This claim is based primarily on the supposed existence of canals on Mars. A canal is an artificial waterway, designed for navigation or for irrigating land. The word canal implies in the first place, artificial construction by conscious, rational beings, working knowingly toward a definite, useful end. In the second place, a canal supposes the presence of water. A canal is, as a rule, long, narrow and of approximately equal width. However, the question of size and shape is entirely subordinate to that of artificiality. A natural waterway is never called a canal, but a channel, strait, river, or canyon. In other words, before a canal can exist at all there must be conscious effort directed towards its construction, and there must be water to flow through it.

On the surface of Mars there have been observed faint, narrow, seasonal markings. If these markings were canals in the true sense of the word, then there would be no doubt whatever of the existence on Mars of conscious beings, endowed with intelligence and practical ability to construct such artificial waterways. But the most critical studies of these Martian markings point to the conclusion that they are not true canals.

The markings on the surface of Mars were first discovered

by the Italian astronomer, Schiaparelli, in 1877. He called them "*canali*" and likened them to the English Channel, or to the Channel of Mozambique. Although he regarded them as permanent features of the planet, he did not declare them, at first, to be of artificial origin. In his later days, however, he changed his view and considered the markings to be artificial waterways. His view has also been endorsed by Flammarion in France, and Lowell in the United States. All three became convinced that Mars was peopled by a race of superior beings.

The markings of Mars, as studied and drawn by Lowell, with the aid of a most powerful telescope, appear as geometric lines and look as if they had been laid down by rule and compass. Each line is of uniform width all along its course, and stretches across the planet's surface in an undeviated, unbroken direction. The lines vary in actual width from two to forty miles. Their length is also enormous; the longest exceeds 3,500 miles, and many stretch 2,000 and even 3,000 miles across the surface of the planet. These lines always take the shortest route between the two points they join. On the earth some of these lines would stretch from London to Calcutta, crossing mountains, plains and seas, in an unbroken straight course forty miles wide.

These lines form a network over the surface of Mars. They never cross each other, but intersect at their ends. Near the poles of Mars the mesh of lines becomes smaller and smaller and the lines more and more numerous. They seem to proceed to or from the poles. No part of the surface of Mars is free of these lines.

At the principal intersections of the lines have been observed dark round dots, which have been called "oases." In all, one hundred and twenty-one oases have been noticed.

What is more peculiar about the Martian lines is the fact that at times they appear double, as two close parallel twin lines. Thus where before only one line was present, there appear two, one the exact replica of the other. The twin lines are but a short distance apart, are of the same size, of the same length, and parallel throughout their entire course. When once seen as double, a line remains so for a period of four or five months. But not all lines appear double; in fact, many never do. Only certain lines display this peculiar property of doubleness, and no others.

The peculiar appearance of double lines occurs only during certain Martian seasons. In one season one line of the pair may appear relatively stronger than the other, and may give the impression of a single line. In other seasons the two lines are equally strong, giving the impression of being twin lines. It is during late Martian summer and fall of the northern hemisphere that the double lines appear clearest.

Lowell claims that the lines on the surface of Mars are real canals because of their straightness, their individually uniform size, their position in regard to the planet's fundamental features, their relation to the oases, the dual character of some of them, and above all, because of the systematic networking by both lines and oases of the whole surface of the planet. The last point is especially emphasized. Lowell describes the lines and oases as a system whose end and aim is the collection of the water let loose by the semi-annual melting of the snow at the north and south poles of Mars, and its distribution to the different parts of the planet's surface.

One of the greatest stumbling-blocks in considering the Martian lines as true canals, is the fact that many astronomers have failed to confirm the existence of most of the lines. Young, of Princeton University, found that the lines could be observed only with the aid of low powers. With high powers the lines became mere shadings, undefined and irregular. Keeler and Barnard could see only soft, irregular shadings and some broad, hazy, ill-defined streaks. Maunder denies the existence of any lines, and explains their appearance to be due to optical illusions. Thus, when viewing very faint shadings and scattered dots, there is often a tendency to "see" imaginary lines connecting them.

Another strong objection against the reality of the canal-like lines is the fact that strikingly similar lines have been observed on the planets Mercury and Venus. That one planet should display such curious markings is very strange, indeed, but for three planets to have similar markings is incredible.

The regularity and straight course of the lines is by no means a proof of their artificial character, but rather a proof that they are due either to some optical effect or to some natural cause or causes. In the first place, Mars is not a perfectly smooth globe. Its surface has hills, valleys and mountains, some of which are as high as 4,000 or 5,000 feet. Arti-

ficial waterways constructed by intelligent beings, would follow and be conditioned by the natural contour of the surface. This is the case with all artificial constructions on our own planet, the earth. Where the surface is dotted with hills, valleys, and mountains of several thousand feet altitude, it is plain that the shortest distance between two points is often the most difficult, and the longest way around is frequently the quickest way home. The lines on Mars always take the shortest course between two points, regardless of valleys, hills, or mountains. This certainly does not indicate the presence of conscious, intelligent beings.

The geometrical character of the lines also is no proof of their artificiality. Geometrical shapes and forms, such as snowflakes and rock crystals, are found everywhere in nature and they can be explained by the operation of natural forces.

Moreover, Mars is a dry planet. If any water is present at all, it would be due to the melting of the snow at the north and south poles of Mars. During northern summer the water would have to flow from the north through the canals in the temperate zone, past the equator and fertilize the plains to some thirty-five degrees south latitude. During southern summer, on the other hand, the water would have to flow northward, reaching thirty-five degrees north latitude. In other words, if the lines on Mars were true canals, the water flowing through the canals lying in the region between thirty-five degrees south and thirty-five degrees north, would have to flow up-hill as readily as down-hill. Such a supposition would do away with the force of gravitation entirely. To overcome this difficulty Lowell asserts that the flow of water on Mars is not conditioned by natural forces, but propelled artificially. But such an assertion presupposes feats of engineering that stagger the imagination.

To push speculation and imagination to such extremes, in order to make facts suit a theory, is farcical, when the most fundamental conditions of the planet are still unknown. There is no undisputed direct evidence that water even exists upon the surface of Mars. Its presence is inferred from the behavior of the polar caps. This inference itself is still a mooted question. The polar caps are more or less circular brilliant white spots observed near, but not at, the poles of Mars. These spots vary in size according to the Martian sea-

sons. During the long northern winter the polar caps increase in size and diminish during the alternate period when continuously exposed to the rays of the sun. Similar phenomena occur on the earth. Each winter immense fields of ice are formed and vast quantities of snow are deposited over great regions in the northern hemisphere, thus forming a brilliant white cap around the north pole. During summer much of this ice and snow melts and the cap diminishes in size. By analogy it has been inferred that the brilliant polar caps, visible on Mars, are also due to the formation of real snow and ice during Martian winter. But such an explanation of the polar caps on Mars necessarily implies the existence of an atmosphere around Mars similar to that surrounding the earth. That is to say, an atmosphere in which the vapor of water is carried from the hot regions of the equator and deposited as snow at the poles. There is no doubt that Mars is enveloped by an atmosphere, but it is equally certain that the latter is not similar to the terrestrial atmosphere. The Martian atmosphere is exceedingly rare and transparent. If any clouds exist in the Martian atmosphere they are exceedingly rare, thin and semi-transparent. Storm clouds have never been observed in the atmosphere of Mars.

The presence of water vapor in the Martian atmosphere is also a matter of dispute. The light which we receive from Mars is the reflected sunlight which necessarily has to pass twice through the atmosphere of Mars. Any vapors in that atmosphere will absorb their own characteristic rays from the sunlight and make their presence known by modifying the solar spectrum. But vapors in the atmosphere of the earth also produce such changes in the solar spectrum, so that it is exceedingly difficult to decide as to whether an observed modification is due to vapor in the atmosphere of Mars, or of the earth.

Further, the gravitation on the surface of Mars is only about four-tenths that of the earth. In other words, a man of average weight of one hundred and fifty pounds transported to Mars, would weigh only sixty pounds. As a result the atmosphere of Mars is as thin and rarified as at the tops of the highest mountains on earth. The temperature on Mars would, therefore, be far below the freezing point of water, especially so since Mars is a little more than one and a half times as far

from the sun as the earth, and receives only about forty-three per cent as much heat as the earth. Since the sun is the only source of heat on Mars, the temperature on the surface of Mars would have to be some fifty-four degrees below the freezing point of water. Under such conditions how can it be maintained that there are true canals on Mars? What would be their purpose? Lowell explains the artificiality of the Martian canals by the scarcity of water upon the planet, by the necessity of saving every drop of the precious fluid; to account for the temperature necessary for the existence of free water he assumes an atmosphere laden with water vapor. In other words, he conjures up a dry, parched desert, covered with a moist, saturated atmosphere!

But no such atmospheric envelope exists on Mars and hence the daily variations between day and night must be enormous, as is the case with the moon. During the day the surface would be heated to a high degree by the direct rays of the sun, but at night this heat would be radiated forth into the surrounding atmosphere and the temperature fall to one hundred or two hundred degrees below zero.

From these considerations one conclusion can safely be drawn, namely, that very little is actually known concerning the conditions on Mars. There is a great mass of observations and many beautiful drawings, but a satisfactory explanation of them has not yet been brought forth. Such being the case it is very unscientific to assume that Mars is inhabited.

That life may exist on other planets than our own is not in the least impossible, or even improbable. Like the earth, there must be many bodies of similar general characteristics in the universe. Life, even human beings, exist under the most diverse conditions on the earth, and it is hardly conceivable that among the countless millions of heavenly bodies, forming the solar system, the earth is the only one capable of supporting life. But the possibility that life may exist on other planets than our own, does not prove that life actually exists on a particular planet, like Mars. Whether life exists on Mars is a question of evidence, pure and simple, and the evidence rests upon the alleged canals. Since they are not true canals, there is no foundation for the belief that Mars is inhabited by conscious, rational beings, like ourselves, much less by superior beings.

BLESSED OLIVER PLUNKET.

BY A. I. DU P. COLEMAN.



WHEN, a few months ago, Lord Dunsany was traveling from city to city in America, it is probable that few who did honor to him as a distinguished author knew the titles to fame that cluster round the family to which he belongs. It would take us far too long to trace to its source in dim antiquity the race of Plunket. They were known in Rome six centuries before the sojourn there of Blessed Oliver. Donogh, son of Brian Boroimhe, the one hundred and seventy-fifth monarch of Ireland, says O'Hart, became king of Munster in 1022, married the sister of Harold, the last Saxon king of England, and after a reign of forty-nine years laid down his sceptre, took the monastic habit, and died in the Roman monastery of St. Stephen. From his son, Pluingceid, have descended not only the barons of Dunsany, not only the bearers of the name who, in recent years, have been so loyal to the ancient Faith, down to the pure-souled young poet who stood with MacDonagh and Pearse, but the venerable prelate whose name last month, in the same Eternal City, was written forever in a still more illustrious roll of fame—among the Blessed Ones of God.

Born in 1629, at Loughcrew, County Meath, he was educated by his uncle, Patrick, titular abbot of St. Mary's in Dublin, afterwards Bishop of Ardagh and of Meath. In the company of Father Scarampi, the Oratorian sent to Ireland as Internuntius by Innocent X., he went to finish his studies in Rome. Here he spent some time in the Irish College founded by Cardinal Ludovisi twenty years before, and in the Gregorian University under the Jesuits. Ordained priest in 1654, for twelve years he taught dogmatics and apologetics in the College of the Propaganda, while his talents were recognized by an appointment as consultor to the Congregation of the Index.

He was, however, no mere bookworm. The zeal for souls which was to lead his feet so many a weary mile, shone brightly in these younger days. Ever since his coming to

Rome in the company of one of their number, he had been closely allied with the Fathers of the Oratory. In fact, so close was his attachment to them, he had asked and gained special permission to tarry longer in Rome in order to make further studies in their house of San Girolamo della Carità, where St. Philip himself had taken up his abode in 1551.

An ancient and unquestioned tradition affirmed that on this very site had stood the house of St. Paula, the Roman matron who, in the fifth century, became a saint under the direction of St. Jerome. It is hard for us Americans to realize the stratum upon stratum of history in Rome, age piled on age from the dim past. The hospital of Santo Spirito, to which the young Irish priest made many a visit for the consolation of the sick, though as a hospital it dates only from 1198, stands where still earlier was the hostel for the reception of Anglo-Saxon pilgrims, and there lay buried two Saxon kings who had died in Rome before the king of Munster came there. Even in England, the home of a younger civilization, the same is true. I could take you to a corner in London where, in the seventeenth century, stood the town house of a great nobleman; where, in the eighteenth, the tide of fashion having flowed westward, the same mansion was one of the most famous gambling houses of the day; and where in the early nineteenth, on the very same piece of ground, was erected, under the invocation of St. Patrick, the first Catholic church built in London since the so-called Reformation.

At the end of 1668, the Church's work in the land of St. Patrick was so crippled by the intolerance of those who ruled the island that of twenty-six bishops who should have been there, only two were able to be in residence—one of them the very Patrick Plunket who laid the foundations of the career we have set out to trace. The next spring there died in exile at Louvain Edmund O'Reilly, Archbishop of Armagh—a see with an inheritance of ancient and glorious traditions, and marked with recent stigmata of suffering for the Faith. Founded by the Apostle of Ireland himself about 445, it had numbered among its rulers the great St. Malachy O'Morgair, who died at Clairvaux in the arms of his friend, St. Bernard, in 1148. In the troublous times, Richard Creagh, steadfastly refusing to acknowledge Queen Elizabeth as head of the Church, was carried to London and thrown into the Tower, where he suc-

cumbed to ill-treatment in 1585. His successor, Edmund Megauran, a Franciscan, consecrated at Rome in 1588, could not reach his diocese for six years, and was foully murdered soon after his arrival. Archbishop O'Reilly, consecrated at Brussels in 1654, had been three times a fugitive. Clement IX. chose Oliver Plunket to be his successor in the high and perilous seat, apparently of his own motion and solely because of the virtues and learning he had discovered in him.

When the archbishop-designate went to make his farewells at the hospital of Santo Spirito, the chaplain, a saintly Pole, Father Jerome Miskovio, said to him with sudden vision: "You are going, Father, to a place where you shall shed your blood for the Faith." But this was not the first time that the thought of martyrdom had been close to him. It is recorded in the articles of his process that during all the twenty-five years in Rome he had specially loved to visit the Catacombs and there give free rein to his imagination—*mentis habenis relaxatis*—as he tried to evoke the shadowy figures of the far-away heroes of the Faith who lay buried there.

He desired to be consecrated in Rome, but this, it was thought, might only increase the antagonism of the English Protestants, so he was raised to the episcopal dignity in the Low Countries—probably at Ghent, on the feast of St. Andrew—another Irish prelate, Dr. French of Ferns, acting as one of the consecrators. Tarrying a while in London in the house of the confessor of Charles II.'s Catholic queen, in the endeavor to mitigate the hostility he had only too much reason to anticipate, he reached his see in the following March.

Here he found his work cut out for him. The flock had been long without a shepherd. The discipline of the clergy had been relaxed to an alarming degree. Four years later he wrote to Cardinal Barberini, Cardinal-Protector of Ireland, that he had already confirmed nearly fifty thousand people, many of them gray-haired men and women, often under the open sky; and that, in the province, almost as many were still awaiting an opportunity to receive the sacrament.

Persecution at first was intermittent, depending somewhat on the temper of the Viceroy of the moment. The second during his episcopate, the Earl of Essex—"a sober, wise, judicious and pondering person," Evelyn calls him—wrote in 1673 from Dublin Castle to his brother, Sir H. Capel:

Here is one Oliver Plunkett, ye Romish Titular Primate of this Kingdome, who seems to be one of the best men of his Persuasion I have mett wth; & tho' I doubt not but he is industrious enough in promoting his owne Religion, yet I could never finde but he was of a more peaceable temper & more conformable to ye Government than any of their Titular Bishops in this Country. . . . I should be glad for ye reasons above-mentioned you would your selfe, and some of our Friends, secure this Gentleman from any such severitie, w^{ch} should be singly and personally inflicted on him.

There were times, however, especially after Lord Essex had been recalled, when, like those who governed the Church under the pagan emperors, he was obliged to fly for his life. Indeed, like the Son of Man Who had not where to lay His head, he never had a house of his own. At times he wandered (in company with Dr. Brennan, then Bishop of Waterford, later Archbishop of Cashel), from one thatched cabin to another, often glad of a frugal meal of oatcake and milk, but always safe in trusting to the loyalty of his poor.

Like the very different man who came from London to Dublin a generation after Oliver had left it under guard—Jonathan Swift—he was known to the poor and the outcast as their friend. He made more than one journey on foot among the lonely northern hills to visit the "Tories." This name was soon to gain a much more widely-known application in English, and even in American, history, from its use by Titus Oates for those who disbelieved in the "Popish Plot," and then for the Irish Catholic friends of the Duke of York. Originally it was a corruption of the Irish *toiridhe*, a pursuer (hence a plunderer). It had been used in Ireland, at least since the Elizabethan days, to designate the dispossessed natives who had been driven as outlaws to the hills, there to live after the manner of Robin Hood.

The Archbishop sought them out in their retreats in order to persuade them, for their own sakes, to make the best, not the worst, of their situation. For some of them he got pardons, for others he made arrangements to transfer them to new homes beyond the sea. These journeys to the hills, so worthy of a good shepherd, although undertaken with the express sanction of the Viceroy, were brought up against him on

his trial, in an attempt to prove that he had plotted to raise armed rebellion with French aid.

It was a work of mercy that delivered the Archbishop into his enemies' hands towards the end of his ten years' episcopate. He was summoned to Dublin to console the last hours of his uncle, the Bishop of Meath. He was warned that he took his life in his hands, yet he went as unhesitatingly as he had always done at the call of duty. The clouds, however, were lowering enough to have terrified a heart less stout. Archbishop Lynch of Tuam had been driven out of the country; immediately before Archbishop Talbot of Dublin had been thrown into prison, where he died. And now Blessed Oliver was arrested on a charge of high treason and confined in Dublin Castle.

One may readily see how great would be our loss did we know no more of this valiant confessor of the Faith than the name of a new accession to the ranks of the Blessed. We should like to know much more of him than we do; it is tantalizing to be told that there are some hundreds of his letters extant in the archives of the Vatican and the Propaganda, waiting till some one has time and energy to transcribe and publish them. Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, has, to be sure, written his life, and not a little has been published about him since, on December 9, 1886, Leo XIII. conferred upon him the title of Venerable Servant of God. But perhaps the most vivid realization of the conditions under which he fought his last fight, may be gained from Monsignor Benson's *Oddsfish!*

The fury of the English populace against Catholics and their insane belief in the "Popish Plot" was still raging fiercely, though it had but two years more to burn. It is difficult for us to imagine how people could have credited the cock-and-bull stories that were told; could have seriously believed that the great fire of London was deliberately caused by the Catholics, and recorded their belief on the base of the monument which, said Pope half a century later,

Like some tall bully, lifts its head and lies.

It is incredible how they could have swallowed the monstrous inventions they did on the testimony of men like Oates and

Bedloe, who "stand highest," says the agnostic Goldwin Smith, "of all vile informers in the pillory of history." But mob psychology is a strange and irrational thing.

Politics, of course, was at the bottom of the whole thing. Strong men were playing a reckless game for high stakes. On the one side, Charles II. was fighting desperately to save the royal power, and his brother's succession which he thought to be bound up with it. On the other, the iniquitous Shaftesbury,

In friendship false, implacable in hate,
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state,

(as Dryden painted him in that merciless and scathing indictment four months after Oliver Plunket had gone to his reward) had seized with avidity on the story of a plot as his surest means of carrying the country with him. When the corpse of Godfrey, the magistrate before whom Oates had laid his evidence, was found in a ditch with a sword through his heart, panic broke loose. Let me quote Mr. Trevelyan's vivid picture of it:

"Terror of death took hold of the inhabitants of London. It was thought that the execution of the plot which Oates had detailed had already begun, and that Godfrey had been the first victim. Night after night, each householder lay down half expecting to be awakened by the alarm of fire or massacre. The cheerful tramp of the train-bands echoing down the frosty streets as he lay awake seemed to him the only reason why that mad Christmas passed in safety. When his prentices came in from patrol duty at dawn, he rose and prayed that all the household might be preserved that day from sudden death."

The unlucky discovery of a batch of letters written by an indiscreet namesake of my own, who was secretary to the King's brother, gave a handle to Shaftesbury and his friends, and formed the first link in the long chain of disasters to the Catholic cause. "If Coleman had been acquitted," thinks Mr. Pollock, a careful student of this whole period, "there could have been no more to come. Had they not secured his conviction, the Jesuits, Mr. Langhorn, Lord Stafford, and Archbishop Plunket would have gone unconvicted also." But, although he had taken the alarm in time to destroy a great part of his papers, enough remained to inflame the passions of the people. It was known that in 1675 he had written to Father La Chaise,

the confessor of Louis XIV., to ask him to obtain from the French king a sum of money large enough to enable Charles to govern without having recourse to Parliament and allow the Duke of York the chief influence in the kingdom. Passages like the following were read:

"We have a mighty work upon our hands, no less than the conversion of three kingdoms, and by that the subduing of a pestilent heresy, which has domineered over a great part of this northern world a long time. There was never such hopes of success since the death of Queen Mary as now in our days, when God has given us a prince who is become (may I say a miracle) zealous of being the author and instrument of so glorious a work."

These may seem harmless enough designs to us, who believe that the reclaiming of England to the Faith would have been the greatest of blessings; but to the ignorant prejudices of the mob, and even of better educated leaders, such phrases seemed damning evidence. One of the cleverest of them, Halifax, who voted "Not guilty" at Stafford's trial, because he could not swallow the accusations of a plot for murder and massacre, yet told Sir William Temple that "the plot must be handled as if it were true, whether it were so or no."

Coleman, in any case, paid dearly for his zeal, dying, says Mr. Airy, "the first victim to the Terror." This is not strictly accurate, however. A week earlier (November 26, 1678) he had been preceded on the scaffold by a man named Staley—"a great Roman Catholic banker," Macaulay calls him, in his usual sketchy way; really the son of a goldsmith, who was supposed to have vowed in an eating-house in Covent Garden, in the hearing of all the guests, to kill the heretical tyrant.

But now all England was launched on a mad career; and even Charles, whose cool, keen common sense picked flaw after flaw in Oates' testimony, and who told his friends that he did not believe a word of all these stories, was helpless before the power of the mob. A few weeks later the blood of the innocent began to flow more freely. If there were space, it would be full of interest to recite the heroism of the Jesuits, always in the front of a forlorn hope, who were done to death in December, 1678, and June, 1679. But the man who is our special subject must not be left to lie too long in a prison cell.

His first trial was in July, 1680, at Dundalk, in his own diocese. Here he and his accusers were equally well-known. As a natural consequence no one appeared to testify against him except the unfrocked wretches—*virī perditissimi*, the articles justly call them—MacMoyer, Murphy, and Callaghan, who were seeking their revenge upon him for the discipline he had inflicted; and nothing could be done. The whole monstrous romance, however, was dependent upon the maintenance of a belief in the possibility of a great Irish rising and the letting in of a foreign army.¹ And who more likely to be at the head of such a plot than the Primate of All Ireland?

He was accused of having obtained his see for the purpose, and on the express condition, of raising seventy thousand men in Ireland by the contributions of the Catholic clergy, "whose whole revenues," says an eighteenth-century Protestant historian, "could not equip a single regiment." This formidable body of insurgents were to join twenty thousand men to be furnished by France, who were to make their descent at Carlingford in Armagh, "a place the most inconvenient, and even impossible for the purpose." His accusers were so eager to have him in London, where they could do as they pleased with him, that, since he had spent during his imprisonment all his scanty savings, they were only too glad to transport him to London at the State's expense.

The result of the first attempt, coupled with the fact that more than one Catholic prisoner had been acquitted in the last twelvemonth, might have afforded ground for hope. But little more than a month after his arrival in London came another trial which may well have shown the Archbishop's friends that the storm was not yet over.

While Blessed Oliver in his prison was probably thinking and praying over his work for God, on the eleventh anniversary of his consecration, and while in another part of London a few calm philosophic gentlemen were attending the annual meeting of the Royal Society and electing as president "that excellent person and great philosopher, Mr. Robert Boyle," the stage was set in Westminster Hall for the first act of one more tragedy. On the same trumped-up charge of conspiring to

¹ It reflected particular discredit on the "Popish Plot" in England that a year had passed before any evidence could be found of any such conspiracy in Ireland, where Catholics were so numerous that their brethren of England would naturally have resorted to them for assistance.

murder the King, the aged Lord Stafford, bearer of one of the noblest names in England, was put on trial for his life. There were some of the strangest and most dramatic coincidences about this trial. It was held in the same place, and, notes Evelyn, just in the same manner as the trial of Charles I.'s mighty minister, Lord Strafford, forty years before. The similarity of the names of the prisoners is a little thing. More remarkable is it that Stafford's father, the Earl of Arundel, had presided over the earlier trial as Lord High Steward, and, what is even more stirring to the imagination, the prosecuting attorney was the same in both cases—Sir John Maynard, now nearly eighty years of age. As a poem of that year has it,

The robe was summoned, Maynard at the head,
In legal murder none so deeply read.

Arundel, of course, had been long in his grave; but the gray-haired lawyer, as "his accumulative active tongue" rehearsed the iniquitous evidence against Stafford, must have had a vivid memory of that earlier scene.

What is more in the line of our special study is the fact that Stafford's grandfather, the first Earl of Arundel of the Howard line, had been committed to the Tower nearly a century before, on an equally flimsy charge of treason against Queen Elizabeth, and had died there, a venerable confessor of the Faith and a martyr in will, if not in deed. Discredited and rebuked as Oates had been by this time, he had not quite lost his diabolical power over inflamed minds. His evidence prevailed, although the sober Evelyn, who sat through it all, concludes gravely in his diary: "And verily I am of his Lordship's opinion: such a man's testimonie should not be taken against the life of a dog." On December 29th, the feast of the martyred archbishop, St. Thomas of Canterbury, Lord Stafford was beheaded on Tower Hill. Macaulay accepts the old and picturesque tradition that when he solemnly protested his innocence for the last time, the multitude cried out, "God bless you, my lord! We believe you, my lord!" It is an amiable touch amidst all the horrors, and we should like to believe it. Unfortunately the best modern research denies it, and shows the thirst for blood still unslaked.

On May 3d, and again on June 8th, Blessed Oliver was brought up for examination before the court of King's Bench.

The judges were Sir Francis Pemberton, newly appointed Chief Justice, Dolben, and Jones. Maynard once more assisted the attorney-general with his legal knowledge; and so (though he played no prominent part) did Jeffreys, then thirty-three years old and King's Serjeant, on whose name such a lurid light was to be cast by his severities in the Tory reaction. Even the credulity of panic might have seemed to be staggered at last, for at the same time and before the same court was tried and condemned a perjured informer, named Fitzharris. He had improved on the usual tale of assassination, burning, and massacre, by solemnly deposing that he knew of a plot by which several members of parliament were to be boiled down to make a sort of holy oil to be used at future coronations.

Yet the evidence against the Primate was hardly less farcical than this. Since various "untoward accidents" had prevented the arrival of the witnesses he had wished to have from Ireland, he could do little but assert his innocence throughout (as did every single one of those who suffered in the Terror), and point with well-merited scorn to the inconsistencies of his accusers. He freely confessed that he had done everything that an archbishop of his Church was bound to do, but denied the slightest treasonable intention, strong in his good conscience like that other martyr referred to above. When the four knights with drawn swords ran through the shadowy aisles of Canterbury cathedral, crying fiercely: "Where is Thomas? Where is the traitor?" their victim's voice came to them calm and clear out of the gathering dusk: "Here am I, the Archbishop—but no traitor!" So Oliver Plunket, strong in the same strength, received his cruel sentence of hanging, drawing, and quartering with a serene "*Deo gratias!*"

Lord Essex besought Charles to pardon him, declaring from his own knowledge that the charges were false. "Then, my lord," replied the King gloomily, "be his blood on your own head. You might have saved him if you would. I cannot pardon him, because I dare not."

But the martyr was past all thought of earthly favors, his mind wholly turned to his journey home. The day of his execution arrived, July 1st (old style—July 11th by the new calendar); and Captain Richardson, governor of Newgate prison, tells us how it found him: "When I came to him this morn-

ing, he was newly awoke, having slept all night without disturbance; and when I told him he was to prepare for execution, he received the message with all quietness of mind, and went to the sledge as if he had been going to a wedding."

We have not space to tell at length of his memorable speeches, both at his sentence and on the scaffold, breathing the untroubled dignity of a conscience void of offence; nor of how a just nemesis overtook the man most deeply guilty of his blood, the wicked Shaftesbury, who slept (if he could sleep at all) a prisoner in the Tower on the martyr's second night in Paradise. But we have said enough to show that, asking his good prayers for us who are still in our pilgrimage, we may well take the last martyr for the Faith in England as a model of zeal for the salvation of souls and of inflexible courage in the defence of the Truth against whatever odds.

THE WORLD.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

THE world's a garden, green and gold,
Where God—the Gardener—daily strays;
His gesture makes the dawn unfold—
A bloom of rose and chrysoprase.

He takes the sunlight's roving beams,
And sprinkles all the world with fire—
The seeds that breed men's noble dreams,
By which they labor and aspire.

For robe, He dons the sunset's pall,
To wear across the fields of night;
The clouds are but His mansions tall,
For His contentment and delight.

Sometimes a rainbow glimmers sweet
To carpet soft His path awhile;
The stars are candles for His feet,
The moon's a mirror for His smile.

A DRAMA WITH AN IDEAL.¹

BY MAY BATEMAN.



DEALS—however much we try to hide our faith in them from the world—rule our lives. The man with no vision to guide him is scarcely a man at all. However much we scoff outwardly at dreamers, the most unyielding keeps, apart in his soul, some dear dream of perfection to lend enchantment at unexpected moments to the day's actions and touch them with glow.

Acts of faith come to fruition in the secret places of men's souls.

But the true test of an ideal's worth is its workaday value in our lives. Dreaming is not enough. We must live true to the faith that holds us. Vague hopes, too sterile to produce even a sickly blossom, give life neither perfume nor beauty. We come upon this tragedy of inactivity and listlessness, of mental anæmia, in Tchekov's *Three Sisters*. No single personage in the play has the real courage of his convictions. Not one with any flickering consciousness of purpose is able to carry his purpose through. The catch-phrase of, "I'm tired," echoes throughout like a monotonous refrain. Tired! Who is not tired who dwells upon his tiredness?

What the three sisters want, what their friends and companions want, too, are real things in their way, but their own shifting glances fail even to focus what is material. Work—Moscow—love—are tangible, but the sisters, with vague instincts which never crystallize in resolution, do not achieve even a train journey. Life, fluid, drips through their open fingers just as water from a mountain stream filters through the hands of those who will not hold them cup-wise.

One critic called the play a tragedy of "stuffy and stagnant inaction." "Spiritual dry-rot," follows inevitably in the wake of "sickly lack of motive and direction." Leaving the

¹ *The Higher Court*, by Miss M. E. M. Young, a noteworthy play, of special interest to Catholics, was produced by the Pioneer Players at the Strand Theatre, London, April 11, 1920.

theatre, some such sense of impotent despair comes on us as we feel when leaving the Lock Hospital. "How long, O Lord, how long?" The Lock Hospital suffers unjustly in comparison. A gallant fight is being put up there. The gloom in one's heart comes through the initial ill which makes such places necessary. All the same, we crave for the tang of clean wind sweeping over mountain heights, for space where we may stretch the soul, as after the last tremulous whispers at the close of the *Three Sisters*. "We remain alone . . ." "It's all the same! It's all the same!" . . . "If only we could know! If only we could know!"

Tchekov's three sisters are left clinging to each other because they have nothing else to which to cling. There is something cankerous and stifling about a play like this.

And yet, withal, Tchekov has the supreme art of making his nerveless creatures live, does undoubtedly possess that power "of magical selection of minute and significant touches," which Miss Young has in common with him—touches which haunt us, which are even beautiful, which move us even in our worst impatience at what, if it were merely pose, would be intolerable. He throws a dozen stage conventions to the winds. His characters talk naturally, follow their own currents of thought as we do in real life, so that, while our confidante is deploring the ills which have befallen her, we answer in terms indicative of our own remembrance of past wrongs. Olga, Masha, Irina, Chebutikin, and the others in Tchekov's play are real in the trend of their ramblings, even though it be the reality of egotism. This quality gives distinction to the play. We are thankful for small mercies in modern drama when comparing it with classic art. What tragedy of the past fifty years has any claim upon the interest of an unborn generation? How many plays have phrases that go home, that deserve to live? We have almost lost the art of writing "for all time" in these negligent days. The written word in nine out of ten cases has no more permanency than the paper upon which it is typed.

The modern dramatist's sense of vocation is lost in his alarming consciousness of what the public pays to see.

Miss Young's play, simple, poignant, depends for its success on that rarest of all qualities, its startling and uncompromising definition of Truth. Now Truth, as we know, fright-

ens most of us. It is so seldom met with face to face that it makes us shrink. The merest handful "serve the Truth because it's true," and for no other motive.

I foresee a wave of discussion about Miss Young's play which, to an enterprising manager, should spell worldly success.

The Higher Court is a drama of sincerity set in conventional middle-class surroundings. It possesses the essential of real drama in its conflict between great issues. In the problem play, as we usually know it, in ordinary drama, the supernatural element either does not enter at all or is so camouflaged with the trappings of what is currently known as mysticism—an artificial thing more far apart from real mysticism than clay from flesh—that it merely appeals to our love of sensation. Or if "religion" is brought in as a weapon with which to combat some existing wrong, it is, in nine cases out of ten, dressed up in pantomimic garments intended to rouse laughter. Take the reasonable views of the husband in the crisis of that delightfully amusing play of *Mr. Pim Passes By*, for instance. The audience rocked with laughter when he diffidently suggested that he couldn't go on living with a woman whom he had believed to be a widow when once he had learned that her husband was not dead, and that they were not married at all. Respect of the ordinary decent usages of society—to take the question from the lowest standpoint—seemed to the audience mad and indefensible.

Miss Young, in *The Higher Court*, presents, starkly, the Catholic view of divorce. The play opens in humdrum surroundings—Mr. Pryce-Green's shabby West Kensington flat. The family lives on next to nothing with a certain air, mainly through the cleverness of Idalia, the "commonplace" daughter with the romantic name which everyone agrees doesn't at all suit her. Polly, her sister, is romantic. Polly, occupier of the best room and owner of the only "new" suit the sisters can buy, is just starting off to Paris to study art, having borrowed the money from the one soluble member of the family, a ship-steward brother. Mr. Pryce-Green's small salary in a business firm scarcely pays the way. His remaining son's, frankly doesn't pay his. If it were not for Idalia's scraping and saving, her happy knack of making galantine from oddments, to give an example—"If you only knew what she makes

it out of," say the family, pressing it on an unwilling guest—there would be nothing at all left in the rent envelope at the end of the quarter.

An aunt, who became a nun in a convent, was the means of Idalia's getting her education free and becoming a Catholic in childhood. The family suffer this quite patiently. But Polly openly rebels when, on this wet morning, it having been rapidly decided she is to leave for France by the morning boat, she finds Idalia has gone to Mass as usual.

But "it was some good after all, Idalia going to Mass," for on her way she meets the young doctor Polly loves, and tells him of the hastened departure, and he blurts out the truth when she asks him aloofly the reason of his coming.

Dr. Foster (explosively).—You, Polly—you!

Polly (facing him, kettle and teapot in either hand).—Oh, Fred!

Dr. Foster (making such advances as he can to a lady thus occupied).—I—I haven't a penny in the world. Don't say anything! I don't want anything! Only to tell you once, right out, before you're off to Paris till nobody knows when. Only to say that—if ever I could keep a wife, Polly—if ever I could—!

Fred Foster, with his knack of telling rich hypochondriacs there is nothing wrong with them, who will sit up all night to nurse a patient without a penny, is no matrimonial catch. Unworldly as he is, Mr. Pryce-Jones has, regretfully, to forbid him the house. Idalia, coming in fresh and rosy into the tense atmosphere, gives the keynote of her character in a phrase:

Idalia.—How I used to howl when I had to start for school! All the same, once I got there! . . . Paris will be just like that. You'll see!

Polly—Like the Convent! Paris!

Idalia (comfortably).—Like anything you're frightened of—but you're all right when you get there!

Explanations follow. And Idalia, exuberant, breaks out:

Idalia.—What does anything matter? Oh! Oh! Give me some of that ham!

Ethelbert (darkly).—The girl who can eat that dry old ham—!

Strange noises are heard outside—tramping of feet. All listen. The heavy steps go first upstairs to Dr. Foster's flat, and then down again, to pause at the Pryce-Green's door. Idalia opens it upon a stretcher borne by policemen, bearing a man who looks at the point of death, if not already dead.

A stranger has been knocked down in the street—an obviously shabby stranger who was run over by a motor-car hard by. Picked up, he gave quite clearly the unusual name of these flats. The policeman had tried every door before coming to the Pryce-Green's, and nobody will take him in.

He is a "stranger." . . . The eyes of father and daughter meet. Fussy, overworked little Mr. Pryce-Green has his ideals, too.

Idalia.—Papa! The best room! Polly's!

Mr. Pryce-Green.—Bring him in, constable.

Dr. Foster comes hurrying up with a nursing sister, a nun, whom he has collected *en route*. Idalia wrenches herself free from thought and equips Polly with a luncheon-basket that will mean "going without" for the rest of the family for days. The man in the next room is dead by now, perhaps. She prays.

Foster pokes in his head:

"He's coming round!"

The curtain falls upon the practical Idalia making her list of what "the patient" will need.

Macmanus, the multi-millionaire, financier, and newspaper proprietor of the *Meteor*, has been working himself to a shred. And, surrounded on the one hand by sycophants and on the other by men to whose advantage it would be were he quietly "got out of the way," he at last distrusts even the decision of the expert he has consulted about his health, who orders him a trip in his yacht "on the coast of Spain." A man such as he is can wear anything he pleases; he has to account to no one for his actions, and has nothing resembling a home, though he lives in a mansion in Park Lane. One morning early, near the Fulham Road, he leaves his car and goes to call at the house of a hard-worked general practitioner, called Weston, who, judging him by his "half-starved condition" and seedy garments, gives him a "complete overhauling," orders "an hour's run daily before breakfast," and, feeling

diffident about accepting a half-crown fee, offers him the loan of his own old sweater and shorts.

Macmanus, with an eye to character, sees Weston's honesty. Against the grain, next morning he gets up and slips out of the house. No one misses him at first. With interests in every quarter of the globe, he takes mysterious journeys frequently. Rounding the corner of the North End Road, he is aware of a sudden flash of pain, and then knows no more till he awakes to see Sister Gertrude's hood dark against the light of the little window, and presently the glow of Idalia's "morning" face. He is quite unaware that, in a moment's consciousness, the odd name of some flats, mentioned in the *Meteor* of the previous night, leaps to his lips, and accounts for his presence there.

Here at last is amazing, unforeseen "charity." Bringing nothing into this world but borrowed clothes, he is wholly, blissfully dependent upon a family of complete strangers for board, lodging, nursing, and all. No self-seeking here. These amazing Pryce-Greens give what they have without stint, and everything centres round Idalia. Sister Gertrude nurses him back physically, Dr. Foster superintends the work scrupulously, but Idalia's youth and gayety, her transparent soul and its strange workings, are the revelation.

He tells them to call him "The Stowaway," saying that, though he remembers his name and where he lives perfectly, he is deliberately withholding it. They don't believe him. A man at the point of death, with nobody near and dear to inquire for him!—and wanting nobody! Why, it's incredible. The Stowaway is, of course, ashamed to admit his mind isn't clear yet.

Meantime, Foster, coming in and out daily, anxiously sees the growing strain on the household resources. There is no money left in the rent envelope, and March quarter-day, "the worst quarter for coals and light," at hand. Ethelbert, the brother, has to walk into business daily because Idalia can't raise the price of his fare. Something must be done. The stranger's smashed leg can't be moved with safety yet. But he is an educated man; there is work he could do, there in the flat, to pay for some of the long list of delicacies he has had, Dr. Foster thinks.

Idalia, talking to the stranger, solemnly enters up any-

thing which can give a clue to his identity in her little book. Reasonable things, not absurdities, as when he tells her, with a twinkle, that he is a "millionaire in hiding who has run away from his job, and come to a haven where he can lie at anchor, and nobody send him yachting to the coast of Spain."

Spain, for Idalia, means "all the wonderful people—St. Dominic, St. Teresa, St. Ignatius."

Macmanus.—Ignatius Loyola? You think Jesuits sound nice and sensational? No? What's your idea, then?

Idalia (puzzled).—I haven't an idea. I *know* Jesuits. Heaps of them. I generally go to confession to Jesuits . . .

Macmanus.—Good Lord! Do you mean to say you're a Roman Catholic? You! The one out-and-out transparent person I have ever come across?

If much in the household bewilders Macmanus, one thing is clear: Dr. Foster and Idalia are in love with each other. Polly—whom he has never seen—is a remote abstraction. The one thing in the world he wants, Idalia, his money can't buy. She so obviously is another person's property! But he lacks the courage to leave her, all the same—and the lame leg is a lucky excuse.

Foster comes in upon them in high glee. He sends Idalia off and makes Macmanus aware, at last, in the plainest terms that the family he is living on is crudely poor, that it is up to him "to turn to as soon as possible and pay a little of his debt." Here is the chance. (He can explain this part with Idalia in the room.) The papers are full of the Macmanus mystery. He gives the details to Macmanus. And Foster has a clue which could be worked up into a good newspaper story.

When the seedy clerk went to call upon Dr. Foster's friend, Weston, in the Fulham Road, he left on the table a gold cigarette case. The cigarette case is engraved with the Macmanus crest. It has never been reclaimed, nor the lent clothes returned. Foster's theory is, "Find that man, and you'll hear something of Macmanus." Here is the very cigarette case. He begins to read the description of the millionaire as seen through the eyes of the *Meteor* employees. A tattoo mark—

(Macmanus hastily draws down his sleeve. Idalia takes the paper away.)

Idalia.—We don't want all that, really!

The chief story-writer of the *Meteor*, known to Foster, is ill. But he'd willingly give a guinea to a man who would draft out the case. Will "The Stowaway" take on the job? There's writing paper and pen and ink handy, and the cigarette case— Where is the cigarette case, by the by?

Idalia (half-impatient, half-pitying, to Macmanus).—Oh, dear! You've put it in your pocket, of course.

It is the beginning of the end. Next morning a detective appears with the constable who brought the injured man to the Pryce-Green's flat, and an unwilling Dr. Weston to identify him. They believe he has murdered Macmanus. There is nothing for it but for him to disclose his identity and make preparations to go "home" that afternoon.

He and Idalia are left alone.

Macmanus.—So you found me out last night? . . . Didn't you think I was a pretty mean case? . . . Obtaining charity on false pretences?

Idalia.—I didn't think it was false pretences.

Macmanus.—What did you think?

Idalia.—That you were hard up, somehow. It took so little to please you.

Macmanus.—Is this to go on all the time? Giving on your part, and your father's part, and your brother's; and taking—and taking—and taking on mine?

Idalia.—Oh!—*Must* I? I must. (*With difficulty.*) I want you to give me the money for a bill, please. I'll make it out. . . . For some things you had.

It has never occurred to her that he could mistake her friendship for Foster, and wounded, but acquiescent, she takes his decision that from today they must never meet. Later, by chance, she mentions Polly and Foster's "understanding."

Macmanus.—My God! It's true! You're free! And you'll marry me!

Idalia (breathless).—Marry! . . . You! (*Drops her face in her hands.*)

Macmanus.—Give me a minute, dear, and I'll talk sense. Oh, my God! You do see, don't you, that two minutes ago I was never going to set eyes on you again in this world?

Idalia (the past anguish in her tone).—You said that. Why?

Macmanus.—Will anybody tell me what I've done to have such a—to have a woman like—to have you care for me?

They are like children in their happiness. Macmanus rushes on, planning, scheming. Why can't they be married that morning? It could be done. He's so lonely. They'll wait months then, if she prefers. Since he met her he has begun to believe in—(she looks up hopefully)—men and women. Her face falls.

Words don't mean the same to him as to her. Take "money," for instance.

Macmanus.—There come into your mind all sorts of comfortable, gentle things. Little reliefs of mind, and kindnesses, and attentions. Or—valiant things—like asking for that bill! A person says "money" to you. And the thing you hear is "Love." Well—(*his voice hardens*)—they said "Love" to me. And they meant money. . . . My wife did that.

Idalia (startled to understand him a widower).—Your wife?

Macmanus.—Yes. That's all over, thank God!

Idalia (wincing).—Oh—don't!

She must have time to think—to consider. There is that question of the "mixed marriage" to talk out with the priest. But before that, in this supreme joy, as in each other action of her life or any purpose, she wants, quite naturally, to tell Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament about it first.

She leaves him, vaguely apprehensive. She is going to church. What for? If that Church of hers attempts to separate them—!

He comes next morning at the appointed hour. Meantime, Polly, with the account of the Macmanus mystery in the *Paris Meteor* at hand, has read between the lines, and caught the early train back to use her influence with Idalia. A new Idalia meets her. One look at her face is enough for a fellow-lover. It is all settled. The family has just been told. Ethelbert guessed it, because there was such a "gorgeous spread at breakfast" that Idalia had actually dared run into debt to get.

Macmanus hardly dares to face her. He is scared, like a schoolboy. If these priests of hers have put any obstacles in the way! He can hardly believe that the vision he sees is real. He had never dreamed of love like this, of mating such as this will be. And every unconscious word she says breaks down the habit of a lifetime.

Idalia.—If it's a laugh you want, just you wait till you see Father Burke's face when you go up and tell him about your enormous richness.

Macmanus.—Our enormous richness.

Idalia.—My enormous richness, I meant! You see, he had only just got to asking me whether you could keep a roof over my head when—

Macmanus.—What! You have seen your priest, then?

He detests the thought of his affairs being talked out with a stranger. But Father Burke has climbed down, it seems, though Idalia will put things so oddly.

Macmanus.—You *think* that Father Burke didn't *know* my name?

Idalia.—I know he didn't.

Relieved and happy, he gives her an amazing check for twelve hundred pounds to wipe off the debt on the church schools. The years drop from them both in their happiness. And Idalia, looking on into the future, sees visions and dreams dreams.

Idalia (hushed with wonder).—I bought this for you in the church porch before breakfast. . . . The Penny Catechism. (*She laughs.*) Price twelve hundred pounds to you.

He turns to the "marriage" part and reads it. "No human power can dissolve the bond of marriage, because Christ has said, 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'"

Macmanus.—Human power is dissolving marriage every day! (*His words fall like separate blows.*)

Idalia (with quiet certainty).—No. It can't do that.

Macmanus (roughly).—It does. What's divorce?

Idalia.—Nothing. That's what the answer tells. There is no divorce.

Macmanus (roughly).—No divorce! I'm divorced. . . .

Idalia.—Your wife is living?

Macmanus.—She's not my wife! Do you mean you didn't know? . . . (*Silence. Then*) Good Lord! (*He tries to see it. Then*) But it was all in the *Meteor*! In plain words! (*Silence.*) Foster read it to you. (*Silence. He remembers.*) No. He didn't. But he told you! . . . (*Silence. Then he remembers:*) He didn't. I stopped him.

Follows inevitably, when once and finally she understands, the Catholic's decision. No appeal against it. A delicate girl grown adamant. No more to be said. Nothing to be done. All the tears, all the reproaches, useless. All the foreshadowed human charitable acts less than nothing in the scale. God's Will—God's Words—who, with a due sense of proportion, can even contemplate balancing against their finality, the little sum, of even the fiercest or most glowing human love?

Yet, being human, how the knife turns in our heart when we choose!

Polly and Fred come in radiant, when Macmanus has gone. Fancy Idalia being sensible, in spite of all. They see her face and understand what has happened. The check has been burned. All is over.

Polly (roughly buttoning her into her coat).—Here. You go to church.

Idalia.—I'd like to

(*The front door closes.*)

Polly (turns, sobbing, to her lover).—She cared so! I'm frightened! I'm frightened!

Foster.—She—*isn't.*

Miss Young's play is the more gallant in that she has given us an extremely hard case from the human view. Macmanus has always had a "rotten time," as Idalia said; his wife was in the wrong. He is generous and grateful. Idalia had already broken down many of his prejudices against her faith; she

would in time have probably helped to make him see things still obscure in a clearer light could they have been together.

But to the Catholic the marriage of divorced persons is no marriage at all.

A fanatical creed? A heaven of brass against which poor bruised humanity hurtles its prayers in vain? Who that has made the choice, and abided by it, thinks so?

He may not pick nor choose his steps who takes the Way of the Cross. We cannot accept the nailing of our hands and feet and avoid the scourging and the mockery and the thirst and desolation. God's words are final and unalterable for all the ruling and the compromise of all the churches that seek to modernize them and bring them—like the music-hall *revue* whose book is no longer topical—up-to-date.

Out of humiliation may dawn glory, and a light never yet on land or sea. "He that believeth God *taketh heed* to the commandments; and he that trusteth in Him shall fare never the worse."

WERE YOU TO BE OUT.

BY FRANCIS CARLIN.

WERE you to be out when a dirge in the trees,
A bum-beetle's hum and a crake's double cry
Are mingled as one troubled tune in the breeze,
'Tis yourself that would sigh.

But were you to be in at the Mass for to hear,
"You're a thousand times welcome" from
peasants who greet
The coming of Christ in the Gaelic, each tear
Of your tears would be sweet.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

BY FRANCIS AVELING, S.T.D.



THE relations of the Church to modern science forms a theme upon which much has been written that is both fabulous and inexact. It is a theme hackneyed and, indeed, frayed at the edges by constant repetition and restatement. Especially is this true when the statement and repetition have been made by anti-Catholic warriors of the materialistic stamp. Catholics who think at all about these matters, as a rule, have had the antidote—the more correct and infinitely saner view put before them; and could be expected to know that the Church never has, and never has had, any quarrel with science: that there is, and can be, from the nature of the case, no antagonism between revealed truth and truth to which man is led by the right use of his reason.

Nevertheless, it can hardly be denied that outside the Church there is the very prevalent notion that the Church, in philosophy and in science, is out of date and quite negligible; that, where not positively inimical to the progress of discovery and advance of knowledge, she divorces her own teaching from the march of scientific progress, taking refuge from assault in a fortress that is only impregnable because so absolutely out of touch with all reality. This notion is such a commonplace of anti-Catholic controversy and is so insistently kept before the public, that it tends to deceive even the elect. It is like the advertisements of So-and-So's Soap, or Pills, or Memory System. And, as does the reiterated advertisement, so does it, in virtue of a well-known law of psychology, impress itself upon, and in time influence, the mind. Even knowing quite well that there is an answer to every objection—perhaps with the answer quite clearly before the mind—there is an atmosphere created which subtly minimizes the worth of the answer and enhances the weight of the objection. This is so well known a fact to controversialists that, whether consciously or not, both objection and answer are so framed as to square with it, and thus carry the greatest conviction.

For a number of decades past the supposed antagonism of the Church to science has, in the main, been advanced by materialists. The vulgarizations of materialistic theory have been insistently reiterated. Supreme pontiffs have defined the dogma of evolution, and their sycophants and acolytes have preached it in and out of season. Mind has been degraded to a "function of the brain;" free will to a delusion due to the mechanically conceived laws of association; and so on. Conceptions such as these latter have done little to advance the science in which they made their appearance; and materialism, at any rate in psychology, is now practically a thing of the past. But, in the sciences of nature, there was a reason other than the mere dogmatizing of metaphysical scientists and the insistence of their assertions that helped to make materialism a plausible explanation of the universe. It worked.

The advance of the experimental sciences during the time that materialism held the field as a philosophical explanation was prodigious. The applications of science to the affairs of life—to invention, to manufacture, to art—was unparalleled. One has only to compare the standard of living and of comfort today with that of former times to appreciate what the progress of science has meant to the world. All this, in virtue of another well-known principle, has militated for the acceptance of the theories which were put forward as a philosophical explanation of the phenomena with which the sciences dealt. And it was, as it very generally is, quite forgotten that philosophical explanation is not science at all, and has nothing really to do with its progress. Indeed, many people who knew quite well the phenomena of the sciences, came to conclusions radically opposed to those of the materialistic school, and with quite as good a right. Undoubtedly, materialism worked; but other systems of philosophy would work quite as well, for, as far as science is concerned, it is indifferent to philosophy; and materialism, idealism, and so on, must stand or fall on their own merits. The phase, however, in which an abrupt opposition existed between religion and materialistic "science" has closed. Echoes of the old assertions will doubtless make themselves heard for a long time, but there will be no serious menace in them when the thinkers of the world have passed on to a new and more scientific point of view.

Nowhere, perhaps, is this transition to a new standpoint

so marked as in the science of psychology. It might be expected that materialism would find support from the phenomena of the material. Perhaps it was not a matter for astonishment that, at a time when everything was being treated "materially" and mechanically, the psychology of the day should have been conceived on lines of atomism and mechanism. When Hume and Hartley reënnounced the laws of association, the temper and bias of the moment suffice to explain why the associationist school of philosophy became so easily the vogue. It was easy to picture ideas associating together; easy to imagine them to be the resulting compound of simple sensations; and not difficult to account for the emotions in a scheme in which all was to be accounted for by combination of simple elements. Besides, the hypothesis fitted in well with the imaginative correspondence between the mind and the brain. Here, too, are simple elements; and they are connected. What more specious than that they are exactly parallel to the contents of "mind?" And what less preposterous than that a thoroughgoing consistence in principle should warrant the assertion that the brain is an organ which secretes thought as other organs produce their appropriate secretions?

It is true that the associationists left out of their view considerations which told against their hypothesis. But they had not in their possession the observed facts in virtue of which the science of psychology has now far outstripped the school of associationism. Of late years the advance that has been made in this science has been enormous. Not only has painstaking and exact experimentation in the laboratories of Europe and America brought to light a vast amount of new data; clinical work performed by the psychiatrists has opened quite new vistas before our eyes. And, if the conquest of new territory has been great in the past few years, there are still uncharted regions awaiting the explorer. But the work already done has shown the inadequacy of the materialistic explanations; and psychologists in general appear to have orientated themselves accordingly.

I may be permitted to quote a few lines from a paper in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 1918,¹ contributed by one of our leading British psychologists, Dr. William McDougall, F.R.S. In the course of his paper, "The

¹ Vol. xii. (Section of Psychiatry), pp. 1-13.

Present Position of Clinical Psychology," he says: "The other great problem is that of the constitution of man, the age-long controversy between *materialism* and what, in the widest sense, may be called *spiritism*. For so long as it is held, with the mechanistic psychology, that congenitally the mind is a *tabula rasa* and the brain little more than a mass of indifferent nerve-tissue waiting to be molded by impressions from the outer world, it may seem plausible to hold that all mental potentialities are somehow comprised in the material structure of the germ-plasm. But, with every addition to the demonstrable wealth of innate mental powers and tendencies, this hypothesis becomes more impossible and incredible. And it may safely be affirmed that, if anything like the wealth of innate endowment claimed now by some—*e. g.*, by Jung in his latest work—should become well established, then all the world would see that the materialistic hypothesis is outworn and outrun, and that each man is bound to his race and ancestry by links which, conceive them how we may, are certainly of such a nature that they can never be apprehended by the senses, no matter how refined and indefinitely augmented by the ultramicroscope or by the utmost refinements of physical chemistry. I venture to insist upon this contribution of clinical psychologists towards the solution of those great problems, because few of them seem to have adequately realized the bearing of their work on those issues, which so far transcend in interest even the fascinating and important questions with which they are more directly concerned."

The *tabula rasa*, to which McDougall here refers, he tells us is that as conceived by Locke—"a blank sheet on which experience writes as chance determines;" and what he is opposing to it is the discovery that mind does not begin as an entirely passive thing, to be wrought upon by chance impressions, but as an activity, as the Scholastics might put it, awaiting release. Little by little, as McDougall shows, the successive discoveries of Janet, Freud, Adler, Trotter, Sidis, Jung and others in clinical work, have led away from the old position to one remarkably like that of the Scholastics. And while clinicians have been led to the conception of activity in consciousness by their observations, the main stream of normal psychology has been flowing in the same direction. Not only have the theoreticians drawn nearer to the traditional

teaching of the School; the results of laboratory work have forced them towards that same goal.

That to which I wish to direct attention in the present article, however, is not so much the *rapprochement* of recent psychological discovery and theory with a system which, whatever it was, was not in any way opposed to the teaching of religion. That in itself is interesting enough as a sign of the changing temper of "Science." What appears to me as likely to be of interest and of use is a descriptive account, necessarily very brief, of the science of psychology as it is shaping today. Here, indeed, if contradiction between science and religion were likely to be found, would be the very place to look for it; for doctrines concerning the soul and its destiny, its nature and survival—which must be envisaged by rational psychology, at least, if anywhere within the domain of science and philosophy, are most closely bound up with religion; and the whole concept of the spiritual must be profoundly modified, if, indeed, it has not its origin, in notions derived from our own activities, by indications which psychology is able to afford us as data.

In the first place, it may be said that the main business of the psychologist is to observe and compare mental phenomena. Like any other man of science, he has to observe them in their concomitances and successions, quite indifferent as to what conclusions, if any, they will lead him. And, as a psychologist, he is not directly interested in any philosophical doctrines which later on may be based upon his facts and data. Of course, as a matter of fact, he is and must be interested in the larger questions which are of the greatest interest to all thinking human beings; and his work in psychology may, and probably will, lead him, as it has sooner or later led others, to philosophical super-construction upon the groundwork of his science. But, in the meantime, he limits himself to the phenomena. These he strives not only to observe when they happen in a casual manner. He attempts to produce them by placing his "subjects" in circumstances, which will result in the occurrence of the phenomena he wishes to observe. Thus he is enabled to study the same fact, if necessary, over and over again, and with different "subjects." In this way a great variety of problems connected with sensation and the special senses, with memory and the higher processes of thought, with

attention and will, have been successfully studied. It is not so easy to "produce" emotions for the purpose of investigation; but something has been done even here to complete the results of occasional observation and analysis.

In this way, researches planned and carried out in many laboratories and by many competent students during a number of years, have yielded now considerable results in the way of data; and it has been possible to enunciate and prove a series of laws of great interest and utility, theoretic and practical. As example of the former, Weber's Law might be cited, by which a relation is established between the proportional series of stimuli, or excitants, and the proportional series of just perceptible differences in sensations: while the laws of association and preferential revival of experience, in their application to memorizing, are good samples of the latter.

Indeed, while there must always be a theoretic interest attaching to every science, psychology, like the sciences of nature, is becoming more and more practical in its outlook. There have grown up of recent years sciences, or arts, of pedagogics and psychiatry, and attempts have been made to found a science of criminology, upon the basis of psychology. The two former, at least, have been conspicuously successful. But for these applications, no less than for the pure science itself, it is not necessary to go beyond the immediate phenomena concerned. It is certainly not necessary to presuppose any particular system of philosophy.

When it is ascertained, for example, that in learning by heart material of a logical character, saving in time and effort is gained by "learning as a whole" rather than in parts, and that "spacing out"—spreading the number of repetitions over a number of days—is more economical than making all the repetitions at once, we have surely reached a very practical and useful result; but it in no way follows that we must adopt any conclusion as to the relation of conscious memory and the brain cells or connecting axis-cylinders, which in some way, we agree, are correlated with it.

Similarly, when we find large and increasing schools asserting, as the result of observation, experiment and analysis, the synthetic creativeness of mind, the occurrence of "imageless thought," and activity as the fundamental characteristic of consciousness, we are warranted in turning away from the

mechanistic enticements of associationist philosophy; but we are not justified in jumping to the conclusion of spiritualism¹ while we remain within the prescribed boundaries of psychology, the science. We may go beyond those boundaries, carrying our new facts and our new knowledge with us. We have every right to speculate as to the nature of the real thing or principle which makes the occurrence, and the observation, of such data possible. But then we are making an excursion into the realm of philosophy, where the data of science must be treated by philosophical method and with philosophical exactness. It may be said in parenthesis that psychological data of the kind to which reference has been made, lend themselves singularly well to the philosophical construction of spiritualism, and not to any form of materialistic interpretation.

Interesting in this connection is the application that has been, and is still being made, of psychological method and data to the problems of industrialism. In order to understand the method by which psychology proceeds here—as, indeed, also with regard to the problems set by pedagogics and psychiatry and criminology—it should be borne in mind that mental phenomena are, as a rule, given in the gross, so to speak. Consciousness is rather like a kaleidoscope of patterns than a series of discrete sensations or feelings. Indeed, though we know what we mean by “sensation” and can define it, we probably never experienced a mere sensation, and we certainly have no memory of it if we ever did experience such a thing. It is the aim of the psychologist to isolate, as far as possible the precise point, phenomenon or mental content with which he wishes to experiment. Take a case in point. Fatigue is a state which we have all experienced. And fatigue enters largely into the problems of industrial production. What is fatigue: physical—*i. e.*, muscular—cerebral or mental? And how increase work done, and consequent output, without a corresponding increase of fatigue?

Very simple experiments were devised to isolate the factors of fatigue and to enable its study in the simplest forms. The ergograph was devised by Mosso to this end. It consists in a simple apparatus in which a weight is supported, attached

¹ “Spiritualism” and “spiritualistic” are here used to designate the truth that the soul is a spiritual, not a material, entity.

to a string running over a pulley. At the end of the string is a ring into which the subject inserts his finger, the arm being supported in a suitable rest. The instruction given to the subject is that he is to flex his finger, and consequently lift the weight. This he does until fatigue supervenes, and he is unable to flex his finger further.

Recent research has shown that the "work curve" falls fairly sharply towards the beginning, and then remains, with fluctuations, almost stationary for a very considerable period, when it declines again sharply. This plotting of the curve has reference to what is called "objective" fatigue: and, indeed, the second fall of the curve marks a very real loss of efficiency—a danger point for the organism. Meanwhile "subjective" fatigue manifests itself much earlier, with all its symptoms of tedium, disinclination to continue the task in hand, wandering, headache, and so on. In spite of this latter, the work can be continued. That true objective fatigue has not set in may be shown by muscle preparations stimulated electrically; and that this is probably due to a toxin (lactic acid) is to be inferred from the fact that, by washing the preparation out, further contractions can be obtained on stimulation. The point is that the muscles involved in work have certain limits to their endurance. They constitute a machine—which might be likened to a clock—that can run down. A similar remark may be made with regard to the brain. But the fatigue first becoming "unbearable" is neither muscular nor, presumably, cerebral. It can be overcome by revived interest, stimulation, etc. It is physical, not physiological, in character: and in appropriate circumstances could be overcome so as to allow of the working of the machine to its breaking point.

Further experiments with the ergograph have been done to show the effect of such stimulants as alcohol, or of lack of proper oxygenation of the atmosphere upon the quality and output of work. Similar experiments have been made also with the typewriter, which, of course, is a far more complicated kind of "work" from the psychological point of view. A comparison of the two goes far to provide the lines of principles for industrial psychology.

Other experiments, bearing more on mental fatigue than on physical, have been made with simple "tests." A sheet of foolscap printed with lines of letters in irregular order is given

to the subject, with instruction to cross out, say, all the "e" and "x" characters. His fatigue can be measured, in varying circumstances, by the rapidity and accuracy with which he performs his task. Or columns of figures are given to him which he is required to add up, two at a time, noting the answer of each addition. Here, again, accuracy and speed are the tests of his fatigue, in this case mental. Other and more complicated "tests" are also employed; but these suffice.

In actual conditions of industrial labor, there is nothing so simple and easy as these tests. Complicated and skilled movements, into which both coördination of muscular actions and judgment enter, are involved. The speed and accuracy of typewriting falls closer to the actual condition here. But the principles are discovered in the isolation of the most elementary operations in standard conditions. These principles are exemplified, however, in all work in which mind is required as well as body. And this is true of most, if not of all, work. It is only in the comparatively rare cases of automatization of muscular movements that consciousness seems to be absent; and, even then, if the chain actions which are being performed, as in knitting or bicycling, are for any reason interfered with or interrupted, consciousness at once appears and again takes charge of the action. In most occupations a coördination of muscles and eye is necessary. Such coördination is not merely mechanical: it has to be learned; and it is not always learned so as to secure the best results with the minimum of effort. Especially is this true in the cases of complicated actions involving several muscle systems.

We invent machines and make them to save labor, and their several parts are interrelated and coördinated, so that each subserves not only its own purpose, but also the need of the next. In performing the actions which are necessary in tending the machine, the worker theoretically should reduce all his movements to the fewest possible consistent with the greatest accuracy and efficiency. And this is precisely the great problem to be studied in industrial psychology—a problem that varies with the character of the work to be performed.

What is of importance in this connection is that the purely scientific part of the work consists in the isolation of the component factors of complicated movements, on the one hand, and the recognition of consciousness, on the other, by which

the movements are coördinated to the best possible advantage. Man may be regarded as a machine, the parts of which function one after another, and with regard to which the object is to eliminate friction and waste of power. But all this can be done without reference to philosophy, in the sphere of science, pure and simple. And if any philosophical system seems to be indicated, the reference to consciousness and the activity of consciousness in coördinating and short circuiting for the purpose of labor saving, would seem not to be in contradiction with anything that has been claimed or taught by religion.

Again, the important advances of psychiatry, as has already been seen, have led practitioners to the assertion of the "Activity" principle. From the phenomena of split-off, or dissociated personality, to the establishment of psychic "forces" beneath the threshold of manifest consciousness; from the postulate of one such driving energy, with the wealth of theatrical circumstance with which it obtrudes itself, disguised and distorted, into our dreams, to the assertion of several, and even many, of such active tendencies: the whole tendency of modern "abnormal" psychology has been towards the new orientation. There is something which cannot be explained on the grounds of mere chance association, something which is not accounted for on the grounds of brain physiology.

But here again, for a complete conclusion to be reached, the confines of psychology, the science, must be overstepped. The further investigation is a philosophical one. In the terms of the division of philosophy familiar to our ears, it is to rational, and not to experimental, psychology that we must look for our final explanations.

However that may be, it is clear that there is no contradiction between the teaching of the Church and science, as long as science limits itself to its proper sphere. All its theoretical advances, all its practical applications, all the service it has rendered, and will render, to mankind, are independent of trans-phenomenal theory. And this is true of science in all its branches, the sciences of nature as well as those of mind. Their data form the foundations upon which the philosophical disciplines are raised: and, if there is contradiction, or apparent contradiction, between religion and any so-called human knowledge it is here, where the superstructure of speculation is raised upon the basis of fact.

In treating of the known universe as a whole, as any adequate system of philosophy—any stream of ultimate explanations—is bound to do, no fact or phenomenon should be left out of account on penalty of stultification. Men of science have not always in the past paid sufficient attention to this truism. Whole systems and partial systems of what must be called philosophy, since it is not science, have been built upon the slender foundations of a few facts belonging to a particular group; and it is in these, mainly, that apparent opposition to revealed religion has been found.

To leave out facts such as those to which reference has been made in the present article, is to doom oneself beforehand to a false system. And yet, from the nature of the facts employed in building up these “anti-religious” systems, there seems to be no compelling reason for the anti-religious standpoint, other than a limitation of outlook or an intellectual or moral prejudice. There are physicists today of no less but far greater ability, and with a far greater range of experience and data, than their materialistic predecessors, who see in the teachings of their science nothing whatever to militate against a philosophy, both theistic and spiritualistic. The amazing spread of “Spiritism” in these recent times is proof of it. No one, least of all men of science eminent in a sphere which they have made their own, could accept the “evidences” put forward in behalf of the soul’s survival of bodily death by Spiritists if there were any shred of real evidence against immortality afforded by the data of science.

After all, what does religion teach—to limit our question here to psychology—with regard to the human soul? That it is an immortal spirit which makes man what he is, an intelligent, moral being, responsible to his Creator for his actions in this world, to be rewarded or punished in accordance with the way in which he fulfills his moral obligations. That the soul will once more reanimate its “body,” so that man himself, and not the soul alone, will be immortal. It is not necessary to make allusion to any of the doctrines of grace concerning the soul in this connection, since objections are rarely, if ever, made against them; and science, as far as I am aware, has never been made the excuse to attack them.

What have the “scientific” philosophies to urge against any of the positions asserted by religion?

1. That the soul is mortal because it is a function of matter? The observed activity, creative synthesis, imageless thought, negative such inferences.

2. That man is not intelligent? The objection would hurtle back upon its framer.

3. That he is not a moral being, perhaps because his free will is the delusion of the idea of an action preceding its accomplishment in consciousness? An active, creative, phenomenon points to an active, creative something behind it; and the psychiatrists are on the right path when they reject the materialistic hypothesis for one more in accord with the facts.

4. That he is to be the subject of rewards and punishments according to the way in which he has fulfilled, or neglected to fulfill, his obligations in this life? The objection can only have a meaning if science or "scientific" philosophy have demonstrated that there is no one to reward or punish—in short, if it is avowedly atheistic. But science has moved far from that position now; and, even if mechanistic theory could afford to dispense with the idea of a God, it was only because mechanistic theory was founded upon a partial—and even then, misunderstood—group of the total facts of the universe. The philosophy—the metaphysics—which leaves out of its consideration the facts and phenomena of psychology, pursues a tortuous road, and handicaps itself—though the goal is possible—by the very inertia of the matter in which it struggles.

5. Finally, that the soul, even if it did persist in being after death, could not reanimate its body? The hydra-headed forms of this objection are hardly to the point as evincing any opposition between science and religion, because, whatever "body" may mean to the scientist other than the collection of its properties, it is quite clear that religion does not teach this. And, while the Church goes no further than to teach that the body of the resurrection is a "spiritual" as opposed to a "natural" one, the scientist must confess to a total ignorance of the nature of either. That Catholic philosophers have speculated deeply upon the meaning of "body" in this connection is not to be denied; and that they have elaborated a very convincing natural argument to show that it is man as a complete person, with soul and body, who is immortal is true; but the Church has never so defined the doctrine that any science or philosophy has the right to cavil at it.

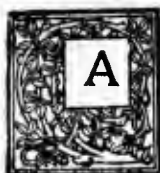
The upshot of the matter is, with regard to the experimental sciences, and psychology in particular, that there is no contradiction—no ground of contradiction—between the exact results of observation and research, on the one hand, and religion on the other. Any difficulty arises only in the further explanation of the scientific data treated by philosophical method. And all the most striking findings of psychology, at any rate, make for an interpretation that is in no sense against, but rather in entire accord with the doctrines of the Church Catholic.

The experimental researches will without doubt continue to be made in the laboratories of psychology; and we have every reason to hope for the greatest advances and the further enriching of our knowledge. Psychological theory will be developed and completed. Information acquired will be applied to the practical problems of education, of healing and of labor saving and economical production. The discoveries of the past few years give us to hope that the dawn of a brilliant day of discovery and invention in matters of the mind has begun, and that the progress of the science in the near future will not disappoint those who have witnessed its achievements in the immediate past.

But whatever information study and painstaking research may have in store for us, of this we may be certain, that the positive acquisitions already made have given the lie to the negative and unfounded statements of a previous generation. The progress of human knowledge may be painful and slow, but it is always towards the light. The Catholic has nothing to fear for his faith from the march forward of science as a whole, or of philosophy founded upon its discoveries and justified by them.

THE EARLY JESUIT MISSIONS IN CANADA.

BY G. ALEXANDER PHARE.



At the foot of the great rock of Quebec, where, in 1608, Champlain founded his colony, five men are on their knees with their lips to the soil of New France. Round them are grouped several friars in coarse gray robes, with the knotted cord of the Récollets about their waists, peaked hood hanging from their shoulders and rough wooden sandals on their feet. And the traders—sturdy, picturesque old Huguenot pioneers—stand by scowling, as they survey the strangers with their wide black hats caught up at the sides with strings, the long, closely-fitting, black frocks, the corded girdles and the swinging rosaries. Far better could they tolerate the humble, mendicant Récollets than these new-come Jesuits—aggressive, powerful, and uncompromising opponents of Calvinism.

Long before this, Jesuits had disputed in theology with the bonzes of Japan and studied astronomy with the mandarins of China, labored patiently and long among the followers of Brahma, preached the Papal supremacy to Abyssinian schismatics, carried the cross among the savages of Caffraria, wrought reputed miracles in Brazil and gathered the tribes of Paraguay beneath their paternal sway. And now, by the aid of the Virgin, they would found another empire among the tribes of New France.

Before the little trading village that nestled beneath the base of the great cliff at Quebec a tiny, blunt-prowed, high-pooped vessel lay at anchor, and these black-robed priests who had just landed were the first followers of Loyola to enter the St. Lawrence—Fathers Charles Lalemant, Ennemond Massé, Jean de Brébeuf, and two lay brothers of the Society of Jesus. They were the vanguard of an army of true soldiers who, bearing the Cross instead of the sword, and laboring at their arduous tasks in humility and obedience but with dauntless courage and unflagging zeal, were to make their influence felt from Hudson Bay to the mouth of the Mississippi, and from the sea-girt shores of Cape Breton to the wind-swept

prairies of the Great West. The Jesuit missionaries in North America had no thought of worldly profit or renown, but, with their minds fixed on eternity, they performed their tasks *ad majorem Dei gloriam*—for the greater glory of God.

For the first seven years Champlain's colony lived without priests. Perhaps the lack was not so seriously felt, for most of the two-score inhabitants of the settlement were Huguenot traders. But out in the great land, in every direction from the rude dwellings which housed the pioneers of Canada, roamed savage tribes who, as Champlain said, "lived like brute beasts." Ardently desirous of reclaiming these children of the wild, he invited the Récollet community near his native village of Brouage to send missionaries to Canada. Three friars and a lay brother responded to his message, and landed at Tadoussac in May, 1615. To these four men is due the honor of founding the first permanent mission among the Indians of New France—an earlier one in Acadia under Father Biard having met with entire failure. The Canadian mission is usually associated with the Jesuits, and rightly so, for to them belongs the most glorious history; but it was the Récollets who paved the way.

During the next year a chapel was built, in what is now the lower town of Quebec, and here the brothers labored to minister to the needs of the Indians camped in the vicinity of the trading post. In this their reward was chiefly suffering—every possible obstacle being set in their path, both by the traders and by the medicine men of the various Indian tribes. The friars' endeavor was to persuade the Indians to settle near the villages in order that they might more easily be reached with the Gospel message. The traders had but one thought—the profits of the fur trade—and, consequently, anything that changed the Indian from a nomadic hunter, met with their bitterest opposition.

The acquisition of the language was of tremendous difficulty. From the simple pens of the brothers we have the picture of the priest seated, pencil in hand, before some Indian squatting on the floor, who had been cajoled into the hut with biscuits, there to be plied with questions which frequently he neither could nor would answer. What was the Indian word for Sacrament, Eucharist, Trinity, Incarnation, Faith? The perplexed savage, instructed by the medicine

men, who regarded the gray-robed friars as rivals, gave him scurrilous and filthy phrases as the equivalent of things holy. These, studiously incorporated into the Fathers' catechism, produced—we are naïvely told—very small good effects, and but few converts were brought in. Nevertheless, they labored incessantly among the Montagnais, the Micmacs, the Abnaki, the Algonquins and the Nipissings—the work growing more and more discouraging. At last they saw that the field was too large and the difficulties too great. And, after invoking the light of the Holy Spirit, they decided—says Sagard—"to send one of their members to France to lay the proposition before the Jesuit Fathers, whom they deemed the most suitable for the work of establishing and extending the faith in Canada." On June 15, 1625, their plea for assistance was answered, as we have seen, by the representatives of the greatest of all the missionary Orders—an Order which "had filled the whole world with memorials of great things done and suffered for the Faith"—the militant and powerful Society of Jesus.

Quebec, as these aggressive pioneers of the Church first viewed it, must have given them a severe disappointment. It was now seventeen years since it had been founded, yet it had fewer than one hundred inhabitants. In the whole of Canada there were but seven French families, and only six white children. Agriculture had hardly been attempted, and the colony was almost wholly dependent on France for its maintenance. The traders, when not actively engaged in the fur industry, lounged in indolence around the trading posts and created an atmosphere of laziness and discontent. Sorely were the self-sacrificing Jesuits needed. To them, indeed, Canada owes its life, for when the King of France grew weary of spending treasure on this unprofitable colony, the vivid appeals of the Jesuit reports moved both King and people to support it until the time arrived when New France was valued as a barrier against New England.

Scarcely had Lalemant and his associates made themselves at home in the convent of the Récollets, than they began planning for their mission further afield. Less than a month after landing Brébeuf set out for Three Rivers, where he joined a party of Montagnais hunters and spent the winter of 1625-26 with them. He suffered much from cold and hunger,

and from the unsanitary conditions under which he was forced to live, in the smoky, filthy, vermin-infested abodes of the savages. But an indomitable will and a deep devotion stood him in good stead, and he returned home none the worse for the experience, and with a fair knowledge of the Montagnais dialect.

In July, 1626, the little band was gladdened by the addition to their numbers of two more of the Order, and some twenty carpenters and lay brothers, who had come with Champlain to erect suitable buildings for the Jesuits' own use. And so, on a bend of the St. Charles River, about a mile from the fort, Notre-Dame-des-Anges was built of rough-hewn planks—the seams plastered with mud, and the roofs thatched after the manner of Old France—with grass from the meadows. In this humble abode men were to be trained to carry the Cross into the Canadian wilderness, and from it they were to go forth for many years in an unbroken line, blazing the way for explorers and traders and settlers.

Father Brébeuf and his original associates did not remain idle while their building was slowly rising. In the end of July, accompanied by some of the Huron tribe, they set out on the almost impossible journey to the shores of Georgian Bay. Brébeuf was overjoyed. It was to the Hurons that he felt himself particularly called, and for twenty-three years this magnificent son of the Church devoted his life to the task.

Huronian lay in what is now the county of Simcoe, Ontario. On the east and north lay Lakes Couchiching and Simcoe, the Severn River, and Matchedash Bay; on the west, Nottawasaga Bay. And in the little village of Toaniché, about a mile and a half from Nottawasaga Bay, Brébeuf made his headquarters.

He found the Huron Indians of the most primitive type, living in utter filth and with an entire disregard for the elements of sanitation, morality or health. Their religion consisted in the main of superstitions, fostered by the medicine men. They had but a vague conception of God, a conception which had no influence on their conduct—for even in their worship they were often astoundingly vicious. But they were entirely self-satisfied, and strongly resented the presence of the three black-robed friars, who had come to them with their message of good will and virtue.

In 1627, Brébeuf was left alone among the savages;

Father Daillon going on a mission alone to the Niagara Peninsula, and Father Nouë returning to Quebec on account of ill-health and age. In this awful solitude Brébeuf labored with indomitable will, ministering to his flock, studying the language, compiling a Huron dictionary and grammar, and winning his way into the hearts of his people. In time the Indians recognized in him a friend; and when he passed through the village ringing his bell, young and old followed him to his cabin to hear him tell of God, of heaven, the reward of the good, of hell, the eternal reward of the unrighteous. And, though he made few converts, he endeared himself to his people, living as one apart from their savagery, yet always as a sympathetic friend. In 1629, he received word from Quebec that he was sorely needed there. Full of misgivings and apprehension, he bade farewell to his people and took the trail southward.

He found that evil days had fallen upon the Jesuits in Canada. In France, the Huguenots were in open rebellion, and Cardinal Richelieu was sufficiently harassed by them to give a ready ear to the suggestion that they should be suppressed in New France. The Company of One Hundred Associates was formed, having a grant from the King of a domain from Florida to the Arctic Circle, and from Newfoundland to the sources of the St. Lawrence. Only a far-off circumstance prevented the birth of a new Catholic empire. The revolt of the Huguenots of La Rochelle had drawn England into war with France, which gave Alexander, Earl of Stirling, the opportunity he desired. In 1621 he had received a grant from James I. of Nova Scotia or Acadia, and now he saw the possibility of driving the French, not only from Acadia, but from the whole of North America. To this end a company was formed under the name of the Adventurers of Canada, and when Brébeuf came within sight of Tadoussac, their fleet was keeping grim and deadly blockade outside Quebec. The garrison was starving, the gunpowder was exhausted, and the dilapidated fort could not be held by its sixteen defenders. On July 22, 1629, the *fleur de lis* was hauled down from Fort St. Louis to give place to the Cross of St. George, and, for the time, the hopes of Champlain perished, who for twenty years had wrought and fought and prayed that Quebec might become the bulwark of French power in America. The terms

of surrender imposed the removal of all the missionaries, and by November of that year both Récollets and Jesuits were in their various colleges in France, patiently waiting the time when they should be permitted to return to Canada.

Three years later, after the Treaty of St. Germain en Laye, the French King took steps to repossess Quebec, and found it in a sad condition. During the English occupation the ground had been uncultivated, the buildings were in ruins, and, worst of all, the Indians had been badly treated, and many years of patient work had been undone. The Hurons and the Iroquois were at war, and a pestilence was playing havoc in the Huron villages. Despite all the unfavorable circumstances, however, the devoted Fathers returned to their labors and scattered through the smitten country.

For the next seventeen years the work was carried on indomitably—the difficulties growing more and more perilous each year. The feud between the Hurons and the Iroquois was becoming more bitter, and kept constantly at fever heat by acts of savagery and treachery. So far, however, hostility towards the missionary Fathers had been of a covert order, restricted mainly to the medicine men, who alleged that the bells on the little chapels frightened away the good spirits and brought pestilence and drought. The Fathers lived in constant fear of death, and the ringing Iroquois war-cries sounded perpetually through the forests. On the upper Ottawa a party of Iroquois, twelve hundred strong, were encamped, and, as the snows began to melt in the spring of 1649, the insatiable warriors directed their steps towards Huronia. On March 16th the inhabitants of St. Ignace had no thought of impending disaster. Brébeuf and Lalement slept in their mission house. They were wakened at early sunrise by the war-whoops of the Iroquois. The Hurons resisted stubbornly, but the defenders were outnumbered ten to one, and the village was soon a shambles. The few remaining Hurons were captured, and with them Brébeuf and Lalement.

The Indians bound the two priests and led them about three miles back, beating them as they went. Then they stripped them and tied them to stakes. Brébeuf knew that his hour was come. The savages made him the especial object of their diabolical cruelty. Standing at the stake amid his yelling tormentors, he bequeathed to the world an example of

fortitude sublime, unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Neither by look nor cry nor any movement did he give sign of the agony he was suffering. To the reviling and abuse of the fiends he replied with words warning them of the judgment to come. They poured boiling water on his head in derision of baptism. They hung red hot axes about his naked shoulders; they made a belt of pitch and resin and placed it round his body and set it on fire. By every conceivable means they strove to force him to cry for mercy, but not a sound of pain could they wring from him. At last, after four hours of torture, a chief cut out his heart, and the noble servant of God quitted the scene of his earthly labors.

Lalemant, a man of gentle and sensitive character, as delicate as Brébeuf was robust, also endured the torture. But the savages administered it to him with a refined and prolonged cruelty, and kept him alive for fourteen hours. Then he, too, entered into his rest.

Three years before, Brébeuf had made a vow to Christ: "Never to shrink from martyrdom if, in Your mercy, You deem me worthy of so great a privilege. Henceforth, I will never avoid any opportunity that presents itself of dying for You, but will accept martyrdom with delight, provided that, by so doing, I can add to Your glory. From this day, my Lord Jesus Christ, I cheerfully yield unto You my life, with the hope that You will grant me the grace to die for You. Since You have deigned to die for me. Grant me, O Lord, so to live, that You may deem me worthy to die a martyr's death. Thus, my Lord, I take Your chalice, and call upon Your name. Jesu! Jesu! Jesu!" Nobly was the vow kept.

With the death of Brébeuf the chronicles of the earlier missions in Canada come to an end. In looking back over the lives of the missionaries in New France it would seem that their harvest was a scant one, since the Indian races for which they toiled have disappeared from history and are apparently doomed to extinction. But their priceless contribution lies in the example they gave to the world. During the greater part of two centuries they bore themselves manfully, and fought a good fight, and in all that time not one of all the men in that long procession of missionaries is known to have disgraced himself or to have played the coward in the face of danger or disaster.

Their memories are living lights illuminating the paths of all workers among those who sit in spiritual darkness. Brébeuf still lives and labors in the wilderness regions of Canada; Lalemant still toils on into the unknown.

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CHURCH CONDITIONS IN JUGO-SLAVIA.

BY ELISABETH CHRISTITCH.



THE latest link in the ever progressing chain of events that draw the new State of Jugo-Slavia closer to Rome, is the appointment of Monsignor Francesco Cherubini as Papal Representative in Belgrade. For several years Serbia has had her representative in Rome; and now Dr. Bakotic, her present Minister to the Vatican, has been raised to the rank of plenipotentiary of Jugo-Slavia. The Concordat signed by Serbia before the outbreak of war, to be extended soon to the Southern Slav lands with which she has amalgamated, is so liberal in tone that the Holy See has expressed a wish to have it serve as model for other Balkan States not yet in official relations with the Vatican. The text of this Concordat is actually being studied by Rumanian authorities, and it will be difficult indeed for any of the Orthodox Balkan States to hang back where Serbia has set a generous example.

The collapse of Russian Imperialism removed a strong bar to the conciliatory policy of Serbia towards her Catholic kin subject to Austria; and the disruption of Austria, the prime factor in religious problems of the Near East, leaves the Slav Catholics free to join with their non-Catholic brethren. One must not forget that Serbia proper was almost wholly Orthodox until her successes in the Balkan War of 1912 brought her a goodly Catholic population in Macedonia. Now her fusion with the Catholic Croats and Slovenes makes her the first Catholic Power in the Near East. Her Catholic population is numerically equal, if not superior, to her Orthodox population. Correct and cordial relations between the new State of Jugo-Slavia and the Holy See are therefore of the first importance.

The Concordat drawn up in 1914 was, in the opinion of some, a deathblow to Austria, inasmuch as it removed the insidiously-fostered fear of Catholic Slavs that union with schismatic Serbia would restrict their religious liberty. Once Serbia had made clear that the Catholic faith would be recognized

henceforth and protected by the State equally with the Orthodox, the people of Croatia and Slovenia, harassed by German and Magyar attempts to crush their nationality, turned with confidence to Serbia which had ever been the beacon of their racial aspirations. But would Serbia, once her national aspirations were attained, persevere in the path of large-minded tolerance voluntarily inaugurated while she was still a small and struggling state?

The best answer to this question is contained in the two supplementary paragraphs drafted with a view to the adoption of the Serbian Concordat for the State of Jugo-Slavia. One assures perfect freedom to Jugo-Slav citizens who desire to pass from one Christian creed to the other. As the apostolic spirit of the Catholic clergy, contrasted with that of the Orthodox clergy, leaves no doubt as to which side will benefit most by this clause, the attitude of the Belgrade Government towards Catholics must be acknowledged as liberal. Moreover, the presence of Catholic members in the Cabinet is a guarantee that public offices will not be reserved exclusively for the Orthodox, as hitherto. Great interest attaches likewise to the second supplementary paragraph of the Concordat. This permits the introduction into Serbia of communities of monks or nuns judged needful for the spiritual welfare of their flocks by the Bishops of Belgrade and Skoplye (Turkish: Uskub).

Were Russia still paramount in the world's councils, Serbia could hardly afford to treat with the Vatican on such broad, statesman-like lines. Under Russian influence the project of Southern Slav union was concerned chiefly with the Serbs, *i. e.*, those of the Orthodox persuasion. Thus, Greater Serbia, as the new State would have been called, was meant to comprise the inhabitants of Serbia proper, Macedonia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Sirmia, and Banat, excluding even Dalmatia, although Dalmatians are proud to call themselves Serbs while, nevertheless, professing the Catholic faith. Russian autocracy would have been satisfied, had Austria survived, with the emancipation of Austria's Orthodox subjects and their incorporation with Serbia. It was the dream of the Holy Synod to create by means of Serbia a bulwark of Orthodoxy in the South, similar to, and dependent on, the bulwark of Orthodoxy in the North. The Catholic Slavs would

have received some form of autonomy within the Hapsburg Monarchy, for this had only been withheld from them in the past through Magyar opposition. Had the Central Powers triumphed in the late War, the Catholic cause might, indeed, have obtained some political advantages due to Austria's postponed demise; but its present ascendancy is of a more assured and lasting nature, being the outcome of the national will of a united people.

There is now no danger of the Catholics sprinkled in the Serb lands of Bosnia, Herzegovina, etc., being absorbed by the Orthodox element. Closer acquaintance is bound to dispel bigotry and prejudice. The Balkan Christians, left to themselves, will inevitably gravitate towards tolerance and Rome. Already we hear the words, "Serbian Catholics," freely employed in a State where they had been deemed not only incongruous but unrealizable. Catholics who styled themselves "Latins" in Macedonia or "Croats" in Dalmatia to vindicate their faith, can at last avow their nationality without fear of misinterpretation. They are Catholics, but they are also true Serbs, and the Church to which they adhere is a State Church, enjoying all the privileges hitherto reserved to the Orthodox State Church of Serbia.

It is true that some political factors, few in number and gradually decreasing, still maintain that there can be no true solidarity between the Serbs and their kindred so long subject to Austria-Hungary, and imbued with an older civilization. The mass of the people, however, recognize that common interests, traditional customs, and racial aspirations are bound to weld together the various elements of a single nation. They have an identity of speech, not possessed by the Flemings and Walloons, who form nevertheless the compact kingdom of Belgium; nor by the Italians, Germans, and French who form the Swiss Republic. Political unity between the Southern Slavs has *de facto* been reached, and, with regard to Catholics, the next problem to be solved is that of Church unity.

Dr. Vladimir Nikolic, a distinguished authority on Church matters, discusses in a recent publication the advisability of one paramount Catholic authority for the three political divisions, whether a federal or a centralistic form of government be chosen by the forthcoming Constituent Assembly. He recalls that in the past the Serbian Catholic Church was unified,

and that Pope Alexander IV., in the year 1034, raised the Bishop of Bar in Montenegro to the rank of Primate of all the Serbs. Although this title gave no effective jurisdiction over the Serbs subsequently conquered by Turkey or absorbed by Austria, it was maintained and is extant today. Catholicism declined after the Turkish invasion, all harassed Balkan Christians looking to Russia as their only effective protector, so that the Serbian Primate in 1914 had charge of no more than ten thousand souls. Nevertheless, his title was assured, Pope Leo XIII. having directed at the Council of 1870 that the Archbishop of Bar take his seat among the Primates. At present, since the Serbs of Montenegro, by the unanimous vote of their National Assembly, have declared for union with the sister State of Serbia, the question arises whether the Primacy of Bar should be transferred to the capital, Belgrade, in order that the Primate of all the Serbs be enabled to fulfil more effectively his rôle of national leader. But apart from this, a matter to be decided between the Serbs themselves, there is a movement for the restoration of the Croat Primacy, fallen into disuse under Hapsburg dominion. (*"Spalatanus enim non Dalmatiæ solum sed etiam Chrobatix Primus vocatur."* Farlatti: *Illyr. sacr.* Tom. III.)

Dr. Nikolic does not foresee any hindrance to the State's political unity in the establishment of two Primates, one for the Serbs and one for the Croats, although ecclesiastical interests might be served by a sole Primate for Jugo-Slavia, resident in Belgrade. The Church in Croatia and Slovenia will benefit greatly by the application of the Serbian Concordat. For these lands were hitherto regulated by the Austrian Concordat of 1855, whose liberal text was often nullified by specially contrived State laws that frustrated the intentions of the Holy See. The Catholics in Serbia suffered likewise under this Austrian Concordat, for they were withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the Serb Primate in Bar and subjected to that of an Austrian bishop. As one of the many consequent abuses, Austria claimed Catholics born in Serbia as her subjects. Since she hindered the erection of any Catholic places of worship other than her own, the baptismal registers apparently recorded Austrian citizens domiciled in Serbia, hence the males were called upon to serve in the Austrian army.

Not only did this militate against the extension of the

Catholic faith in Serbia, but it led to numerous apostasies. Even when Catholic settlers from the adjoining territories remained faithful to creed, parents allowed their children to be baptized in the Serb Orthodox churches to escape Austrian conscription. Thus, in the light of Austria's designs on Serbia, especially after her seizure of the Serb provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, the name of Catholic became synonymous with that of enemy to the Serbian State. Repeated attempts of far-sighted Serbian statesmen to get into direct touch with Rome, were baffled by strong Austrian pressure at the Vatican until, by the feat of arms which delivered Macedonia from the Turks, Serbia saw herself in a position to accentuate her claim and obtain the removal of the Austrian religious Protectorate. Negotiations for a Serbian Concordat were eagerly entered upon by the Government at Belgrade, but, although concluded, it was not yet ratified at the outbreak of the Great War. Despite Austria's strenuous efforts to prevent the ratification, His Holiness Benedict XV. gave his approval and signature on March 20, 1915. From the days of Dushan the Mighty in the twelfth century to this memorable date, there had been no direct relations between the Serbians of Serbia proper and the Chair of St. Peter.

By Article IV. of the Serbian Concordat the Holy See grants the use of the Glagolite, or Old Slav, Liturgy in those regions where the need is felt. This beautiful Liturgy was used in the time of Pope Innocent III. (1198-1216) as it is today in Dalmatia, notably in the dioceses of Zara, Spalato, and Sibenico. A like privilege is desired by Slovenes, Croats, and Czechs. The two former, some decades ago, presented a memorial on the subject which the Austrian Government did its utmost to counteract. The Emperor Francis-Joseph, ever on the alert for signs of the impending union of the Slavs, wrote a private letter to Pope Leo XIII., requesting that the Old Slav Liturgy be categorically forbidden except in Montenegro. This request was not acceded to, but a compromise was effected by a Statute of the Congregation of Rites confirming the Glagolite where it had already been introduced in Croatia, and forbidding its adoption by any other Slav people. In 1900 a Catholic Congress in Agram (Slav: Zagreb), capital of Croatia, again brought up the question of the Glagolite Liturgy, and eight hundred priests, Croats and Slovenes, signed

a document praying for its recognition, which document was forwarded to Rome. A little later the episcopate approved the movement and officially represented to the Holy See the religious advantages likely to accrue, were the petition granted. In order to escape Magyar opposition it was resolved to hold the Episcopal Council in Rome instead of in Leybach (Liubliana) capital of Slovenia, or in Spalato (Splitt) as had been originally planned. Pope Pius X. appointed Cardinal Vanutelli to preside, and the three Slav provinces, as divided by the Austrian Government, Croatia, Slovenia, and Dalmatia, were represented. Bosnia and Herzegovina were prevented from participation, by the policy of isolation that tended to estrange them from their Slav kin. (The Bosnians were said to be a people apart, speaking the "Bosnian" tongue and bound for ever to the Empire.)

Fourteen Southern Slav bishops and archbishops, nevertheless, assembled at the Vatican on May 21, 1905, to debate on the importance of the Old Slav Liturgy. Among them were some Germans and Italians who opposed the concession of a special Liturgy to the Southern Slavs, while no other existing ethnical group of the Roman Rite pretended to such a favor. The Council separated without definite result, and its failure has been attributed by some to the Holy Father's Venetian sympathies. Pius X. certainly was less disposed to accede to Slav aspirations than his predecessor, Leo XIII. The Serbian Concordat even of June, 1914, gives no definite promise of free use of Glagolite in the Serbian dioceses of Belgrade and Skoplye (Turkish: Uskub), although it is allowed in "certain parishes to be afterwards named."

In the new arrangements for the extension of the Serbian Concordat to all Jugo-Slavia, Serbian, as well as Croat and Slovene, patriots look for a general application of the above indefinite ruling. Every national argument will be used in the forthcoming negotiations with the Vatican to obtain frank permission for, instead of mere toleration of, the Glagolite. It will be pointed out that insistence on uniformity is not always the best step to unity; that the use of the Glagolite is no innovation, since it is hallowed by time, and is as old as Slav Christianity itself. It is not a question of celebrating the Sacred Rites in a modern tongue, as has been irreverently proposed elsewhere, but of maintaining a Liturgy endeared to the people

by many sacrifices made for its preservation through centuries of oppression. No other nation can or does put forward a similar claim. The Glagolite has been religiously guarded since the days of SS. Cyril and Methodius and is a link between Catholics and Orthodox. It would facilitate reunion of the Churches, as it already conduces to closer fraternity of the clergy. The great pioneer of Slav reunion, Bishop Strossmayer, was an ardent advocate of the Glagolite. He considered it a valuable asset for strengthening the religious faith of the people.

Should the Holy See, nevertheless, not see its way to encourage a wider use of this ancient Slav heritage, the faithful, loyal clergy of Catholic Jugo-Slavia will unhesitatingly and whole-heartedly abide by its decision.

FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY.

BY S. M. M.

DEAR, I would spread the wide earth for your table,
And light the stars for tapers, every one,
And kindle, at their dying, were I able,
The lordly sun.

And I would set a banquet for your pleasure,
Brave with brave things my soul is dreaming of,
Glad as my heart is glad, above all measure
Sweet with my love.

But through the dawn I see two candles burning
At a white board where you with Christ are fed;
Lo, how your heart is filled and all its yearning
Is comforted!

"LES JONCHEES."

BY HENRIETTE EUGÉNIE DELAMARE.



WILL not attempt to translate my title because there are no proper *jonchées* here in America, although their origin comes from the Gospel itself; where, speaking of Our Lord's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, the Apostles tell us that the enthusiastic multitude cut down branches from the trees and strewed them upon the road to welcome the coming of the Redeemer. France is the only country I know of which has kept up the custom of thus preparing for nearly all the more important events of life, and the very word *jonchée* brings back to my mind a thousand touching recollections of my own dear country, poor stricken France!

My first sweet memory is that of a glorious summer evening in June, when, as a little child of six or seven, I was sent out with my nurse to gather basketsful of blue corn flowers out of the wheat fields surrounding a peaceful village in Normandy. The glory of that summer evening is present with me to this very day—a whole lifetime afterwards!—the fertile, far-reaching plain with its fields of luxuriant wheat waving softly in the breeze, splashed here and there with the brilliant red of the poppies, the deep blue of the corn flowers, and the white and gold of the tall *marguerites*. Beyond these verdant fields, which seemed as endless as the sea, the dense foliage of the distant woods was dark and mysterious on the far horizon, while the setting sun and gorgeous crimson and gold sky above us bathed the foreground in a flood of light.

The twilight is a long, long one over there; it gave us plenty of time to fill our large market baskets with the deep blue blossoms, which were gathered with loving thoughts of the dear Lord at Whose feet they were to be strewn.

"You know, Aglaé, they are for the sweet Jesus," I prattled away, eagerly, "and we must pick lots and lots of them, for we want to make a bright blue path right in the middle of the road for Him to pass upon, a path as blue as the beautiful heaven! Isn't it lovely to think of His passing just before our house like that?"

"Yes, *Mademoiselle*," answered Aglaé, "but you must be careful not to push too far forward and trample down the wheat. The good God would not like you to cause the poor farmer a loss; and see, we can gather plenty of flowers by just going along the edge of the fields."

So we labored on until our baskets were brimful and our arms were very tired; then on our way home in the gloaming we stopped at the little road-side chapel to say our evening prayer before the statue of Our Lady, and leave a pretty bunch of wild flowers at her feet. The light was fast fading out in a pale golden glow, the swallows flew twittering to their nests beneath the eaves, and on all the country round there fell a great and solemn stillness, an indescribable sense of blessed, restful peace.

But when we neared the village we found an unusual bustle; the sound of hammering, and people hurrying busily back and forth, some laden with huge bundles of foliage, others working at the temporary altars erected here and there for the resting place of the Blessed Sacrament, for tomorrow would be Its feast, the Sunday after Corpus Christi.

I could hardly sleep for excitement. Next morning very, very early everyone was up and about, placing the flowers and garlands and putting finishing touches to the altars, sweeping the streets through which the procession was to pass, and covering the front of the houses with snow white sheets, to which were pinned great sprays of roses, tall white lilies or other choice blossoms. The church bells pealed merrily and those who could hurried to the early Masses. Soon little girls in white began to flit about the streets, their long tulle veils falling almost to their feet, their childish faces aglow with happiness, and just at the last minute when the bells rang out for High Mass, the *jonchée* was thrown down, plentiful and thick, a dense carpet of foliage and sweet-scented fennel on the top of which were scattered thousands of brilliant-colored flowers to make a fitting pathway for the God of love. A happy memory, this, cloudless as was the brilliant blue sky above us on that perfect day in June.

Perhaps no one in the whole procession had been more earnest, more rapt in prayer and adoration than Léonie, a beautiful girl of sixteen, who enjoyed the privilege of carrying Our Lady's banner and heading the long line of girls in white.

Léonie was acknowledged to be the belle of the village, not only because of her beautiful face, but because she was so tall and strong, such a splendid type of a country-bred girl. Her tall, lithe, alert figure, her blooming complexion and sparkling eyes seemed to radiate health and happiness, and Léonie was as good as she was pretty, which was saying a great deal. How I envied her, though I knew the banner must be heavy and tiring to carry during the long procession! How I dreamed of a time when I should be a big girl myself and the proud bearer of our Blessed Mother's banner!

The following year deep pathos shadowed the village on the great day of the Blessed Sacrament, for Léonie lay dying, a shade of her former bright self. Her one desire had been to live to see once more the Feast of the Blessed Sacrament, and to preside at the erection of an altar of repose at her very door. She wished to give that last loving homage to her Eucharistic Lord before she passed away from earth.

Some weeks before, she seemed so ill her friends despaired of her wish being granted, but her own confidence never failed. A day or two before the great event she had one of those wonderful rallies which so often precede the death of consumptives, and was able to superintend and direct the making and trimming of the altar—one mass of pure white lilies. She planned everything, even to the *jonchée* before the house, which she ordered to be of lilies and deep red roses—the lilies for purity, the roses for love, she explained. Then she lay and watched for the procession. When the Blessed Sacrament approached, she was able, with the help of her dear ones, to kneel while It was exposed on her altar. She listened to the singing of her favorite *Tantum Ergo*, and received with tears of joy the blessing given with the Sacred Host. Now she could die happy, her last wish was fulfilled!

My thoughts carry me next to a day when, as a grown woman, I followed with a heavy heart a sad procession passing over a carpet made of the foliage of a special kind of laurel, with light green leaves splashed with white, the *jonchée* of the dead.

In a village in the southwest of France, the whole population was following to his last resting place, the saintly old curé, who had been their pastor for over thirty years. Humble, mortified, charity itself, he was a gentleman to his finger tips,

refined and highly educated, and had never been able to understand his rough, uncultured flock, nor had they ever appreciated him until now. Now everyone was ready with some touching story of his devoted charity, his patience with wrongdoers, and his generosity to the poor.

His life had been a pathetically sad and lonely one, for he mourned bitterly over his inability to draw more souls to God, and he had few friends. His own family was far away, in quite a different part of France, and thought little of the humble country curé who had left them so long ago. He had outlived most of the priests of his generation, and the young rectors of the neighboring parishes, mostly peasant-bred like their flocks, were almost afraid of his asceticism and deep spirituality, and thought him exaggerated, old-fashioned and peculiar. So he seldom saw them, and he would have died alone and without the Sacraments had not the master of the Château happened to call on him that afternoon. Finding him very sick, he sent in hot haste for the doctor and the nearest priest, who arrived in time to give him absolution just as he was passing away with an act of love upon his lips.

The very elements mourned, for it was a bleak November day, with a cold wind howling dismally among the trees, and bringing down the last brown leaves of autumn. Lowering clouds threatened every minute to burst forth in a deluge of rain, and the whole country wore a dark and gloomy mien and struck a chill to one's very heart.

"Why! They are carrying the coffin the wrong way," whispered one of our party.

"No," answered another, "not for a priest. They are always carried head first, turning their face towards their flock to the very last. Didn't you know that?"

My eyes filled with tears, it was so like him!

In this same village, some months later, it was my painful duty to visit occasionally a poor little martyr girl, dying slowly, oh, so slowly, of an agonizing disease. She was very resigned, but it was misery to see her suffer thus, a mere child of twelve. One day, I had dragged my unwilling feet almost to her door, when I stopped with a beating heart, for on the steps and surrounding the sidewalk was yet another *jonchée*; a beautiful one this time, of rose petals, pink, white and crimson. I turned away, making the sign of the Cross, while tears

rushed to my eyes. I knew the message of those rose petals! She had no need of *my* visit now, the great Lord of heaven itself had come to the bedside of the little peasant girl, and giving Himself to her in Viaticum, was helping her on that last great journey to eternity. Less than an hour later she was dead, on her face a smile of ineffable happiness and peace.

Once more a *jonchée*, and this time a joyful, triumphant one, scattered plentifully for more than two miles, from a prosperous farmhouse to the village church. It is a *jonchée* of plain green foliage for the passage of the bridal pair and their crowd of guests. Ah! here comes the bride, a beautiful, young country maiden, in as elegant a white satin gown as any rich lady could wish to have, her long tulle veil pinned up with a wreath of real orange blossoms. She leans on the arm of her father, his bronzed, weatherbeaten face glowing with pride, though he feels and looks rather ill at ease in his new cloth suit. Next comes the bridegroom with the bride's mother, and then all the merry, gayly-dressed wedding guests, fifty or sixty of them, from all the country round. They chatter merrily as they walk over the *jonchée*. All is joy! The birds sing merrily, the country wears that soft, rich green of spring and early summer, and the crops have never looked more promising—greatest of all delights to the farmer's eye.

Farmer's daughter though she is, this bride will have as fine a nuptial Mass as if she were the daughter of the Château folk, for this is the good Rector's gift to all his "Children of Mary" who have never once broken the rules and regulations of the Sodality, and this is the bride's record. Never has she been to a public ball; never, without serious cause, has she missed the monthly Communion or even the meetings, trudging bravely through beating rain or blinding snow to the village church. Now she is to have her reward, for her companions have decorated the altar beautifully with white flowers, and there will be the organ and full choir, and the church filled as on a Sunday.

Later, what a feast is served to the guests! A great barn cleared of its contents is the only place big enough to contain the long tables fairly groaning under the weight of the sumptuous repast, which lasts for hours. The cows look out of their stalls at the side of the barn, heads and horns decorated with flowers and ribbons, and moo softly as if quite enjoying the

unusual sight. Then follows a walk in the fields, dancing all night, and, the next morning, the walk to the church over the now fading *jonchée*, to hear a Mass of thanksgiving. Scarcely a week later, I see the bride tossing a great bale of hay from the tip of her pitch-fork onto a high wagon which her husband is loading. She is working hard again, but she looks as beamingly happy as on her wedding day.

Yet another *jonchée* comes to my mind, a happy one again, more deeply, serenely happy than even the wedding scene, worthy to be the crowning climax of my memories.

It is a *jonchée* of foliage and pure white flowers strewn from the rectory of a charming seaside resort on the Bay of Biscay to its beautiful church, whose pointed steeple stands out sharply against the blue sky and can be seen for miles out on the bay, reminding the mariners of the loving protection of Our Lady Star of the Sea. Behind the town rise the densely wooden dunes, redolent with the spicy scent of the pine trees and undergrowth of white hawthorne and yellow broom, and further down, in front of the church, stretch the yellow sands and beyond them the brightly sparkling bay, blue as the sky itself, with fishing boats and pleasure yachts dancing on its foamy-capped waves, for the sea is fresh today.

Around the church stands an eager, expectant crowd, watching the rectory door. It opens at last and out comes the procession, headed by the Cross, and a whole troop of altar boys, followed by a long double line of priests, and last of all, with clasped hands and downcast eyes, a young priest so rapt in prayer that he treads almost unconsciously over the flower-strewn ground as he goes to say his first Mass in the church where he was baptized and made his first Communion, and where his mother now kneels with tears of joy streaming down her face. A poor widow and a seamstress, the labors and sacrifices that have earned the honor of having her only son a priest are now forgotten. One thought alone possesses her: that she is about to receive from the consecrated hands of her son that same Divine Master, to Whom she has given her all.

AFTER SEVEN CENTURIES.

BY E. F. MACKENZIE.



SOME one has written recently about the "puzzled American." There is a deal of truth behind the critic's quasi-humorous observations. The average man, depending on the daily press reports of current history, is indeed puzzled by the endless array of impossible contradictions—facts denying facts, explanations denying explanations. He grows dizzy in the whirl of it all. There are international conferences, new leagues, new boundaries, new standards of life and thought, new relations between the classes. There are enough new economic, social and political difficulties to vex a century, and they have sprung into being within a few short months.

Perhaps Bolshevism is the chief of these difficulties. Certainly it is the most dangerous. It is no longer the vague illusory thing it was thought to be a few months since. It is a vital world-wide movement; not a mere peasant uprising amid the snows of Russia, but a mania that has disturbed even stolid, orderly Germany. It is the giant child of oppression and ignorance, a torch-waving, bomb-throwing demon of destruction. It overran Russia in an orgy of fire and blood. It is the force behind risings all over Europe. Its propaganda has prompted outbreaks even here in America. It flourishes among our working classes. It is a menace not only in the factory city of New England, but in the farming country of the West as well. Those who, having eyes, also see, are studying its nature and its tendencies, and evolving measures to meet it. It is too dangerous to be allowed to grow unmolested.

Its leaders, Lenine and Trotzky, and the rest, boast that it will vitally affect the life of every nation. We pray and trust that they are wrong. Americans are fundamentally too content with their government to entertain any such doctrines as the radical Socialists preach. But though we may discount the possibility of any ultimate success, we cannot discount the possibility of a struggle and a conflict. There are too

many members of our society who are ignorant of, if not mistakenly opposed to, our ideals and our institutions. "The Bolsheviki," ex-President Taft tells us, "are crusaders, pushing their propaganda in every country, seeking to rouse the lawless, the discontented, the poor, the lazy, the shiftless, to a millenium of plunder and class hatred." The world, after four years of war, cannot afford to let such a movement succeed. This is no time for anarchistic social revolution.

The Bolsheviki are our latest menace. Yet in a sense, Bolshevism is not new. It is as old as history. As we turn back the records of the past, we find the Bolsheviki burning and plundering even as now. They bore other names, and they lived in other climes. Still, their signs and earmarks are the same. And their history teaches lessons that he who runs may read—lessons not without value even today.

They called themselves Cathari or Albigenses in the early thirteenth century. Their home was not in Russia, for the north country of Europe was scarcely part of the civilized world. They infested instead the southern part of France, and northern Italy. Historians are divided as to their origin. Whether they were lineal descendants of the Manichæans of the East, by way of the Borgomili and Paulicians, or whether they sprang from the sectaries of northern France, is an open question. They were long a secret society, and only became prominent when already strong in numbers and influence.

The times were favorable to Bolshevism. On the surface it was an age of brilliance and greatness. It was the time when the Church and the Pope dominated Europe. The Popes were the victors in the long fight against imperial aggression. They were masters of extensive Papal states, and overlords of Sicily. In 1213, England and Ireland declared themselves fiefs of the Holy See, not only in matters spiritual, but in a political and a feudal sense as well. In 1204, Philip of Aragon acknowledged the Pope's temporal supremacy by laying his crown on the Tomb of St. Peter and promising an annual tribute. Leo of Bulgaria declared his kingdom a fief of Rome in the same year. At this time, too, the Latin League of Constantinople was formed, which acknowledged the nominal supremacy of the Holy See. The Emperor of Germany, John Lackland of England, and Philip Augustus of France might and did oppose the Pope, but the Pope was always so strong

as to hold them in abeyance. And so it was that at the Council of the Lateran in 1215, the Pope's was the greatest temporal power in Europe.

Of this union of spiritual and temporal powers were born the Crusaders; and these worked out to the greater unity of Christendom. Our present day separation of the social, political, economic and religious spheres was unknown. Life at that time was dominated by religion: and this not so much in a speculative system of thought as in actual belief and practice.

It is hard for us to conceive society in these terms. Religion today is considered a minor part of life. Men think of it as calling for certain observances on the consecrated first day of the week and on a few major feast days. Occasionally, some principle of belief or practice must be controlled by a religious code. But aside from this, life is business and pleasure, politics, and economics, and what else you will. The Pope, the bishops and priests are secondary figures, dim in the background of life. They are held in reverence and respect. But our leaders in most spheres of life are not clerical. Spiritual leaders are expected to concern themselves only indirectly with the ordinary affairs of life. It was not so seven centuries since. Churchmen were leading figures in the State: the teachers and rulers of the people, the councilors and support of the princes. They were responsible not only in matters spiritual, but in many matters temporal. This is the keynote to the understanding of the thirteenth century.

The social order of the times was not as perfect as we should expect. Even under the leadership of the Church, strong tides of discontent were, in certain places, sweeping along beneath the surface. Some there were of high dignity and office who thought of little else than enriching themselves and extending their worldly possessions. There were hireling pastors who thought not of their flock, but of themselves: who forgot that riches were but a stewardship to be exercised for the relief of the poor. Beyond this, too, men saw monasteries and churches possessed of vast riches of land and treasure, and too readily forgot to what good and charitable uses these riches were devoted.

For let us not misunderstand. The Church was by no means corrupt. These were but individual failures. Her ministers then, as now, were human: and some of them, in carry-

ing the common purse, were tempted and traveled not the narrow way of justice. The Church herself was holy; and if there were sinners, there were also saints. Witness St. Bernard, with his admirable spirit of reform. Witness St. Dominic and the other founders of Mendicant Orders. Witness the admirable councils of the Lateran, of Westminster, of Rheims. Still abuses existed, and the age-old story of Dives and Lazarus had its too common repetition among the worldly churchmen of the day.

The mediæval Bolsheviki seized upon these outstanding abuses as a basis for their propaganda. They took up the spirit of discontent and drew it to themselves by captivating and revolutionary doctrines. "*Jura, perjura, secretum prodere noli!*" they said. They sowed in secret, and none knew of them till the field was white for the harvest. And they reaped the whirlwind.

The Cathari, like all Bolsheviki, were of a mind to undo the old adage that one should not cut off one's nose to spite one's face. Because there were abuses, they set about to destroy society altogether. It was the old fallacy of arguing from particular premises to a universal conclusion. They harped and harped on the theme of hoarded riches and unworthy rulers. They bade all men share all their riches with all the world, as they professed to do. They would have no one to reign in the seats of the mighty save only the just and pure of heart. And needless to say, they in their "apostolic simplicity" were the only just and pure of heart. Society as constituted would not hear of their project. Therefore society must be overthrown. Here was a simple and appealing doctrine. Here was a solution of social ills to please "the lawless, the discontented, the poor, the lazy, the shiftless."

Nor was this all. They had a religion and a ritual, too, based on the dualistic principle of a co-eternal Evil Spirit, who was the creator of the visible world, who entrapped our souls into bodies, who organized family and state, and brought on mankind all the evils of life. Dualism is always an easily understood, attractive philosophy in answer to the problems of life; and in this case it had behind it a concerted organization, based on secrecy, which had all the fascination of destructive, revolutionary conspiracy. It was a religion of anti-social, anti-Christian anarchy. And though Catharism clam-

ored for a new distribution of worldly goods—a communism not very different from the Soviet régime today, the religious element was made to obscure the social. The attack centred on the Church and on Christianity, because society was built on the Church and on Christian teaching and authority.

Church and State were therefore equally concerned in this propaganda. Both Church and State banned and proscribed its sectaries. The social order being what it was, the denial of Catholic faith was a serious social offence. But beyond this was the greater social danger, in that the Cathari sought to undo all authority and order. Strong measures were the natural result. The Inquisition was the direct product of Catharism, the means adopted to discover and punish the offenders. Seen thus in the light of true history, it was not the cruel instrument of bigotry and tyranny that it is generally conceived to have been. There were mistakes and excesses it is true; but mob violence and abuse by civil powers are the all-sufficient answer. The fact of the matter is that the Inquisition was merely the court of judgment wherein society defended its very existence against Bolshevism.

But repressive measures were ineffective. The Cathari were determined even unto death. Persecution only gave them a new title to build on—false though it was—the title of martyrdom. For fanatics do die for false beliefs, and die cheerfully, if, perforce, they must. Endurance of torture and death is not the only criterion of true martyrdom. Nor was preaching of any great avail. St. Bernard, with all the prestige of his established reputation and eloquence, could achieve only a nominal success, and that in virtue of a series of miraculous cures. Conferences and debates were resorted to, again with little of achievement. Finally came a crusade of Catholic rulers—"armed intervention"—and this degenerated into an internecine warfare in which one party had no higher claims in justice and truth than the other.

The true solution was a constructive and positive method of social reform. It was a movement that cut the cancerous abuses from the bosom of the Church. It was the foundation of the Mendicant Orders. They revived apostolic poverty, but united it to the best ideals of obedience and service. They opposed vice by Christian virtue. They met extortion and oppression with meekness and generosity. They assisted the

lowly and the needy. They made their houses not only centres of religion and piety, but of active charity as well. They preached against the excesses of the times, and by lives of Christ-like self-renunciation renewed in the hearts of the people confidence in their fellows and trust in God. *Verba movent, exempla trahunt.*

In a word, they ultimately destroyed Catharism by proving that its claims as to the corruption of the Church and society were false and unfounded. Their work was revolutionary in a way—in a positive way. They did not blindly uproot the good with the bad. Like the man in the Gospel, they were bent on destroying the cockle which an enemy had oversown; but the good, golden wheat they tended carefully. They separated the cockle of abuses from the wheat of good. The point is that they did not destroy both. That would have been prodigal waste. That is Bolshevism.

There is a vital, pragmatic lesson in the rise and fall of the Cathari—a modern and a timely lesson. With the prospect of a Bolshevik alliance including Russia, Austria, and Germany, with social unrest among the Allies and even among ourselves, we must find and employ strong and efficient weapons. The Bolsheviki are modern Cathari, or the Cathari were mediæval Bolsheviks, as you will. Both molded social abuses and their resulting spirit of discontent into an organization that would overthrow society, and destroy all law and authority and order. The weapons that met the one emergency will meet the other. It needs only that we modernize them to fit the changed conditions.

Some of these weapons are already at work. There are repressive measures at hand, at least where the Bolsheviks are not beyond control—investigations and trials and punishments. There is talk of a modern crusade of armed intervention. These repressive measures are well and good. They are necessary in view of the damage already done. But as a fundamental and a final remedy, they were insufficient in the past, nor can we be satisfied with them now. They only fan the flame of opposition into a greater fire. The real solution must be positive and constructive.

In our day it will not take the form of new religious societies. Religion is no longer the conscious basis of society, the common denominator of social movements and public

thought. But it must be based on religion, consciously or unconsciously. It may be a lay movement of social reform, but it must build on the eternal truths of the divine dispensation. As long as the problems of unfairly distributed profits, of capitalism, of high prices, of wage standards and the rest remain to vex us, so long will discontent and Bolshevism be a menace. And religious truths, consciously such or no, are the only solution of these problems.

Shall Catholics, as Catholics, remain inactive because this work is not directly and primarily religious? It would be unfortunate—and worse—if we did not do our part. Bolshevism is a rapid poison, and the need is pressing. Others must go far afield in search of remedies—we have the solution of social ills in our very hands. We have the eternal principles of justice and charity, true in the days of the Cathari, and as true now. We need only to modernize their application. Mere speculation and theory are not enough. It is only by concrete realities that Bolshevism can be effectively answered. Our clergy must translate the “approved authors” to meet the terms and the needs of the day. Our laity must carry their teaching into practice in the world of business and the marts of trade. Some few are attempting the work, but the work is too great for them to succeed unaided. There is need for organization, for concerted effort. It is our duty, as citizens, if we would save the State. It is, also, our duty as Catholics, if we would serve the best interests of our Church.

Popes Leo XIII. and Pius X. consecrated the movement of social reform by their leadership and approval. Benedict now gloriously reigning has not left the problems of reconstruction to the high and other signatories of Paris. Our bishops are studying and evolving a concrete constructive platform of reform. It needs only that Catholics—all Catholics—in a nation-wide effort, unite to study with them and work with them, and uphold their arms. A Catholic reformation of society will be a true reformation, and the deathblow to Bolshevism. And perhaps in making this reformation, we shall bring the Church again back into her own as the primary conscious foundation of social life.

THE LOYALIST.

BY JAMES FRANCIS BARRETT.

CHAPTER III.



STEPHEN was sitting in his room, his feet crossed on a foot-rest before him, his eyes gazing into the side street that opened full before his window. He had been reading a number of dispatches and letters which lay piled in a small heap in his lap; but little by little he had laid them down again to let his mind run into reflection and study. And so he sat and smoked.

It seemed incredible that events of prime importance were transpiring in the city and that the crisis was so near at hand. For nearly three months he had been accumulating, methodically and deliberately, a chain of incriminating evidence around the Military Governor and John Anderson, still he was utterly unaware of its amazing scope and magnitude. Perfidy was at work all about him and he was powerless to interfere; for the intrigue had yet to reach a point where conviction was certain. Nevertheless, he continued to advance, step by step, with the events, sensing keenly the while, a tension, sensible, although still intangible.

He had kept himself fully informed of the progress of affairs in New York where the recruiting was being accomplished in an ostensible manner. The real facts, however, were being adroitly concealed from the bulk of the populace. Information of a surprising nature had been forwarded to him from time to time in the form of the dispatches and letters, which lay before him. A certain Sergeant Griffin had been detailed by him to carry out the more hazardous work of espionage in the city of the enemy, and had now returned to Philadelphia to report on the progress of the work.

Irish Catholics had been found in the British Army at New York, but they had been impressed into the service. Sergeant Griffin had spoken to many deserters who avowed that they had been brought to the Colonies against their will, declaring that they had been "compelled to go on board the transports where they were chained down to the ring-bolts and fed with bread and water; several of whom suffered this torture before they could

be made to yield and sign the papers of enlistment." In confirmation of this declaration, he had in his lap a letter written to General Washington by Arthur Lee, June 15, 1777, which read: "Every man of a regiment raised in Ireland last year had to be shipped off tied and bound, and most certainly they will desert more than any troops whatsoever." To corroborate this claim he had obtained several clippings, advertisements that appeared in the New York newspapers, offering rewards for the apprehension of Irish soldiers who had deserted to the rebels.

The same methods, he learned, were now being employed in the recruiting of the Catholic regiment. Blackmail had been resorted to with splendid results. In several instances enormous debts had been liquidated in favor of the recruits. Commissions in the army of His Majesty had been offered as a bounty. Success there had been, if a few hundred faces in the ranks could be reckoned a fair catch.

Just how this idea had taken root, he was at a loss to discover. Certainly not from disloyalty manifested by the Catholic population during the war. The exploits of the famous "Congress' Own" regiments might, he thought, have contributed much to the enemy's scheme. It was commonly known that two regiments of Catholics from Canada, raised there during the winter of 1775-76, had performed valiant service against the British. A great number of the Canadian population had welcomed the patriots under Generals Schuyler, Montgomery, and Arnold upon their attempted invasion of the country, and had yielded much assistance towards the success of their operations. As many had sought enlistment in the ranks as volunteers, an opportunity was furnished them by an act of Congress on January 20, 1776, authorizing the formation of two Canadian regiments to be known as "Congress' Own." The first was organized by Colonel James Livingston; the second, by Colonel Moses Hazen. Both of these regiments continued in active service for the duration of the war, and both obtained a vote of thanks from the American Congress upon its termination.

Herein must lie the germ of the project of the British Regiment of Roman Catholic Volunteers.

He sat and considered.

"You tell me, then," he said quietly, "that this is the state of affairs in New York."

"Yes sir," replied the soldier.

There was a further silence.

The progress of the work in Philadelphia had been less

evident. Certain it was that Anderson was directing his undivided attention to the furtherance of the plan, for which he was admirably endowed. That Arnold, too, was greatly interested in the success of the plot, he suspected, but he had failed to discover the least incriminating objective evidence against him. There were several whose names had been associated with the work; yet these, too, had revealed nothing, when confronted with a direct question. Whatever inference he might have had, whatever lurking suspicions he might have accumulated from the contributory details, when simmered down amounted to little or nothing. The plan had not progressed to the extent required. There was nothing to do but to await further developments.

This man Anderson was baffling. The most striking characteristic about him, that towards which and in support of which every energy and every talent had been schooled and bent, was an intrepid courage. Ambition possessed his soul, yet his disposition and address generally appeared soft and humane.

During the four or five months spent in the city, he had made a host of friends among all classes of people. His agreeable manner and fluency of speech at once gained for him the confidence of the most phlegmatic. No man was endowed with more engaging qualities for the work, if it may be assumed that he was engaged solely in recruiting a Tory Regiment from among the supporters of the Whigs.

The names of several who yielded allegiance to the opposite side were in the hands of Stephen. The Major of the new regiment was a Catholic, John Lynch. So were Lieutenant Eck, Lieutenant Kane, and Quartermaster Nowland. These were at present in New York, whither they had journeyed soon after the British occupation of the city. Of the hundred odd volunteers, who were supposed to constitute the company, little could be learned, for a veil of secrecy enshrouded the whole movement.

Pressure had been brought to bear on several, it was discovered, so that no alternative was left them but to sign the papers of enlistment. In this Anderson had been materially aided by the Military Governor's intimate knowledge of the fortunes and prospects of the citizens. To imply this, however, was one thing; to prove it quite another. However strong the suspicion, it was still a suspicion, which must be endorsed by investigation before the people could be convinced. Stephen was unprepared to offer the results of his investigation to a people too indolent and hasty to investigate them as facts and to discriminate nicely between the shades of guilt. Anderson was loved and admired by his countrymen and more especially by his country-

women. Everything would be forgiven his youth, rank and genius.

Even Marjorie had been captivated by him, it seemed. The relationship between them he disliked, and some day he would tell her so. His attentions were evident, but to what degree she reciprocated was another matter. What she thought of this stranger and to what extent her heart strings had been fettered, he longed to know, for it was weeks since he had laid eyes on her. His last two attempts to see her had found her in the company of Anderson, once at the Shippens', and again on a ride through the country. True, he himself had been absent from town for a brief spell, immediately after his court-martial, when he returned to headquarters to file a report with his Commander-in-Chief. The few moments spent with her upon his return was his last visit. Undoubtedly, he was a stranger to her now; she was absorbed in the other man.

An insatiable longing to see her filled his soul. There are certain situations when a man or woman must confide in some person. No one more invited Stephen's confidence than this girl. She understood him and could alleviate by her mere presence: by a something that radiated from her alone, the great burden which threatened to overwhelm him. Simply to converse with her might constitute the prophecy of a godlier existence.

He determined to see her that very evening.

"Marjorie," said Stephen, "of course, you've a perfect right to do exactly as you like. But, you know, you did ask my opinion; didn't you?"

"I did," said Marjorie, frowning, "but I disagree with you. And I think you do him a grave injustice."

She was seated in a large comfortable chair in the middle of the side yard when he entered. A ball of black yarn which, with the aid of two great needles, she was industriously engaged in converting into an article of wearing apparel, lay by her side. Indeed, so engrossed was she, that he had opened and closed the gate before her attention was aroused. She rose immediately, laying her knitting upon the chair, and advanced to meet him.

"I haven't seen you in ages. Where have you been?"

He looked at her.

"Rather let me ask that question," was his query by way of reply. "Already twice have I failed to find you."

They walked together to the chairs; she to her own, he to a smaller one near by.

"That you called once, I know. Mother informed me."

"You were similarly engaged on both occasions."

He brought his chair near to her.

"With Mr. Anderson?"

She smiled straight in his face.

"Of course."

He, too, smiled.

"Well!" Then after a pause, "Do you object?"

He did not answer. His fingers drummed nervously on the arm of his chair and he looked far up the road.

"You do not like him?" she asked quickly.

"It would be impossible for me to tell you now. As a matter of fact, I have been unable to form a definite opinion. I may let you know later. Not now."

A deep sigh escaped her.

"I should imagine you could read a man at first sight," she exclaimed.

"I never allowed myself that presumption. Men are best discovered at intervals. They are most natural when off their guard. Habit may restrain vice, and passion obscures virtue. I prefer to let them alone."

She bit her lip, as her manner was, and continued to observe him. How serious he was! The buoyant, tender, blithesome disposition so characteristic of him, had yielded to a temper of saturnine complexion, a mien of grave and thoughtful composure. He was analytic, and she began to feel herself a simple compound in the hands of an expert chemist.

"I am sorry to have caused you a disappointment."

"Please, let me assure you there is no need of an apology."

"And you were not disappointed?" A smile began to play about the corners of her small mouth. She tried to be humorous.

"Perhaps. But not to the extent of requiring an apology."

"You might have joined us."

"You know better than that."

"I mean it. Peggy would have been pleased to have you."

"Did she say so?"

"No. But I know that she would."

"Alas!" He raised his arm in a slight gesture.

She was knitting now, talking as she did. She paused to raise her eyes.

"I think you dislike Peggy," she said with evident emphasis.

"Why?"

"I scarce know. My instinct, I suppose."

"I distrust her, if that is what you mean?"

"Have you had reason?"

"I cannot answer you now, for which I am very sorry. You will find my reasoning correct at some future time, I hope."

"Do you approve of my friendship with her?" She did not raise her eyes this time, but allowed them to remain fixed upon the needles.

"It is not mine to decide. You are mistress of your own destinies."

Her face grew a shade paler, and the look in her eyes deepened.

"I simply asked your advice, that was all."

The words hit so hard that he drew his breath. He realized that he had been brusque and through his soul there poured a kind of anger first, then wounded pride, then a sense of crushing pain.

"I regret having said that," he tried to explain to her. "But I cannot tell you what is in my mind. Since you do ask me, I fear Peggy greatly, but I would not say that your friendship with her should cease. Not at present, anyhow."

"Well, did you approve of my going there with Mr. Anderson?"

"With him? No."

"Can you tell me the reason?"

He then spoke briefly of his reasons for disliking this man and of the veil of suspicion and of mystery with which he was surrounded. He did not think him a suitable companion for her, and wished for her own good that she would see no more of him.

There was no reply to his observations. On the contrary, Marjorie lapsed into a meditative silence which seemed to grow deeper and deeper as the moments passed. Stephen watched her until the suspense became almost beyond endurance, wondering what thoughts were coursing through her mind.

At length he broke the silence with the words already recorded, and Marjorie answered him quietly, deliberately, and continued her knitting.

A great melancholy fell upon him. He felt powerless to contend against it. A seeming predilection on the part of Marjorie for this man Anderson flashed upon him. The longer they conversed, the deeper the conviction grew. This made him careless and petulant. Then he was consumed with regret because he had been unsympathetic. Her grief and disappointment roused his pity.

"I deeply regret the pain I have caused you," he said to her quietly and kindly. "It was altogether rude of me."

She bit her lip violently, tremulously, in an effort to restrain a flood of emotion which threatened to overcome her if she uttered the merest syllable.

She did not reply, but fumbled with the knitted portion of her garment running its edges through her fingers.

"I had no intention of speaking of him as I did," he went on. "I would not, had you not asked me."

"I am not offended."

"You have been hurt."

"I did not mean that you should know it."

"Very likely. But you could not disguise the fact. I shall give you the assurance, however, that the subject shall not be a topic for discussion by us again. He must not be mentioned."

"Please! I—I—"

"It was solely for yourself that I was concerned. Believe me, when I say this. For my own part, I am wholly disinterested. I thought you desired to know and I told you as much as it was possible for me to tell. You must ask me no more."

"He has not revealed this side of his character to me and I have been in his company on several occasions. Always has he been kind, gentlemanly, sincere, upright."

Her eyes were centred full upon him; those large, brown eyes that seemed to voice her whole being. Whether she was gay or sad, jocose or sober, enthusiastic or despondent, the nature of her feelings could be communicated by her eyes. She need not speak: they spoke for her.

"You are right in believing every man virtuous until he has proved himself otherwise," he replied. "There should be one weight and one measure. But I regulate my intercourse with men by the opposite standard. I distrust every man until he has proved himself worthy, and it was that principle which guided me, undoubtedly, in my judgment of him to you."

"Do you consider that upright?"

"Do not misunderstand me. I do not form a rash judgment of every person I meet. As a matter of fact I arrive at no judgment at all. I defer judgment until after the investigation, and I beware of men until this investigation has been completed."

"You are then obliged to live in a world of suspicion."

"No. Rather in a world of security. How often has the knave paraded under the banner of innocence! The greatest thieves wear golden chains."

"I could not live so." She became impatient.

"Were you thrown into daily relation with the world, you

would soon learn the art of discrimination. The trusty sentinel lives a life of suspicion."

At length a truce was silently proclaimed. Composure reigned. The unpleasant episode had to all appearance been obliterated from their minds. There was even a touch of the old humor dancing in her eyes.

"Some one has said," she observed, "that 'suspicion is the poison of friendship.'"

"And a Latin proverb runs: 'Be on such terms with your friend as if you knew he may one day become your enemy.' Friendship, I realize, is precious and gained only after long days of probation. The tough fibres of the heart constitute its essence, not the soft texture of favors and dreams. We do not possess the friends we imagine, for the world is self-centred."

"Have you no friends?" A humorous smile played about the corners of her mouth.

"Only those before whom I may be sincere." He was serious, inclined to analysis.

"Can you expect to find sincerity in others without yourself being sincere?"

"No. But my friend possesses my other soul. I think aloud before him. It does not matter. I reveal my heart to him, share my joys, unburden my grief. There is a simplicity and a wholesomeness about it all. We are mutually sincere."

"Your test is severe."

"But its fruits imperishable."

"I cannot adopt your method," was the deliberate reply as she began to gather together her ball and needles.

"Let's leave it at that."

And they left it.

Long after he had gone she sat there until it was well into the evening, until the stars began to blink and nod and wrap themselves in the great cloak of the night.

The longer she sat and considered, the more melancholy did she become. Stephen was displeased with her conduct and made no effort to conceal it, inflicting only a deeper wound by his ambiguous and incisive remarks. His apparent unconcern and indifference of manner frightened her, and she saw, or she thought she saw, a sudden loss of that esteem he had seemed to entertain for her. And yet he was mistaken, greatly mistaken. Furthermore, he was unfair to himself and unjust to her in the misinterpretation of her behavior. His displeasure pained her beyond endurance.

In her relation with John Anderson, she had been genuinely sincere, both with herself and with Stephen. The latter had asked her to help him; and this she was trying to do in her own way. That there was something suspicious about Anderson, she knew; but whether the cause lay in his manner of action or in the possession of documentary evidence, she could not conjecture. What more apt method could be employed than to associate with him in the hope that, at some time or other, important information might be imparted to her? She did not intend to play the part of the spy; still if that was the rôle in which she should find Anderson, she was ready to assume a similar one to outwit him and defeat him on his own ground. If Stephen would only trust her! Oh, dear! And she wrung her hands in abject despair.

Little by little her experiences of the summer just past came before her with a vividness which her experience with Stephen served only to intensify. First, there was the night of the Governor's Ball. He had come into her life there, filling a vacancy not realized before. Hitherto, she had been quite content in the company of almost anyone, and especially with those of the sterner sex. But with the advent of this dashing young officer she began to experience a set of new sensations. The incompleteness of her life was brought before her.

He seemed to perfect her being, sharing her pleasures, lessening her woes, consoling her heart. Still, there was one office he had failed to perform; he was not obsequious. Not that he was wanting in attention and deferential courtesy, or that he failed to betray a warmth of feeling or a generous devotion, but his manner was prosaic, thoroughly practical both in action and in expression. He spoke his thoughts directly and forcibly. He was never enthusiastic, never demonstrative, never warm or impulsive, but definite, well-ordered, positive. It was quite true that he was capable of bestowing service to the point of heroism when the occasion required, but this quality lacked spontaneity. His heart, while intensely sympathetic, appeared cold and absolutely opposed to any sort of outburst. He was too prudent, too wise, too thoughtful, it seemed, acting only when secure of his ground, turning aside from all obstacles liable to irritate or confuse him.

Then John Anderson came and initiated her into a newer world. He appeared to worship her, and tried to make her feel his devotion in his every act. He was gallant, dignified, charming, lavishing attention upon her to the point of prodigality. He said things which were pleasant to hear, and equally pleasant to

remember. What girl would not be attracted by such engaging personal qualities; but Marjorie decided that he was too much of the Prince Charming whose gentle arts were his sole weapons for the major encounters of life.

Hence, she was not fascinated by his soft accomplishments. He interested her, but she readily perceived that there was not in him that real depth she had found in Stephen. True, he made her feel more like a superior being than a mere equal; he yielded ever to her slightest whim, and did not discomfort her with weighty arguments. But her acumen was such that she was able to penetrate the gloss and appraise the man at his true value. The years spent at her mother's knee, the numberless hours in her father's shop where she came in contact with many men, her own temperament, prudent by nature, enabled her to perceive at a glance the contrast between a man of great and noble heart clothed in severe garments, and the charlatan garbed in the bright finery of festal dress.

And now, the boomerang against which she was defending herself, struck her from a most unexpected angle. That Stephen should misunderstand her motives was preposterous; yet there was no other inference to be drawn from the tone of his conversation during the few distressful minutes of his visit. In all probability, he had gone away laboring under the hateful impression that she was untrue, that she had permitted her heart to be taken captive by the first knight errant who had entered the lists. And what was more, the subject would never again be alluded to. He had promised that; and she knew that he was absolute in his determinations. His groundless displeasure disconcerted her greatly.

Whether it became her to take the initiative in the healing of the breach which she felt between them, or simply to await the development of the course of action she had chosen to pursue, now became a problem to her perplexed mind. So much depended upon the view he would take of the whole situation that it would be necessary for him to understand it from the beginning. She would write him. But, no! That might be premature. She would wait and tell him, so great was her assurance that all would be well. She would tell him of her great and passionate desire to be of assistance to him; she would put into words her analysis of this man's character, this man about whom he himself had first cast the veil of suspicion; she would relate her experience with him. She smiled to herself as she contemplated how pleased he would be, once the frown of bewilderment had disappeared from his countenance.

"Marjorie! Dost know the hour is late?"

"Yes, mother! I am coming directly."

It was late, though she scarce knew it. Gathering her things, she brought the chairs into the house.

CHAPTER IV.

Week after week sped by, summer ripened into fall, and fall faded into winter. Monotony reigned: the bleak winter season, the shorter days, the longer evenings, the city settled down into a period of seclusion and social inaction. There would be little of gayety this year. No foreign visitors would be entertained by the townsfolk. There would be no Mischienza to look forward to. It would be a lonely winter for the fashionable element, with no solemn functions, no weekly dancing assemblies, no amateur theatricals. Indeed, were it not for the approaching marriage of Peggy Shippen to the Military Governor, Philadelphia would languish for want of zest and excitement.

The wedding took place at the home of the bride on Fourth Street. The élite of the city, for the most part Tories, were in attendance. Mrs. Anne Willing Morris, Mrs. Bingham—all the leaders were there. So were Marjorie, John Anderson, Stephen, the Chews, and Miss Franks from New York. The reception was brilliant, eclipsing anything of its kind in the history of the social life of the city, for Mrs. Shippen had vowed that the affair would establish her definitely, and for all time, as leader of the fashionable set of the town.

The centre of attraction was Peggy, of course. She carried herself well, with grace and composure. And were one to judge by the number and the quality of the gifts which loaded down one whole room, or by the throng which filled the house to overflowing, or by the motley crowd which surged without, impatient for one last look at the bride as she stepped into the splendid coach, a more popular couple was never united in matrimony. It was a great day for all concerned, and there was none more happy or more radiant than Peggy as she sat back in the coach and looked into the face of her husband, and sighed with that contentment and complacency which one experiences in the possession of a priceless gem.

Their homecoming, after the brief honeymoon, was delightful. No longer would they live in the great slate-roof house on Second Street at the corner of Norris Alley, but in the more elegant old country seat in Fairmount, on the Schuylkill—Mount

Pleasant. Since Arnold had purchased this great estate and settled it immediately upon his bride, subject, of course, to the mortgage, its furnishings and its appointments were of her own choice and taste.

It rose majestically on a bluff overlooking the river, a courtly pile of colonial Georgian architecture whose balustrated and hipped roof seemed to rear itself above the neighboring woodland, so as to command a magnificent broad view of the Schuylkill River and valley for miles around.

"There! See, General. Isn't it heavenly?"

She could not conceal her joy. Arnold looked and smiled graciously with evident satisfaction at the quiet, home-like aspect of the place.

Peggy was on the stone landing almost as soon as she emerged from the coach—eager to peep inside, anxious to be at last in her own home. Although she had already seen all that there was to see, and had spent many days previous to the marriage in arranging and planning the interior, today she seemed to manifest a newer, livelier joy, so pleasant and so perfect did all appear.

"Oh! General. Isn't this just delicious?" And she threw her arms around his neck.

"Are you happy now?" he questioned.

"Perfectly. Come let us sit and enjoy it."

She went to the big chair and began to rock energetically; but only for a minute, for she spied in the corner of the room the great sofa, and with a sudden movement threw herself on that. She was like a small child with a host of toys about her, anxious to play with all at the same time and trying to give to each the same undivided attention. The massive candelabra on the table attracted her, and she turned her attention to that, fixing one of its candles as she neared it. Finally, a small water color of her father, which hung on the wall a little to one side, appealed to her as needing adjustment. She paused to regard the profile as she straightened it.

The General observed her from the large chair into which he had flung himself to rest after the journey, following her with his eyes as she flitted about the great drawing-room. For the moment there was no object in that space to determine the angle of his vision, save Peggy, no other objective reality to convey any trace of an image to his imagination but that of his wife. She was the centre, the sum-total of all his thoughts, the vivid and appreciable good that regulated his emotions, that controlled his impulses. And the confident assurance that she was

happy, reflected from her very countenance, emphasized by her every gesture as she hurried here and there about the room in joyous contemplation of the divers objects that delighted her fancy, reanimated him with a rapture he had thought impossible to corporeal beings. The mere pleasure of beholding her supremely happy was bliss.

"Would you care to dine now?" she asked of him as she approached his chair and leaned for support on its arms. "I'll ask Cynthia to make ready."

"Yes, if you will. The last stage of the trip was exhausting."

And so these two with all the world in their possession, in one another's company, partook of their first meal together in their own dining-room, their own home.

"'Thou hast it now—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all—'" remarked Arnold to his wife as they made their way from the dining-room into the spacious hallway that ran through the house.

"Yet it was not foully played," replied Peggy. "The tourney was fair."

"I had thought of losing you."

"Did you but read my heart aright at our first meeting, you might have consoled yourself otherwise."

"It was the fear of my letter; the apprehension of its producing a contrary effect that furnished my misgiving. I trembled over the consent of your parents."

"Dost know, too, that my mother favored the match from the start? In truth, she gave me every encouragement, perhaps, awakened my soul to the flame."

"No matter. We are in the morning of our bliss; its sun is about to remain fixed. Wish for a cloudless sky."

They were now in the great drawing-room, which ran the full depth of the building, with windows looking both east and west. In the middle of the great side wall lodged a full-throated fireplace, above which rose imposingly an elaborately wrought overmantel, whose central panel was devoid of any ornamentation. The door frames, with their heavily molded pediments, the cornices, pilasters, door-trims and woodwork rich in elaboration of detail were all distinctively Georgian, tempered with dignified restraint and consummate good taste.

"We can thank the privateer for this. Still it was a fair profit and wisely expended, wiser to my mind than the methods of Robert Morris. At any rate, it is the more satisfactory."

"He has made excellent profits."

"Nevertheless, he has lost as many as an hundred and fifty vessels. These have affected his earnings greatly. Were he not

so generous to an ungrateful people, a great part of his loss might have been retrieved."

"I have heard it said, too, that he alone has provided the sinews of the revolt," said Peggy.

"Unquestionably. On one occasion, at a time of great want, I remember one of his vessels arrived with a cargo of stores and clothing, whose whole contents were given to Washington without any remuneration whatsoever. And you, yourself, remember that during the winter at Valley Forge, just about the time Howe was evacuating the city, when there were no cartridges in the army but those in the men's boxes, it was he who rose to the emergency by giving all the lead ballast of his favorite privateer. He has made money, but he has lost a vast amount. I made money, too, just before I bought this house. And I have lost money."

"And have been cheated of more."

"Yes. Cheated. More generosity from my people! I paid the sailors their share of the prize money of the British sloop that they, as members of the crew, had captured, that is, with the help of two other privateers which came to their assistance. The court allowed the claims of the rival vessels, but denied mine. I had counted upon that money, but found myself suddenly deprived of it. Now they are charging me with having illegally bought up the lawsuit."

He was seated now and lay back in his chair with his disabled limb propped upon a stool before him.

"They continue to say horrid things about you. I wish you were done with them," Peggy remarked.

He removed his finely powdered periwig and ran his heavy fingers through his dark hair.

"I treat such aspersions with the contempt their pettiness deserves. I am still Military Governor of Philadelphia, and as such am beholden to no one save Washington. The people have given me nothing, and I have nothing to return save bitter memories."

"I wish we were away from here!" she sighed.

"Margaret!" He never called her Peggy. He disliked it. "Are you not happy in this home which I have provided for you?"

His eyes opened full.

"It isn't that. I am afraid of Reed."

"Reed? He is powerless. He is president of the City Council which, under English law, is, in time of peace, the superior governing body of the people. But this is war, and he must take second place. I despise him."

Peggy looked up inquiringly.

"Suppose that the worst should happen?" she said.

"But—how—what can happen?" he repeated.

"Some great calamity."

"How? What do you mean?" he asked.

"If you should be removed, say, or transferred to some less important post?"

A thought flashed into his mind.

"Further humiliated?"

"Yes. What then?"

"Why—I don't know. I had thought of no possible contingency. I wished for a command in the Navy and wrote to Washington to that effect; but nothing came of it. I suppose my increasing interest in domestic affairs in the city, as well as my attentions to you, caused me to discontinue the application. Then again, I thought I was fitted for the kind of life led by my friend, Schuyler, in New York, and had hoped to obtain a grant of land in the West where I might lead a retired life as a good citizen."

"I would die in such a place. The Indians would massacre us. Imagine me hunting buffalo in Ohio!"

Her face wore a sardonic smile. It was plain to be seen that she was in a flippant mood.

"Have you given the matter a thought? Tell me," he questioned.

"No! I could not begin to think."

"Are you not happy?"

"Happiness springs not from a large fortune, and is often obtained when most unexpected. It is neither within us nor without us, and only evident to us by the deliverance from evil."

He glanced sharply. There was fire in his eye.

"I know of what you are thinking. You are disturbed by these persistent rumors about me."

She gave a little laugh, a chuckle, in a hopeless manner.

"Yes, I am. Go on." She answered mechanically, and fell back in her chair.

"You need not be disturbed. They are groundless, I tell you. Simply engendered by spite. And I blame partly the Papist Whigs, d—— 'em."

"It isn't that alone."

"That is some of it. The origin of the hostility to me was the closing of the shops for a week under an order direct from Washington himself, and a resolution of the Congress. Yet, I was blamed. The next incident pounced upon by them was my

use of the government wagons in moving stores. As you know I had this done to revictual and supply the army. But I permitted the empty wagons to bring back stores from the direction of New York and was charged with being in communication with the enemy."

"Which would be more praiseworthy?"

He paid no attention to her remark, but continued:

"I was honest in supposing the goods to be *bona fide* household goods belonging to non-combatants. As a matter of fact, some of the decorations at our wedding were obtained in this manner. What followed? A public complaint."

"I know."

"Then that scheming interloper, Matlack! You know of him?"

"I think so."

"You've heard of his father, of course!"

"No."

"The Secretary to Reed, the President of the Council? Timothy Matlack? His social aspirations were somewhat curtailed by my interest in public affairs. He has borne me in mind and evidently intends my ruin."

"In that he differs not from many other so-called friends."

"I did all in my power to soothe his ruffled feelings in a long, considerate letter in answer to his note of grievance. Only later I learned that it was his son whose haughty nature had been offended."

"You were no party to the offence. In fact, you knew naught of it until the episode had been concluded."

"True, but Franks had taken part in it, and Franks was my head aid-de-camp. It was trivial. He wanted a barber and sent young Matlack, who was doing sentry duty at the door, to fetch one. Naturally, I defended his action in my letter of reply."

"I tell you, they do not want you here. Can't you sense that? Else these charges would never have been uttered. They are mere pretexts. They are weary of you and desire your resignation."

She talked rapidly, violently. Her face assumed a stern expression.

He did not reply, but peered into the distance.

"The 'American Fabius,' I suppose, is still watching General Clinton," Peggy continued.

"He has thrown a cordon about him at New York. With a sufficient force he might take him."

"Never! The Americans never were a match for His

Majesty's well-trained troops. The longer the struggle endures, the sooner this will be learned."

"Time is with us, dear. The mother country knows this."

She looked at him. It was astonishing to her that he could be so transparent and so unaware of it. Really, he was not clever.

"Why do you say that?" she asked. "Every day our lot grows worse. The troops perish from misery; they are badly armed; scarcely clothed; they need bread and many of them are without arms. Our lands lie fallow. The education of a generation has been neglected, a loss that can never be repaired. Our youths have been dragged by the thousands from their occupations and harvested by the war; and those who return have lost their vigor or have been mutilated for life."

"You are partly right," he mused. "America lost the opportunity for reconciliation immediately after my victory at Saratoga. Since then, as you say, the land has become a waste of widows, beggars and orphans. Then came the French Alliance, a sacrifice of the great interests, as well as the religion of this country to the biased views of a proud, ancient, crafty and priest-ridden nation. I always thought this a defensive war until the French joined in the combination. Now I look with disfavor upon this peril to our dominion, this enemy of our faith."

Peggy became interested immediately. She sat straight up in her chair.

"You never spoke these thoughts to me before!" she exclaimed.

"I feared it. You are a Tory, at least at heart. And I knew that you would only encourage me in my manner of thought. God knows, I am unable to decide between my perplexities."

"You know how General Monk decided?"

"My God! He was a traitor!"

"He restored Charles," insisted Peggy.

"And sold his soul."

"For the Duchy of Albemarle."

"Good God! girl, don't talk thoughts like that, I— I—. He has endured universal execration. It was an act of perfidy." He scowled fiercely. He was in a rage.

Peggy smiled. She did not press the subject, but allowed it to drop.

"My! How dark it has become!" she exclaimed.

She struck a light and touched the wicks of the candles.

Dizzy was the eminence to which General Arnold and his girl bride ascended! On a sudden they found themselves on the highest pinnacle, the one of military fame with Gates, Lee, Wayne,

Greene, and many other distinguished generals at his feet; the other, of social prestige, the observed of all observers! For a time his caprices had been looked upon as only the flash and outbreak of that fiery mind which had directed his military genius. He attacked religion; yet in religious circles his name was mentioned with fondness. He lampooned Congress; yet he was condoned by the Whigs.

Then came the reaction. Society flew into a rage with its idol. He had been worshipped with an irrational idolatry. He was censured with an irrational fury. In the first place, his position as Military Governor required the exercise of the utmost patience and tact. Neither of these qualities did he possess. The order to close the shops caused discontent. People became incensed at the sight of a dictator interfering with their private life. In his person was thrust upon them the very type they were striving to expel. His actions suddenly became obnoxious.

What was merely criticism in respect to his public life, became a violent passion respecting his private life. There were many rumors of his intercourse with the Tory element. Brilliant functions were arranged, it was said, with the sole view of gaining their friendship and good will. He spent the major portion of his free time in their company, nay more, he had taken to wife the most notorious of their number. Small wonder was it that his sentiments on the question of the war were undergoing a marked alteration. The thirst of the political Whigs for vengeance was insatiable.

Then he had repaired to a mansion, the most elegant seat in Pennsylvania, where he entertained in a style and after a manner far in excess of his means. He maintained a coach and four with the greatest ostentation. His livery and appointments were extravagant and wholly unbecoming an officer of a country so poor and struggling. He drove to town in the company of his wife and paid every attention to the aristocratic leaders of the city. He disdained the lot of the common citizen. Even his head aid-de-camp had submitted a free man to the indignity of fetching a barber to shave him, an act countenanced by the General himself in a letter of reply to the boy's father.

His entertainments were frequent, altogether too frequent for the conservative instincts of the community. Upon the arrival of the French Ambassador, M. Gérard, a grand banquet was tendered him, after which he was entertained with his entire suite for several days at Mount Pleasant. Foreigners were seldom absent from the mansion, and members of Congress, the relatives of his wife, the titled gentry of Europe, were treated with marked

and lavish attention. The visit of General Washington was an event memorable for its display and magnificence, the ball alone at the City Tavern entailing a vast expenditure. With Madeira selling at eight hundred pounds a pipe and other things in proportion to the depreciation of the paper currency, the wonder was often expressed as to the source of so much munificence.

It was known that General Arnold was not a man of wealth. Whatever fortune he had amassed had been obtained mainly through the profits accrued from his privateering ventures. The great estate which he now possessed, had been bought only a few months previous to his marriage out of the profits of one of his vessels, just then returning to port. He was continually in debt, and ruin was imminent. Yet he was living at the rate of five thousand pounds a year. Whence came the funds?

He had married a Tory wife, and presently it was discovered that among his bosom friends, his table companions, were to be found the enemies of America. Rumor began to whisper, with nods and shrugs and shakings of the head, that his wife was imparting profitable information to the enemy, and betimes the question was raised as to who was profiting most. What was more natural than that she, who had been the toast and lauded favorite of the British Officers when they were in possession of the city, should now be in communication with them in far-away New York! The seeds of suspicion and ill-will were sedulously sown—and the yield was bound to be luxuriant.

So the days rolled into weeks, and the weeks clustered into months, and the months fell into the procession of the seasons, and in the meantime, Arnold and his wife passed their time in conjugal felicity and regal splendor. Their affection was constant, tender, and uninterrupted; and this alone afforded him consolation and happiness; for his countrymen were in a bad mood with him. His wife, his home, his estate now defined the extent of his ambition. The world had turned against him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

CARDINAL MERCIER'S OWN STORY. Introduction by Fernand Mayence. Prefatory letter by His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$4.00.

History tells how in ancient times in the midst of inept rulers and an effete civilization Christian pastors, who were great saints as well as admirable organizers, proved themselves over and over again *defensores civitatis*. Leo the Great saved Rome from Attila; St. Ambrose confronted Theodosius, defied Justina, and was the incarnation of moral force and rectitude; St. Basil overcame Valens and was the providence of his people. But these events occurred in such a distant past that they had lost the sharpness of their outline, and assumed a more or less legendary and hagiographic character. A few years ago no one dreamt of these shining deeds being repeated in our days, or that the Catholic Church of the twentieth century should beget sons as heroic as those of the fourth and fifth.

Of such magnificent champions Cardinal Mercier is today the leader and the chief, and the whole world, even those enemies whose tyranny he exposed and whose machinations he foiled, bow in admiration before his unquestioned moral supremacy. The splendid qualities which heartened his people in the darkest days of trial, and which since have electrified the world, were buried for years in a quiet college, and practically unknown outside a small university town. But anyone privileged to live under the same roof with Monsignor Mercier, as was the present reviewer, could not but feel that in him resided the latent power and personal worth capable of the highest achievement. One glance at his glorious inspiring eyes was sufficient to show he was an extraordinary man; while the kindness of his nature, and the charm of his intercourse are best expressed by the famous words of Lacordaire, *fort comme le diamant, tendre comme une mère*. The personal testimony of such a witness must necessarily possess the highest value and the deepest interest. *Cardinal Mercier's Own Story*, therefore, will be eagerly read by thousands in every part of the globe. The book is composed of the letters the Cardinal wrote to the German authorities during the years of occupation, and their replies to him. It betrays in every line the zealous pastor ever watchful to safeguard and protect the interests of the Church and of his flock. The first characteristic

of these letters is their high and chivalrous courtesy. The Cardinal has his emotions so thoroughly under control, that he is never carried away into any intemperance or even severity of language. But at the same time he leaves no possible doubt on the mind of his correspondant as to the attitude he intends to maintain. Thus in his very first letter to Von Bissing, after expressing esteem for the Governor's person, he adds: "I regard it as my strict duty in the interests of truth to add, that no matter what the personal dispositions of Baron von Bissing may be, the Governor-General represents among us here a usurping and hostile nation, in whose presence we assert our right to independence and respect for our neutrality."

Another precious quality of the writer, evidenced by these letters, is his perfect fearlessness. He has weighed and measured the consequences of his acts beforehand, and neither cajolery nor force can persuade him to recoil an inch. To the demands that he withdraw or tone down the ringing pastoral, "Patriotism and Endurance," his reply is, "it is written, and it shall remain." The publication of the Pastoral, "On My Return from Rome," caused the arrest of the Burgomaster of Malines and of four printers. The Cardinal wrote immediately to Von Bissing claiming that he alone was guilty, and on him alone as a citizen the punishment should fall. Von Bissing's reply is extremely severe, and he allows his ill-temper to be clearly seen. The prelate's answer is serenely triumphant.

Those who have a taste for the things of the intellect will find wherewith to whet their appetite in Chapter XXVII. It is composed of the letters exchanged between the Cardinal and Von Lancken, the chief of the German political department, and it contains a veritable philosophical disquisition by His Eminence on the rights of the Occupying Power. His principal letter runs to eleven large pages of print. In it, with the serried logic of a philosopher demonstrating a subtle thesis of metaphysics, he maintains the right of the conquered to possess their consciences intact, nor do they lose their claims to justice and fair treatment from the brutal fact of occupation and conquest. What astounding vitality and superb self-control that man must have, who, confronted daily by a thousand cares and vexations and the shocking sights and sounds of war, yet could argue with as much vim and detachment as though he lived in an oasis of peace.

Admirable but terrible also in its simple directness is the protest drawn up by the Cardinal in the name of the Belgian Episcopate against the deportation of the unemployed. And a fitting sequel to this document is the letter addressed by him to

the German bishops begging that at least Belgian priests be permitted to accompany and remain with the unhappy exiles, so that their morals might be protected and their precious faith preserved. These appeals remained without result. A subsequent appeal (February 14, 1917) addressed personally to the Kaiser, brought about a tardy reparation of such atrocious tyranny.

The German authorities feared the Cardinal's resounding letters and towering personality. They did all they possibly could to nullify his action, and fasten on him the stigma of a political agitator untrue to the dignity and traditions of his high office. But when the duel of four years was over, and peace with victory dawned on Belgium and the world, they had the grace to acknowledge the qualities of their antagonist and to pay homage to the loftiness of his aims. On October 17, 1918, Von Lancken called at the Cardinal's Residence and handed him a note couched in these terms: "You are, in our estimation, the incarnation of occupied Belgium, of which you are the venerated and trusted pastor. For this reason, it is to you that the Governor-General and my Government also have commissioned me to come to announce that when we evacuate your soil we wish to hand over to you unasked and of our own free will, the political prisoners serving their time either in Belgium or in Germany."

The *amende* is full and comprehensive; a tribute of admiration extorted from a determined and vigilant enemy, and for that reason it must be taken at full face value. Patriots may look to the Cardinal as an example, and pastors will find in him one, who "was made a pattern of the flock from the heart."

The present anonymous English version is uniformly good. Here and there, however, trivial expressions occur: *e. g.*, "they might have kicked against my orders;" "priests who are at loggerheads with their bishops." We noticed also that "only," and "shall" and "will" are not invariably employed with meticulous grammatical nicety.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIALISM. By John A. Ryan, D.D. Washington: The University Press. \$2.00.

Dr. John A. Ryan has compressed a large amount of reading and thought into these eleven essays. He is widely acquainted with the literature of his subject, and quotes French and German authorities, as well as English and American. In two papers, "The Church and Socialism," and "The Church and the Working-man," he puts in the clearest form Catholic ideal and Catholic achievement, and he emphasizes the fact that the Guilds of the Middle Ages did all and more than all that Labor Unions do today.

Elsewhere he punctures many a deceitful tendencious theory—for instance, that economic factors determine all life and morality—and many a hoary calumny, for example, that the Church is responsible for the devouring capitalism and degraded pauperism of modern times. But on the other hand, he urges Catholics to take a more prominent part in social service, and to seek with ever-increasing zeal solutions and remedies for the economic problems and abuses of our time.

The essay "False and True Conceptions of Welfare," is to our mind the most practical of the entire series. The author shows that extreme wealth is a very great misfortune. It opens the floodgate of self-indulgence; it dries up the springs of generosity; it nullifies all probability of worthy achievements; it spoils health, and not unfrequently shortens life. This essay needs only a change of key to furnish a series of very excellent sermons.

RELIGION AND CULTURE. By Frederick Schleiter, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press. \$2.00 net.

This book, written by a Professor of Columbia University, will be welcomed by all who are interested in the Comparative History of Religion. The author shows a splendid control of the vast literature of his subject and the curious learning with which it is freighted, and presents clearly and succinctly the theories that have been winning general acceptance among students of Comparative Religion. This, however, is the least of the merits of his book, the purpose of which is to appraise the methods in vogue among the scholars who have been building up this newest of the sciences. On page after page the false assumptions, the blundering reasoning, and the erroneous conclusions that have hitherto characterized Comparative Religion are laid bare with a detachment of judgment and a wealth of erudition that make the book a model of criticism. The whole procedure of the scholars criticized is seen to be infected with fallacy. A drastic critique of the Comparative Method shows it to involve "loose implications and presuppositions," while a dissecting of evolutionary theories of religion proves them to be founded on "a hypothetical primordium" that vitiates the whole train of reasoning based upon it. The author does not mince his words. A typical writer of the evolutionary school "fares best and swims most easily in a sea of generalities, when, and in so far, as he can get rid of his facts." The great reputation of men whose names have been household words in the domain of the history of religions, does not save their theories from a damaging indictment. Trenchant and impartial criticism marks the chapters on ethnographical

analoga, magic and religion, spirit as the primordium, magical power as the primordium, and on convergence in the interpretation of causality. The development of the concept of "convergence" adds value to the book, especially in view of the scanty literature on the subject.

Comparative Religion has justly been regarded as a menace to Christianity. The threat of Sir J. G. Frazer shows the spirit of the school: "Sooner or later it is inevitable that the battery of the Comparative Method should breach those vénéral walls mantled over with the ivy and mosses and wild flowers of a thousand tender and sacred associations. At present we are only dragging the guns into position, they have hardly begun to speak." Dr. Schleier has put out of action a good many of the heavy guns that were to batter the walls of the citadel of Religion.

GREAT FRENCH SERMONS. Second Series. Edited by Rev. D. O'Mahony, B.D. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$3.00.

The preface to this volume contains curious and interesting gleanings from a secluded bypath of literary history; for it tells of the English translations of Bossuet, Bourdaloue and Massillon. Of the nine sermons of Bossuet here set forth, it seems no English translation has hitherto been attempted. We submit that perhaps one reason for this may have been the unsatisfactory state of the text of the sermons, of which a thoroughly critical text has been published only within recent years. There can be no question whatever as to the superiority of Bossuet; he is as far above Massillon as Shakespeare is above Ben Jonson, and we may remark, in passing, that Father Longhay, in his able volume, entitled *La Prédication*, does not mention Massillon at all. The latter employed the leisure of his episcopate in ceaselessly revising and polishing those discourses he had preached during his missionary career. Various selections of Massillon have been put into English by no less than six different translators, of whom four were Protestants; while some three or four tried their hand at Bourdaloue.

The present volume contains twenty-one sermons, nine from Bossuet, six from Massillon, and five from Bourdaloue. The discourses of the last two preachers, excessively long according to our notions, have been considerably abridged. The translation is excellent, and illustrative footnotes from a wide range of authors, Protestant as well as Catholic, add to its usefulness and interest. The book will be useful to awaken those ignorant of French to a knowledge of a glorious religious literature. Faguet says in one of his studies that the world has produced three supreme masters

of prose—Plato, Cicero and Bossuet. But to appreciate fully the sublimity of the Eagle of Meaux, the zeal of Bourdaloue, the tender charm of Massillon, one must be perfectly conversant with the language in which they spoke and wrote.

TETE-D'OR. By Paul Claudel. Translated from the French by John Strong Newberry. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.00.

THREE POEMS OF THE WAR. By Paul Claudel. Translated into English Verse by Edward J. O'Brien. With the French Text. Introduction by Pierre Chavannes. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.50.

If the Yale University Press had done nothing more than to introduce the work of Paul Claudel to American readers, it would, from the standpoint of pure literary values, have justified its existence to a superlative degree. In fact, it would have taken the English-speaking public and very particularly the Catholic reading public conspicuously into its debt. For M. Claudel is one of the outstanding figures in our contemporary literature, alike as poet, dramatist, and mystic. He is more than outstanding—although far from popular even in his well-loved France: he is gigantic. Perhaps, more truly than any other living writer, he realizes Victor Hugo's definition of genius as "a promontory jutting out into the infinite."

And although we understand still other translations of his work are in immediate prospect, the English versions of Paul Claudel have, up to the present, been available solely through the various publications of the Yale Press. The two volumes at present sent for review have little in common save their authorship. They represent the poet-dramatist in his earliest and his latest periods: at his most remote in the sombre tragedy of *Tête-D'Or*, at his most popular in the three thrilling poems inspired by the Great War.

Tête-D'Or, the first of Claudel's dramas, is an epic of the golden-haired, self-sufficient superman—the protagonist of *strength*, who reaches the highest point of human power and glory only to be smitten down by his master, the Death of the Body . . . And it is only in the presence of Death that he learns, as a revelation from the heroic princess, "the courage of the wounded, the strength that sustains the weak." . . . It is interesting to note the tendency of various recent reviews to refer to this play as a representative creation of a religious and Catholic genius. For in point of fact it is, of course, one of the very few works of Paul Claudel which are not overwhelmingly religious

in nature. Written before its author had entered upon his mystical apostolate in modern France, it is manifestly a study of the *egoist*. And the only note of faith in it is, naturally enough, the note which rings by implication through the protests against Tête-D'Or's philosophy of human pride. On the whole, it is a young work—magnificently young; a work of colossal sweep and somewhat chaotic imagining. It is also a work offering unusual difficulties to the translator, since one may doubt whether its audacious torrent of metaphor is at all times susceptible of satisfactory Englishing. But Dr. Newberry's work is well and skillfully done—particularly in the less lyrical passages—and it was bravely worth the doing.

The three lyrics which make up the volume *Trois Poèmes de Guerre*, have been called the greatest yet produced by the recent war. They are far simpler, far more direct and human than *Tête-D'Or*—a cry from the France of 1915, stricken but unvanquished, and "terrible as the Holy Ghost," in Claudel's tremendous word. Here again the difficult work of translating the poet's impassioned and very "free" verse has been, on the whole, vividly accomplished by Mr. Edmund J. O'Brien. Especially successful is his rendering of the final poem, "To the Dead of the Armies of the Republic." It was perhaps a daring thing to append the French originals of these verses, but one for which the publishers deserve unlimited thanks.

THE CHRONICLES OF AMERICA. Edited by Dr. Allen Johnson, Professor of American History in Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press. Fifty volumes at \$3.50 per volume by the set.

The Cleveland Era, by Henry Jones Ford. Professor Ford of Princeton University has done a splendid work in furthering the recognition of Cleveland's rightful place in American history. Students of government will be interested in the description of Congress: "Somehow the American Congress fails to produce capable statesmen. It attracts politicians who display affability, shrewdness, dexterity, and eloquence, but who are lacking in discernment of public needs, and in ability to provide for them, so that power and opportunity are often associated with political incompetency." In connection with Grant's third term movement, the writer questions if the opposition does not owe its strength to politicians rather than to the conviction of the people.

After a period of political groping under Garfield and his successor, Arthur, who proved himself a better executive than men dared hope, Cleveland appeared. As yet popular dissatis-

faction did not agitate for radical rearrangement of political institutions: practical defects were imputed to the governmental system, not to the Constitution. One is challenged by the statement that, "The rapid and fortuitous rise of Grover Cleveland to political eminence is without a parallel in the records of American statesmanship." But America was ready for a reform administration and the reform Mayor of Buffalo and the Governor of New York who did not fear to accuse the State Senate of "barefaced jobbery" was the man for the presidency. Elected over Blaine by a turn of a few votes in New York, possibly caused by the Burcharde, "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," indiscretion, Cleveland met a Congress and especially a Senate which, if allowed to proceed, would have usurped all power, turning the executive into a mere ceremonial office. However, we are warned: "But Cleveland was no genius; he was not even a man of marked talent. He was stanch, plodding, laborious, and dutiful, but he was lacking in ability to penetrate to the heart of obscure political problems and to deal with primary causes rather than with effects." Yet he fought the Senate's attempt to control patronage, modified the anti-British interpretation of our fishery rights or privileges, won the repeal of the Tenure of Office Act, freed the House of control by a small coterie of Republican leaders, stanchly upheld the civil service cause, made tariff revision Democratic doctrine and, by extensive use of the veto, guarded the treasury from raiders. Considerable space is given to the public discontent as illustrated by the St. Louis and, later, Pullman strikes, the beginnings of the American Federation of Labor, the radical programmes, Coxey's army fiasco, and the stout upholding of law and order by the President despite criticism.

A short account is given of the interim Harrison administration. Economic questions are not passed over—the farmer's third parties, the demand for cheap money in the way of greenbacks and silver, the panic of 1893, and the whole silver issue. Cleveland's invincible courage in forcing his party to repeal the Sherman Silver Purchase Act and his determination to keep paper money at par by buying gold through bond sales, regardless of the charge of dealings with Wall Street, are estimated as his highest achievements.

Professor Ford has written a thoroughgoing study of the Cleveland period, so treated that the political, constitutional and economic phases are equally well developed.

Hispanic Nations of the New World, by William R. Shepherd. Professor Shepherd, like the textbook compilers, has filled a long-

felt need by giving in this slight volume an authoritative account of the Hispanic Nations. Those who are acquainted with the scholarly books and monographs on South American history and culture by this Columbia University professor, will read him with confidence, tried sorely as they so often are by books of propaganda on this subject. It is a difficult task to sketch in brief the troublous history of the nineteen neighboring republics, so different in development and present status, although linked by the common heritage of the Catholic faith, Latin civilization, and a *doctrinaire* belief in republican institutions. One is guided through a maze of revolutions, counter-revolts, chaotic interims, and foreign disturbances; one is puzzled by racial politics, anti-clerical, and foreign programmes. Yet the reader will gain a more intelligent appreciation of America's sister republics.

In connection with a description of the Latin domain and social conditions, Dr. Shepherd has occasion to write of the Church. This he does with commendable fairness. He says: "Matters of the mind and of the soul were under the guardianship of the Church. More than merely a spiritual mentor, it controlled education and determined in a large measure the course of intellectual life. Possessed of vast wealth in lands and revenue; its monasteries and priories, its hospitals and asylums, its residences of ecclesiastics, were the finest buildings in every community, adorned with masterpieces of sculptors and painters . . . The Church, in fact, was the greatest civilizing agency that Spain and Portugal had at their disposal. It inculcated a reverence for the monarch and his ministers and fostered a deep rooted sentiment of conservatism which made disloyalty and innovation almost sacrilegious. In the Spanish colonies in particular the Church not only protected the natives against the rapacity of many a white master, but taught them the rudiments of the Christian faith, as well as useful arts and trades."

The liberating ideals of the American Revolution, of the French Revolution, the success of L'Ouverture, and the cry of "our old king or none," when Joseph Bonaparte was imposed at the point of the bayonet upon the Spanish people, are cited as the causes of the revolt of the Latin colonies. Then follow in bewildering succession Miranda, Francia of Paraguay, Hidalgo Iturbide and Morelos of Mexico, San Martin of the La Platte, O'Higgins of Chile, Admiral Cochrane the doughty Scottish mariner, Bolivar, Santa Ana, de Rosas of Argentina with many another. Successful in revolt, the various states were too individualistic and sectional to accept the federalizing plans of Bolivar at the Congress of Panama. Bolivar was disheartened and predicted

the future: "The majority are meztizos, mulattoes, Indians and negroes. An ignorant people is a blunt instrument for its own destruction. To it liberty means license, patriotism means disloyalty, and justice means vengeance . . . Independence is the only good we have achieved, at the cost of everything else." Regarding the failure of union schemes, he complained: "America is ungovernable. Those who have served in the Revolution have ploughed the sea." The age of dictators commenced, Lopez of Paraguay, the stout Catholic, Dr. Garcia Moreno of Ecuador, the beneficent Pedro II. of Brazil, and Mexico's fifty fleeting "generals" in a period of thirty-two years, Santa Ana, Juarez, and Diaz the outstanding "president." A chapter on foreign affairs deals with the paternalistic Monroe Doctrine in its practical application. Bright events are few, the early abolition of slavery and the remarkable prosperity of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile during the past three decades. Well might Argentina stand as a beacon for warring Europe, with her reliance on arbitration in boundary disputes with Brazil and Chile despite territorial losses. The monument of the Andes will testify to coming ages this faith in applied Christianity with its inscription: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than the Argentinos and Chileans break the peace which, at the feet of Christ the Redeemer, they have sworn to maintain."

Mexico, in revolution since the fall of Diaz, is a cautious summary of the patent events, written in such a colorless way that it will neither annoy the administration nor arouse the Carranzists.

The Path of Empire, by Carl Russel Fish. Professor Fish of Wisconsin, the author of a splendid text on American diplomacy, traces in this volume our foreign policy from the early period of isolation to the present, when the United States has assumed its true burdens and world responsibilities. While the facts are not astoundingly new, the interpretation is illuminating, and the story is written with a very winning charm of style and phrasing. Of special appeal is the writer's genius for striking off, in a few sentences, a living pen portrait of our chief diplomatists. Adams, Webster, Charles F. Adams, Seward, Blaine, and Hay stand out in relief. A fearless sentence often challenges attention, so accustomed have we become to conventional accounts of our statesmen. Many a phrase clings to the memory and not a few sentences are quotable, such as that likening Metternich to "the spider who was for the next thirty years to spin the web of European secret diplomacy."

In his account of the Monroe Doctrine, Professor Fish declares that from John Winthrop to Woodrow Wilson "the American people have stood . . . for the right of the people of a territory to determine their own development. First, they have insisted that their right to work out their political destiny be acknowledged and made safe. . . . It has followed that they have in foreign affairs tried to keep their hands free from entanglements with other countries and have refrained from interference with foreign politics." Just as in Monroe's time the struggle was one "of absolutism against democracy, of America against Europe," so in the Great War our controlling principle led to conflict with an autocracy which endangered liberty, the world over. Controversies with Great Britain are considered with a breadth of view which grants England's rights in boundary difficulties, isthmian diplomacy, the Venezuela episode, or the Behring Sea affair, yet, is not any the less soundly American. Blaine's Pan-Americanism is frowned upon, although his "elderly-sister" attitude toward the Latin American Republics is commended. Prior to the Spanish-American War, the policy of isolation is seen to be cast aside, with the procuring of coaling stations in the Pacific and the Americanization of the Hawaiian Isles. Six chapters deal with the Spanish War, its origin, conditions in Cuba, the war press, the *Maine* disaster, Dewey at Manila Bay, the naval successes, wretched lack of preparation in the War Department, frightful losses by disease, the feats of Wood and Roosevelt, the controversies between General Miles and Secretary Alger, the Schley-Sampson difficulties, and the seizure of Porto Rico. The close of the war, the peace terms, the acquisition of the Philippines, the guarantee of Cuban independence and the issue of imperialism, are outlined in some detail. Other chapters follow our diplomacy in the Open Door in China programme, the Portsmouth negotiations, in Panama, in the Caribbean, and finally in our world relationship.

The Reign of Andrew Jackson, by Frederick Austin Ogg. As this chronicle of the life and era of Andrew Jackson is Professor Ogg's second contribution to the series, readers will anticipate his pleasing, readable style, scholarly method, and breadth of view. As an interpretation of Jackson and the democracy of the western frontier this volume is secondary only to Professor Turner's *Rise of the New West*. Jackson, Indian fighter, illiterate lawyer, honest and courageous judge, duelling or fistic defender of his own honor, incorruptible, extravagantly generous to friends, relentless to foes, chivalrous to women, a good politician with

some mark of the demagogue, arbitrary of will, and anti-English in his red-blooded Americanism is the description of the man who better than anyone epitomizes the turbulent, back-country of the early national period. The Creek War and the Battle of New Orleans, are considered in connection with the hero's early career. The "Death of King Caucus" as a chapter heading affords the opportunity to consider the broadened democracy, as illustrated by universal suffrage, convention nominations, and direct presidential balloting. The triumph of democracy in the reign of Andrew Jackson is virtually the thesis of two chapters, paradoxical as the combination may appear. Then one is given an outline, in no way strikingly original, of the Webster-war against the Bank, and the removal of the Southern Indians. Dartmouth men, who always quote Webster's small college eulogy, will resent the suggestion that this portion of the famous speech is of dubious origin, if not from a Yale professor's version of the trial. Mr. Ogg's volume is no mere calendar of events. It is a study of Jackson within his generation, written in a tone which makes one a better democrat and less fearful of the people's will.

Pioneers of the Old Southwest, by Constance Lindsay Skinner. Miss Skinner commences her volume on the Old Southwest by describing the various pioneer elements, the Scotch-Irish, Highlanders, Pennsylvanische Deutsche, and Anglo-Saxons of the roving instinct. The account of the Scotch-Irish, their frontier activities in Pennsylvania, in the Shenandoah Valley, and in the Carolina back country is no newer than the valuable study of this people by Professor Henry Jones Ford. The Ulsterman as a pathfinder is well depicted: "Thanks to his persecutors, he made religion of everything he undertook and regarded his civil rights as divine rights. Thus . . . emerged a new type of man who was high principled and narrow, strong, and violent, as tenacious of his own rights as he was blind often to the rights of others, acquisitive yet self-sacrificing but most of all fearless, confident of his own power, determined to have and to hold." A race of such morale was destined to make its mark in America and leave its impress upon the national development.

The sketch of colonial folkways is a charming literary essay but highly imaginative. Interesting are the doings of the Creek and Chickasaw Indian traders, such as James Adair and Lachlan McGillivray and the wanderings of Boone who, true to frontier type, moved with the changing frontier from Virginia to Kentucky and Tennessee, and thence to Missouri. In the struggle with Indians and wilderness for Kentucky and Tennessee, a few

Irishmen were found, the McAfee brothers, James Mooney, and Dr. John Connolly, but the majority were Ulsterites, George Rogers Clark, Richard Henderson, Benjamin Logan, Richard Calloway with John Sevier, the Huguenot, and James Robertson, the Scot—history makers of the Southwest.

The volume is well written; at times its fascination draws the student from the exercise of his critical office. Its chief value would seem to be the appreciation of the labors of the various racial elements in crowding the frontier line further back into the hinterland.

The Day of the Confederacy, by Nathaniel W. Stephenson. This is the second volume in the series from the pen of Professor Stephenson of the University of Charleston. Moderate and impartial, save for a slight Southern bias, sympathetic in its treatment of General Lee and President Davis, this chronicle affords an excellent, if somewhat standard, résumé of the history of the Confederacy.

The introductory chapter describes affairs on the eve of secession, the radical step of South Carolina, the ill-considered manifesto of the Southern Congressmen, the bootless fight of the moderates for delay, the sectional zeal of Toombs, Rhett, Cobb, Davis, Breckenridge and Yancey, the revolt of the Lower South, and the secession of Virginia, North Carolina, Arkansas, and Tennessee. The government of the Confederacy is reviewed in three especially instructive chapters. Jefferson Davis we are to regard as a moderate, suffering radical attack, undermined by his cabinet, and attacked by the press and certain war governors. Like Lincoln, Davis perforce assumed a dictatorship, forcing conscription, proclaiming martial law, averting clashes between State and Confederate authorities, and setting aside constitutional niceties. Like Lincoln, he found that military strategists were in editorial chairs and that too few of the legal martinets were conscripted. Unlike Lincoln, Davis could be easily attacked, for with all his high qualities of integrity, courage, faithfulness, and zeal, he lacked that insight into human life, which makes the genius of the supreme executive. "He was not an artist in the use of men. . . . In fact, he had a dangerous bent toward bureaucracy." While cordial with Lee, he failed to recognize him "as one of the world's supreme characters." In his cabinet appointments, too, Davis was far from sagacious. Neither Toombs nor *Hunter* being qualified to serve on the state department, and Benjamin as secretary of war never gained popular confidence.

Under the title, the "Fall of King Cotton" financial problems

are discussed, munitions contracts, taxes, loans, depreciated paper, the Slidel (?) transactions with Erlanger in cotton futures, bankruptcy of the South, and Egyptian cotton. Foreign relations are made to centre around the intrigues of Napoleon III. Life in the Confederacy as the blockade tightened, is a story of hardship and privation, quite in contrast with the apparently normal social conditions in the North with its inflated prosperity.

John Marshall and the Constitution, by Edward S. Corwin. This sketch of Chief Justice John Marshall, "the Hildebrand of American constitutionalism," by that eminent scholar in constitutional history, Professor Corwin of Princeton University, meets the need of the lay reader as fully as ex-Senator Albert G. Beveridge's four volume work does the rigid requirements of the historical and legal scholar. To summarize in a slight volume the work of the great jurist demanded ability for condensation, the art of describing momentous decisions in precise yet non-technical terms, a deep realization of their constitutional importance, and an intensive knowledge of the man and of his time. These qualifications, combined with nicety of expression, Professor Corwin possesses in the fullest sense.

The establishment of the judiciary, the origins of the judicial review of legislative enactments, the judiciary acts of the character of the Supreme Bench prior to Marshall's appointment are considered in an introductory chapter. The lack of leadership, the resignation of Chief Justice Jay to appear as gubernatorial candidate in New York, the absence of Chief Justice Ellsworth on a diplomatic mission, the offensive partisanship of the judges are emphasized to make apparent the fearful decline of the court. Then came the "mid-night" appointments of Adams, the most important that of Secretary of State Marshall, without even previous consultation. Republicans raged in vain. John Randolph decried and Dickinson wrote: "The Federalists have retired into the judiciary as a stronghold. There, the remains of Federalism are to be preserved and fed upon the Treasury and from that battery all the works of Republicanism are to be beaten down and destroyed." Marshall's career is recounted, his primitive youth, his frontier-wrought audacity and initiative which breathes in his great decisions, his lessons in nationalism rather than in sectionalism learned at Brandywine, Germantown, and Valley Forge, his scanty legal training, his stout Federalism, and his hostility to Jefferson and close association with Adams.

Of especial value are the chapters dealing with Jefferson's attack upon the judiciary, the impeachment of Chase and the

Burr trial. No sounder interpretation is available for the famous decisions of *Marbury versus Madison*, *M'Culloch versus Maryland*, *Gibbons versus Ogden*, *Brown versus Maryland*, all pronouncing nationalist doctrines, or for that series, such as the Dartmouth College case and the Georgia Indian case, guaranteeing the sanctity of contracts. Jefferson, as the spokesman of a party, denounced the judiciary as "a subtle corps of sappers and miners constantly working underground to undermine our confederated fabric," declaring that, "An opinion is huddled up in conclave, perhaps by a majority of one, delivered as if unanimous, and with the silent acquiescence of lazy or timid associates, by a crafty judge who sophisticates the law to his own mind by the turn of his own reasoning." Indeed, at times, the author is a little of a Federalist in his refusal to understand Jefferson's viewpoint. These attacks affected Marshall the more, as they were but the prelude to the deeper hostility displayed by Jackson with whose nullification policy alone could he agree. Rather than resign in favor of a Jacksonian appointee, Marshall, with martyr-like patience, clung to the bench until death. The labors of the great jurist are summed up in a masterful fashion. He is the oracle of the formative period, a nation-builder whose constitutional interpretation has become a part of the vital, organic law, and one whose success was due to his ingrained nationalism, integrity, independence of view, courage of conviction, conservatism of judgment, and personal ascendancy in his court.

THE SKILLED LABOURER (1760-1832). By J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.50 net.

The publication of this book marks the completion of a distinguished trilogy of sociological studies in the history of England from 1760 to 1832. The previous volumes were *The Town Labourer* and *The Village Labourer*. The whole work is a splendid example of enlightened industry and painstaking care, and takes its place immediately among the great classics of English sociological literature. The authors treat here of some of the immediate economic and social results of the introduction of machinery, and the new mechanical inventions generally, at the close of the eighteenth century. They review with a wealth of detail the cases of the miners of Northumberland and Durham, of the cotton workers, of the workers in woolen and worsted, and of the weavers of Spitalfields.

Not the least interesting portion of this fine and exhaustive study concerns itself with the Luddite uprisings in the northern

shires. Those were stormy times. A great war was raging throughout Europe, and England was in the midst of a period of "labor troubles" even more acute and more dangerous than those of the present hour. Having won the war abroad, Castlereagh was engaged in stifling liberty at home; an example which has not been without its recent imitators. He crushed English workmen almost as cruelly as he had persecuted Irish nationalists. Those workmen in smashing the machines knew what they were about; they saw that the use of machinery would, before long, impoverish them and darken the lives of their children. "Machinery," write the authors, "was introduced under a system that placed the workers at the disposal of owners of capital, who valued machinery as a means, not to a larger and richer life for the workers, but to greater and quicker profits from their enterprise." A knowledge of the contents of this book is essential to any thorough study of English industrial history.

THE VIRTUES OF A RELIGIOUS SUPERIOR. By St. Bonaventure. Translated by Fr. Sabinus Mollitor, O.F. St. Louis: B. Herder Co. 60 cents.

A sub-title, *De Sex Alis Seraphim*, explains the idea of the Saint. It is noteworthy that he compares a good Superior to the Seraphim, symbolizing love, rather than to the Cherubim, typifying knowledge of Divine things. After a chapter concerning the general qualities required for such a responsibility, the six wings are defined to be: Zeal for Justice, Pity or Compassion, Patience, Edification, Prudent Discretion, Devotion to Prayer. These are enlarged upon by the Saint with that mysticism directed by the sane common sense so characteristic of the Catholic mystic. On page fourteen, "sensual" is used unfortunately for "sensitive;" the first term has a disagreeable connotation, and the grammatical construction is, at times, confusing.

EXPOSITION OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. Part II.—Moral. By a Seminary Professor. Philadelphia: John J. McVey. \$2.75.

This is an authorized English translation from the French, of a book that well deserves the favor with which its previous editions have been received. In this sixth edition, it has been revised according to the New Code of Canon Law, the arrangement and order, however, remaining the same. It is a compendious course of Moral Theology, outlining in a clear and practical way all that it is necessary for the average person to know about the general principles of Morality and Human Acts, the

Commandments of God and the Church, and the Evangelical Counsels and Beatitudes. It is written in catechetical form of question and answer, but at the end of each chapter is a splendid summary and tabular analysis of the matter explained. The book was prepared for the Brothers of the Christian Schools, but members of all teaching congregations and the intelligent laity will derive great profit from a close study of it.

CREDO, A SHORT EXPOSITION OF CATHOLIC BELIEF. From the French of Rt. Rev. A. LeRoy. Translated by E. Leahy. New York: Frederick Pustet Co. \$1.50.

This volume, *Credo*, as its sub-title indicates, is an explanation in brief form of the whole subject matter of Catholic Faith and Practice. The first chapters deal with the articles of the Apostles' Creed. These are followed by chapters on Catholic morals, the natural law, the Decalogue, and the commands of the Church. The rest of the book is devoted to Catholic worship, the seven sacraments, prayer, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the liturgical year, and the practical organization of the Christian life. The treatment, being brief and pointed, is well adapted to the needs of the busy man and woman of today. It ought to prove a useful book both for those busy Catholics who feel the need of refreshing their memories on the teachings of the Church and for non-Catholics seeking knowledge of those teachings.

CELEBRATED SPIES AND FAMOUS MYSTERIES OF THE GREAT WAR. By George Barton. Boston: The Page Co. \$2.00 net.

This book contains more promise than performance. Not that the subject matter is uninteresting or unworthy of a permanent record. It treats of many of the great tragedies of the War—events that marked important phases of a struggle replete with dramatic incidents. The death of Edith Cavell, the murder of Captain Fryatt, the adventure of Roger Casement, the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand—no one can deny these happenings their rightful place in the War's history. But to catalogue them as "famous mysteries" is to cheapen them and bring them down to the level of the melodramatic, an element altogether absent from the actual occurrences. Not merely does the author persist in thus misguiding his reader by making promises he cannot possibly fulfill, he attempts to "write up" his version of the events, to throw a green calcium upon actors and to enshroud them in mystery. The result is that whatever interest the stories themselves might hold is entirely spoiled by this stagey dressing.

OUTLAND. By Mary Austin. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.75.

Herman, a professor of sociology, proposes a matter-of-fact marriage with Mona, a retired school teacher, who rejects him with scorn, because he failed to recognize within her "a vast, undiscovered country, full of wandering lights and crying voices." In other words, she is looking for a lover, who will not talk of similarity of tastes and ample money to provide a home for his future wife, but will really love "with passion." Our University professor certainly needed some training to meet Mona's requirements. In despair Mona runs away to the woods—California woods beyond question in the vicinity of Monterey—and naturally enough our prosaic German hero, Herman, runs after her, by the trail of the Broken Tree. Together they come across a strange and wonderful people, the Wood Folk, who initiate them into all the mysteries of nature, and furnish enough adventures to convert the most matter-of-fact soul into a poet of the finest type. When they return to civilization—or the House Folk—Herman is completely changed, and is ready to love in proper, orthodox fashion.

Outland is a most fantastic tale of hidden treasures with Vestal maids to guard them, combats to the death between Wood Folk and Far Folk, and incidents of treachery, jealousy and murder, much ado about nothing the judicious reader would say, after he had read about one-quarter of the volume.

HAPPY HOUSE. By Baroness von Hutten. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.75 net.

This, her latest novel, is of a more acceptable sort than the Baroness von Hutten is wont to contribute. Its central figure is an elderly woman, Violet Walbridge, whose naïve romances have for many years been household favorites, bringing her a substantial income. They reflect her personality, the self-respecting, self-forgetting type, described in the parlance of our enlightened generation as mid-Victorian. She receives scant affection and total lack of appreciation from her sophisticated children, who scarcely veil their contempt for her writings to which, however, they, as well as their father, owe most of their worldly comforts. The quiet story is full of interest and pathos. The author employs the ever-effective method of conveying her intentions by means of their effect upon a sympathetic observer, a young man, in this case, whose sense of comedy lightens the atmosphere.

To one point alone must the Catholic reader take exception and that is where the tired, patient woman yields to her worthless

husband's importunate demands for a divorce, and begins to indulge vague dreams of happiness for herself, a lover of her youth having reappeared. The divorce is not consummated, though; and at no time is the general tone lowered. As a whole, the book is decidedly pleasing and out of the ordinary.

RONALD O' THE MOORS. By Gladys Edson Locke. Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$1.75 net.

Dartmoor, in the time of George II., is the scene of this novel; its story, the adventures of Sir Roger Hetherington, who is sent from court to capture Wild Ronald, a Cornish highwayman, and to track down the outlawed Earl of Penraven, an adherent of the Stuart cause. He encounters a formidable opponent in the person of the earl's young and beautiful sister, who is passionately loyal to her brother. Needless to say, the customary love affair follows. There is plenty of action, along the well-worn grooves. The book is about on a par with the average of its class, fiction of which the authors seem to be under the impression that vital interest is imparted by a liberal supply of oaths and expletives, and the use of archaic language whether appropriate to the period or otherwise.

BACK TO THE REPUBLIC. By Harry F. Atwood. Chicago: Laird & Lee, Inc.

There is much wisdom in this little book and its words should be heeded. Its purpose is to make clear the meaning of the words, "autocracy," "democracy," and "republic." In presenting a clear conception of these terms, the writer brings out the attributes of the republic and proves it the "golden mean," the standard form of government.

This standard, he declares, was given to us in the Constitution. As long as we adhered to it, we made progress. Digression from it has brought about confusion, inefficiency and expensive waste. He pleads for a return to the golden mean by the abolition of all our commissions, the simplification of a Federal and State government, and a check upon all socialistic tendencies.

THE MORAL BASIS OF DEMOCRACY. By Arthur Twining Hadley, Ph.D., LL.D., President of Yale University. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. \$1.75.

The eighteen short essays—sermonettes if you will—gathered under the foregoing title, were delivered before students and graduates of the Connecticut University at various times during a period of eleven years, 1908-1919, as Sunday morning talks.

Dealing in trenchant, but dignified style, with such vital themes as "The Honor of the Service," "Fitness for Command," "Self-Consecration," "The Compelling Power of Ideals," etc., these short papers form a valuable addition to what may be called our literature of public service. The form of expression is sufficiently dynamic to place them among the inspirational, in the best sense of that much mouthed word.

From a Christian standpoint the essays fall short, as one might expect, in the matter of positiveness, a defect, however, which it is possible their author might extol as virtue. Dr. Hadley, for example, appears to harbor certain crass and popular misconceptions concerning asceticism. He fails to distinguish properly between Christian and pagan concepts. Like so many others, he sees in asceticism nothing more than a mere rejection of human joys, from motives that are, to say the least, unworthy. His vision stops short of a transformation of lawful desire into something infinitely higher through the action of grace. "The Christian philosophy is the Stoic philosophy with the human element added," sets forth a definition that those who believe in the truths of revelation will scarcely accept.

The division of the volume into two sections, one dealing with "Ethics of Citizenship," the other with "Ethics of Leadership," impresses us as arbitrary. A better method, it seems, would have been to range the sermons in the order of their delivery.

HIGH BENTON. By William Heyliger. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Heyliger has done himself much credit in this story for boys, a work of more substance and depth than his usual productions.

Stephen Benton is a fundamentally honorable, well-intentioned lad, but too much inclined to carelessness and shirking, content merely to scrape through, rather than exert himself to do his best. He sees no necessity for finishing his course at the High School, feeling himself sufficiently educated to go to work, whether in his home town or elsewhere. Advice and remonstrance have no effect. Experience comes to his aid. By a perfectly natural course of circumstances, there is forced upon his observation the contrast between two men, brothers, of whom one has made a success of his life, while the other has been ruined by consistent following of the easy-going policy which Steve pursues. Being an intelligent boy, he takes the lesson to heart, turns over a new leaf, and becomes "High" Benton.

The tale is told in Mr. Heyliger's own agreeable manner,

which is all the more effective because it excludes formal moralizings. He has been most generous with his material, lavishing incident and action, as well as an unwonted number of clear-cut characterizations. The book is juvenile fiction of the best type.

Accustomed as we are to the author's attitude, healthful and ethically correct, but totally religionless, it is with a little shock of pleasant surprise that we read Steve's account of how, during a thunderstorm, he took refuge in a Catholic church, and, seeing the red light at the altar, felt as if God were there; eliciting from his hearer the comment: "Perhaps He was."

MOUNT MUSIC. By E. O. Somerville and Martin Ross. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

For many years Miss Edith Somerville and Miss Viola Martin have been writing stories and sketches of Irish life. Most or all of the present volume has been written by Miss Somerville, for her friend and collaborator died two or three years ago.

It is hard—nay, it is impossible—for an alien to write sympathetically or truthfully of things Catholic, especially if there be question of Catholic Ireland. Our Protestant friends may write with zest of an Irish fox hunt, or describe with humor the arts of the social climber, but they cannot portray the soul of Ireland. Why are all their priests stupid, gluttonous, intolerant, domineering men "of bovine countenances," and their Catholic laymen dishonest tricksters like the Doctor Mangan who dominates this story, or weak-kneed, namby pamby heroes like Larry, "who debated the question as to whether a common atheism were not the only panacea for the hatreds that ruled the Isle of Saints?"

THE BOOK OF THE DAMNED. By Charles Fort. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.90 net.

"By the damned, I mean the excluded," explains the author; and by the excluded he means certain phenomena which Science has not applied itself to account for. These are such as black rains, red rains, strange substances, animal, vegetable and mineral, falling upon the earth, bodies of planetary size "floating or navigating through inter-planetary space," and so on. These data are surprisingly numerous, and their compilation represents research of a particularly difficult kind, as the records of these singular occurrences are principally to be found in newspapers and magazines, covering a period of many years. To read of them is to be inspired with an interest which has no need of the book's sensational title; nor is it increased by the author's quasi-scientific speculations which he presents in a staccato style that soon produces the wearying effect of a series of explosions.

THE HOMESTEAD. By Zephine Humphrey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.90 net.

Memories of Miss Humphrey's earlier novel, *Grail Fire*, will predispose the reader in favor of the present work. It would be pleasant to assure him that his anticipations will be realized; but the unfortunate truth is that the author has not quite succeeded on this occasion. In the former book she dealt with that surpassingly important theme, the search for religious truth. Its vitality imparted life to her characters, who were very real human beings. Of course, it is not to be expected that she should confine herself to kindred subjects; but in *The Homestead* all such interests are abandoned without supplying an effective substitute. With all the good will possible, we cannot find the main theme other than labored and artificial. Naturally, this is reflected in the characters who, for the most part, are mere automatons, conveying the impression that they are neither clear to the author's vision nor close to her heart. The most genuine note is sounded by the woman, Martha Sloan, whose jealousy of her son's love develops into criminal insanity. This is well handled in itself, but its disproportionate weight destroys the artistic balance.

We look forward to what we may receive from Miss Humphrey at some future time, when she has been again impelled by earnestness of conviction to write upon a theme of general appeal.

THE BEST GHOST STORIES. New York: Boni & Liveright.
REDEMPTION AND OTHER PLAYS. By Leo Tolstoy. New York: Boni & Liveright. 85 cents each.

Fashions change in ghost stories, and, besides, every country boasts its own special brand of spirits. With this consideration in view the compiler, Mr. J. L. French, has selected stories that will satisfy every taste and fancy. The best known of those included are Defoe's "Apparition of Mrs. Veal," Bulwer Lytton's "The Haunted and the Haunters," and Kipling's "Phantom Rickshaw." The Irish banshee, and French, Jewish, Negro and American spooks are all represented in the other selections. To round out the volume, or perhaps to convince the skeptical, the editor has included several newspaper accounts of "real American ghosts." There is a brief, but interesting introduction by Arthur B. Reeves on "The Fascination of the Ghost Story."

In *Redemption and Other Plays* three plays of Tolstoy are reproduced. Of these two are tragedies—"Redemption" and "The Power of Darkness"—gripping realistic pieces of crime and expiation with Tolstoy's grim ethical purpose showing through

them. The third, "Fruits of Culture," is a comedy which satirizes the grossness and the credulity of some Russian gentlefolk whose cult is Spiritualism.

SIMONETTA. By Edwin Lefevre. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 net.

Here we have a little of Marion Crawford and a little more of Anthony Hope molded and finished with the art and dexterity of Mr. Lefevre himself. It is a delightful bit of unsubstantiality concerning an American lover and an Italian *inamorata* whose beauty exactly reproduces that of *La Bella Simonetta*, most famous of Botticelli's subjects. The usual rôle is played by the bottomless American purse, but we have to thank Mr. Lefevre for the light grace of his touch, and for his mastery of delicate phrases.

THE COCKPIT OF SANTIAGO KEY, by David S. Greenberg (New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.50), is the first of a series of juvenile books that Mr. Greenberg is writing to illustrate the manners and customs of foreign peoples. The story is laid in Porto Rico and centres around the popular sport of cock-fighting, condemned by the United States Government. There is adventure and tragedy and romance told in a simple unaffected way. The enlightening work of American educators is well emphasized, but one would imagine that this Catholic people were atheists, for the mention of God and Catholicism is skillfully omitted.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The America Press issues two pamphlets of practical instruction and genuine moral value; one, *The Church and the Sex Problem* (10 cents), the other, *Courtship and Marriage* (25 cents). *The Church and the Sex Problem* is a lecture delivered by Richard H. Tierney, S.J., at a meeting of the American Federation for Sex Hygiene, held in Buffalo, August 27, 1913. It shows that the teaching of sex hygiene not only fails in its purpose to inculcate purity, but even frustrates that purpose. *Courtship and Marriage* contains practical instructions for those who contemplate matrimony, and safeguards the sanctity of the sacrament.

Fordham University prints a pamphlet, entitled *Puritanism in History and Literature* (15 cents), by Terence L. Connolly, S.J. It corrects a false impression of the Church contained in Long's *History of English Literature*.

The Martyrs of Uganda, issued by the Catholic Truth Society of London, is of particular interest now, on account of the approaching ceremony of Beatification of the Uganda Martyrs. It contains a record

of the heroic sufferings of the first converts of Uganda, whose blood has been the source of many blessings to the Church in that far-off land.

Two pamphlets of real apologetic value are entitled *What the World Owes to the Papacy*, by Rt. Rev. Monsignor Grosch, and *The Failure of Anglicanism*, by Frederick Joseph Kinsman, late Protestant-Episcopal Bishop of Delaware (London: Catholic Truth Society).

Among recent contributions on economic subjects we note *Coöperation Among Farmers and Consumers*, issued by the National Catholic War Council, and *Two Years of Faulty Taxation and the Results*, by Otto H. Kahn. Both these publications try to point out a more satisfactory economic arrangement for the public advantage.

The Hon. Daniel F. Cohalan in *The Freedom of the Seas*, published by the Friends of Irish Freedom, calls attention to British control of the seas, and affirms that the possession of such points by one nation is not only without precedent, "but is a menace to the liberty of all the other peoples of the earth."

American Masonry and Catholic Education, by Rev. Michael Kenny, S.J., is an exposition of Masonic activities in education. (International Catholic Truth Society of Brooklyn. 5 cents.)

In these days of political upheaval and unrest, when nations are contending for their separate freedom, we must not forget that the Papacy has a right to its freedom, too. Hence, the Roman question. The freedom of the Papacy is presented to us again in *The Pope and Italy*, by the Very Rev. Nazareno Casacca, O.S.A., D.D., translated from the original Italian by Rev. J. A. Hickey, O.S.A., D.D., and containing a preface by the Most Rev. D. J. Dougherty, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. 50 cents.)

The Catholic Educational Association Quarterly Bulletin, under date of February, 1920, announces the Seventeenth Annual Meeting of the Catholic Educational Association in New York City, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 28, 29, 30, and July 1, 1920, under the auspices of His Grace, Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, D.D., Archbishop of New York.

Two interesting pamphlets, published by the Central Bureau of the Central Society, St. Louis, Mo., are *The Non-Partisan League of North Dakota*, by Frank O'Hara, Ph.D., and *The Facts and Fallacies of Modern Spiritism*, by J. Godfrey Raupert, K.S.G.

The Congregation of Notre Dame of Montreal have issued in small pamphlet form a *Tercentenary Sketch of the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys*, their Foundress. This favored servant of God was born two hundred years ago, at Troyes, France. Her work in the cause of education earned for her the title of Apostle in that field, and her virtues have been declared heroic by the Holy See.

The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland makes an interesting contribution to historical studies in a magazine, entitled *From Peter to Constantine, Studies in Early Church History*.

Recent Events.

Russia.

The Polish advance against the Bolshevik armies continued throughout the month, and early in May a joint Polish and Ukrainian army under General Pilsudski swept into Ukraina and captured Kiev, the Ukrainian capital, which has been in the hands of the Bolsheviks since the Denikin collapse. At the same time, Ukrainian troops under General Petlura occupied Odessa, Russia's most important outlet on the Black Sea. These victories are the culmination of a month's severe fighting in which the Bolsheviks have uniformly been forced to give ground, and military observers are of opinion that they mark the beginning of the end of the Bolshevik menace in the west.

One of the most important features in the latest Russian development is the military, economic, and political convention signed by Poland and Ukraina just before the drive toward Kiev. By this compact Poland agrees to free Ukraina of the Bolshevik troops, and to recognize Ukraina as an independent State. In return, she will be granted certain advantages. Full details of the agreement are not yet published, but it is understood the provisions will grant Poland an outlet to the Black Sea; a Vice-Minister in the Ukrainian Cabinet, which will be composed principally of experts, in order to help the new State obtain a footing in its fight for existence; and virtual control of the railroads through the vast stretches of wheat country from which the Bolsheviks have hitherto been deriving benefit. Poland agrees to give Ukraina military support for a ten-year period; she further agrees to withdraw her troops as soon as the Ukrainian state is safely established, and an invasion from the east provided against. Ukraina definitely renounces in favor of Poland any claim to eastern Galicia, and marks out Ukrainian territory as lying between the Dneiper and the Dneister Rivers, and extending to the Black Sea, with Odessa as its seaport.

The Polish-Ukrainian arrangement is looked on with mixed feelings by the Allies—favorably by the French, who are actively aiding the Poles, and have much to gain by the constitution of a strong Poland, dubiously by England and America. The latter consider that if the territorial arrangement of the compact were carried out, it would mean the severance from Russia of a vast territory, beginning at Odessa on the Black Sea, and with the

combinations previously arranged by Poland, covering Latvia, Lithuania, and White Russia, extending all the way to the Baltic. All of this territory, with a population of something like 40,000,000 inhabitants, would be permanently lost to Russia, and would form a belt of semi-autonomous or autonomous states, under the more or less extended protectorate of Poland, and bound to the latter by political, military, and economic agreements. This creation of a "Greater Poland" would deprive Russia of economic resources which for more than a century have been necessary to her economic life. Moreover, there is a bitter hostility against the Poles, both in Lithuania and also in Ukrainia, where already the Polish policy is being carried forward in the face of a strong anti-Polish feeling, centuries old, entertained by the Russian Orthodox population of the Ukraine and Galicia, both forming branches of the Russian ethnological family, and differing less in language than the North and South of France. England and, less outspokenly, America are opposed to anything like imperialistic aims on the part of Poland as constituting a new European storm centre.

Meanwhile the Polish offensive still continues, and the Bolsheviks are falling back along the whole front. According to latest dispatches, Polish and Ukrainian forces have struck a powerful blow at the Russian Bolshevik front far north of Kiev, and have driven the enemy back along the Beresina River. Betchitsa, an important Dneiper River crossing, has been captured, and serious losses have been inflicted on the Soviet army. Fighting is now going on over a front of approximately four hundred and twenty miles. An interesting feature of the Polish situation is the fact that less than two years ago, at the time the armistice was signed, Poland from a military point of view was non-existent, whereas today it is estimated she has a fighting force of more than 700,000 men, and is maintaining a front greater than the Franco-German front during the War.

Of course, the Polish offensive has put an end to all peace negotiations between Poland and the Soviet Government. Late in April and early in May negotiations for the resumption of trade between Russia on the one hand and various outside countries, such as England, Italy, Finland, Sweden, and Latvia, on the other, were in progress, but the Polish successes have had the effect of slowing these up.

The belief is expressed in British official circles that a well-defined plan is afoot to renew an encircling military offensive against the Bolsheviks. Coincident with the Polish Ukrainian victories over the Soviet armies in southwestern Russia, three additional divisions of Japanese troops have been thrown into

Siberia, official advices say. The British Foreign Office also has been advised that Finland is purchasing large quantities of military supplies, and apparently is planning a new attack toward Petrograd.

In view of these facts, and the announced decision of the Moscow Government to exclude from Russia any member of a League of Nations Investigating Committee, who represents a nation supporting the Poles and Ukrainians, any action on Lloyd George's plan for the resumption of trade with Russia will be postponed, it is thought, until the situation clears. Meanwhile, Russia's trade delegation at Copenhagen, which has been settling the main lines of the programme for trade resumption between Russia and the outside world, has decided to return to Russia. This is due to the reported refusal of Great Britain to admit Maxim Litvinoff to England, and because no answer was received to its appeal to the San Remo Conference that the trade negotiations be transferred to some other country.

Though the month's record for the Bolsheviki on the western and southwestern fronts has been disastrous, they have been more successful in the east. On April 28th, the Bolshevik forces occupied Baku, an important port on the western coast of the Caspian Sea, and the outlet of the largest petroleum fields in the east. The republics of Georgia and Azerbaijan have submitted to the Soviet armies, and Bolshevism is reported to be spreading rapidly throughout Transcaucasia and into Armenia. The fall of Tiflis is momentarily expected, and, according to latest dispatches, the Bolsheviki are marching from Baku on Batum, which stands at the extremity of the railroad and pipe line which distributes oil from the Caucasus fields. If the Bolsheviki take Batum, it would mean the loss to Great Britain of the indispensable key to her exploitation of the Caucasus.

Severe fighting occurred late in April at Chita, Transbaikalia, between the forces of General Voitzeffsky, the sole remnant of Admiral Kolchak's army in Transbaikalia, and the opposing Bolshevik faction. The Japanese are said to be supporting General Voitzeffsky. The Japanese representative at Vladivostok declares that the action of the Japanese troops has been sanctioned by the Allies. Japanese reinforcements are constantly arriving at Vladivostok.

The remnants of the Russian volunteer army in the Stochy region of the Black Sea coast to the number of 60,000 men are recently reported to have surrendered to the Bolsheviki. All, with the exception of the leaders of the rising, were granted life and liberty.

General Wrangel, who is attempting to hold together the shattered forces of General Denikin in the Crimea until they are assured of protection, recently reported to British official quarters that he had been able to reorganize the men sufficiently to withstand the isolated Bolshevik attacks. Other reports indicate that the Bolsheviks are preparing for a general attack, hoping further to crush Denikin's followers before Great Britain's demand for their protection is recognized by the Russian Soviet Government. Notwithstanding reports from Moscow that the Bolsheviks will accede to Great Britain's demand, the British Government is still unsatisfied with the replies received from the Soviet Government, and is awaiting an answer to its last note.

An aftermath of the sessions of the Russian-Japanese Commission for the liquidation of the events of April 4th and 5th, when the Japanese took possession of Vladivostok, has been the announcement by the Provisional Government that elections will shortly be held for a Far Eastern Provincial Parliament. The Government is organizing an international Board of Trade, consisting of Russian, Chinese, American, and Japanese business men. The Japanese have installed a complete telephone system, both military and industrial.

Italy.

The results of the ten-day conference of the Supreme Council of Allied Premiers at San Remo, beginning on April 16th, were such that each Government participating in them considered its aspirations to be measurably satisfied. The Premiers and Foreign Ministers met in mutual distrust, but they parted with great personal cordiality, and with much more confidence in the future. The decisions arrived at involved mutual concessions, and may be summarized under three main heads: Germany, Turkey, and Russia.

The German decision made clear that the Allies were in complete harmony on the fulfillment of the Versailles Treaty, and that they would require its fulfillment, by joint military action, if necessary. The first evidence of German good faith required by the Allies is disarmament. The indemnity to be paid by Germany will be fixed as soon as possible at a lump sum to be paid in annual installments extending over thirty years, or in such other manner as may later be decided on. An annual payment of three billion marks pre-war exchange, for thirty years, it is understood, has been tentatively suggested, but no definite sum will be named till the Allies hold their meeting with the German representatives. This meeting between the Allied and German representatives is

scheduled to take place at Spa, Belgium, on May 25th. The German request to be allowed an army of 200,000 is refused, in view of the German failure to observe certain terms of the Peace Treaty. France on her part makes an emphatic disavowal of imperialistic or militaristic aims, and declares she has no intention of annexing the left bank of the Rhine.

In dealing with the dismembered portions of the old Turkish Empire, the Council decided to make Great Britain the mandatory for Mesopotamia and Palestine, and France the mandatory for Syria. A formal offer has been made to the United States to accept the mandate for Armenia, and, in the event of refusal, President Wilson is asked to act as arbitrator in the question of the boundaries of Armenia. Armenian independence is recognized by the constitution of a free Republic. The Turkish Treaty was completed and was later handed to the Turkish plenipotentiaries in Paris on May 10th. By its terms the Turkish army is to be reduced to 25,000 men. The Turks will not be permitted to maintain troops on the European side except one company in Constantinople for a guard of honor to the Sultan, who is allowed to retain his seat of government there. The city will be in the hands of police with an Allied Commission supervising. Italy, France, and Great Britain in turn will nominate the Chairman of the inter-allied forces in Constantinople.

At the urgent request of the Italian Premier, it was decided to open up trade relations with Russia, and to give every facility for sending peaceable material to Russia, and for obtaining the surplus of Russian foodstuffs and raw materials for the rest of the world. It was made clear, however, that the Allies as a whole refused to accept on the Bolshevik trade delegation the presence of M. Litvinoff, because of the abuse of his privileges while in England by engaging in active political propaganda. The apparent refusal of the Soviet Government to remove M. Litvinoff from the Commission, and especially the new hopes engendered by the Polish victories since the San Remo Conference, have served to render this decision of the Allies largely inoperative.

The Adriatic question was brought before the Supreme Council, but it was decided on the request both of the Italian Premier and of M. Trumbitch, the Jugo-Slav Foreign Minister, to leave the settlement of the dispute to negotiation between the two interested countries. Conversations between Premier Nitti and M. Trumbitch have been going on at intervals throughout the month, and on several occasions a full agreement, involving plans for a buffer state about Fiume, were reported to have been arrived at. All reports of agreement, however, have been subsequently denied, and

the whole matter at present is apparently as far from settlement as ever. Meanwhile d'Annunzio continues at Fiume, which is under strict blockade by the Italian authorities to prevent supplies from reaching the insurgents. The communications of the town have been completely cut off, regular Italian troops tearing up sections of the railway and bringing up numbers of machine guns to guard the frontiers. Passage in and out of the city is absolutely forbidden, not even milk going in, and connection with the outside world by the sea route has been completely severed.

The fifth meeting of the Executive Council of the League of Nations opened in Rome towards the middle of May. Profound political changes have taken place since the first session of the Council, which opened in an atmosphere of extreme optimism, but now even its warmest advocates admit that the League is in a bad way. This is due to two principal causes: the failure of America to join the League, and the indefinite continuance of the Supreme Council of Allied Premiers and Foreign Ministers which threatens to become a permanent body, and to absorb many duties assigned to the League. At present the League has neither moral nor material strength. At the Rome conference several questions of importance are to be considered, among them being the date of the first meeting of the Assembly, which, under Article III. of the Covenant, consists of representatives of all the members of the League. It is planned to call the first gathering late this year, probably at Geneva. The Labor Department of the League has begun to move to Geneva, and by the end of the month it is expected it will be permanently installed there. Another assembly, under the auspices of the League, is the economic conference at Brussels, which is scheduled to meet towards the end of May. In June the Committee to draft a constitution for the permanent court of arbitration will meet at The Hague, with Elihu Root as the American representative.

With regard to purely Italian affairs, towards the middle of May the Ministry, of which Premier Nitti was the head, was forced to resign in consequence of an adverse vote in the Chamber of Deputies. The Popular, or Catholic, Party, numbering one hundred votes, which had hitherto supported the Ministry, joined the opposition. Premier Nitti has been the object of innumerable bitter attacks in the past year, and on the eve of the reopening of the Chamber of Deputies early in May, there were animated discussions among all groups as to the attitude to be taken toward the Ministry. The Catholics resented the policy of the Government towards the radicals during recent disturbances in Northern Italy as being excessively mild. The Cabinet crisis is considered

one most difficult to solve, because the Chamber is divided chiefly into two groups, the Socialists and Catholics, neither of which is strong enough to constitute a majority, while an agreement between them is impossible on a common programme. General elections are prophesied for the near future, as no Cabinet can remain long in power with the Chamber constituted as at present.

The internal condition of Italy has grown steadily worse during the month because of the great number of strikes, of which the most serious in its effects has been the so-called peasants' strike. This strike, which was called over a month ago among the agricultural workers in the Province of Novara in sympathy with the industrial strike, has been accompanied by bloodshed, and also by destruction of crops on a considerable scale.

The industrial strike is reported to include all Piedmont, where it is estimated that the number of persons in voluntary idleness exceeds 500,000, and to be spreading to Lombardy and Liguria. The Turin conflict, which is being waged over the question of workmen's Soviets, shows no signs of settlement. A grave feature of the troubles is that State servants, the post and telegraph workers, are really idle almost all over the country despite the fact that at Turin, for instance, they are supposed to have agreed to return to work. In fact, this form of semi-strike—what the French call *grève perlée*—in which the workers do not actually quit work, but simply do not do any, has grown terribly prevalent in Italy, especially in cases of Government employees, or elsewhere, when military force is likely to be exercised successfully. Its deliberate passive inertia is harder to beat than ten ordinary straightforward strikes.

France. Since the first of May France has been disturbed by a series of strikes, whose object was the furtherance of the radical purpose to dictate to the Government the nationalization of the railroads, mines and other industries. The Government has responded by announcing its determination to dissolve the General Federation of Labor, and many of the strike leaders have been arrested. This drastic step is in accordance with French law, which strictly defines the power of syndicalists on striking, providing only for strikes on professional or economic grounds. The present strike has been called on political grounds in the endeavor to exert pressure on the Government to acknowledge labor's power on the nationalization issue. The Labor Federation has been trying to intimidate the Government by successive waves of strikes since the railway men walked out the first of the month. The Labor

Federation has successively called out ten other unions to support the railway men. The first wave of the workers' attack was that of the miners, dockers and seamen. Then followed the metallurgists, general transport workers, subway employees, and electricians. Finally the strike was extended to the electric-light, gas and furniture-trade workers, thus producing on paper everything short of a general strike, which is the Federation's last card. Public opinion and the great majority of the workers are undoubtedly against a strike. There is, nevertheless, some trepidation concerning the result of the Government's drastic action.

During the month much space has been given in the French press to discussions of the San Remo Conference. The general results of the Conference are hailed as a French victory, both with regard to the fulfillment of the Treaty, in the matter of definite procedure as to German disarmament and demobilization, and also as providing a joint indivisible programme for the Allies in future. To obtain these advantages, the French were obliged to make certain concessions, chiefly in the matter of consenting to a direct conference with the Germans at Spa, the fixing of a lump sum as the German indemnity, and waiving their objections to certain portions of the Turkish Treaty. The outstanding feature of the San Remo meeting in French eyes is the definite decision by the three Allies against any revision of the Treaty of Versailles.

The Peace Treaty for Turkey was presented to the Turkish delegation at the French Foreign Office on May 11th. The Turks have thirty days in which to reply. The Treaty is rather remarkable for the great attention paid to the League of Nations, many duties being assigned to that organization in enforcing the terms. It is provided that England, France and Italy shall assume permanent and complete control of Turkish finances. A strong faction of French opinion favors rewriting portions of the Treaty, which it claims sacrifice French interests for the benefit of England.

The French ban upon the importation of all articles of luxury became effective April 28th, and just before it adjourned, the Chamber of Deputies passed a law forbidding all exportations of works of art of a date prior to 1830, and all paintings and sculptures of artists dead for more than twenty years. Both laws have been the subject of much criticism in the French press, particularly the first. It is thought that it will scarcely serve to restore the unfavorable trade balance and may suggest reprisal measures on the part of other countries.

The sixth meeting of the International Parliamentary Conference on Commerce opened in Paris on May 4th, and continued for three days. The delegates, who are members of the parliaments

of the various countries, represented Belgium, Brazil, China, Finland, Great Britain, Greece, Italy, Japan, Poland, Portugal, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, and Jugo-Slavia. The findings of the Conference, which has only recommendatory powers, will be sent to the Brussels international financial meeting.

The Conference adopted a series of resolutions, the first of which requested that international legislation be enacted to control responsibility in sea transportation. The second asked the formation of an international commission charged with studying the question of exchange, and arriving at an agreement concerning the debts of the Allies and former enemy countries.

The third requested the various nations immediately take steps to curtail expenses, improve their financial position, and reduce the circulation of paper currency for the purpose of stabilizing exchange. The fourth declared the reparations clauses of the Versailles Treaty should not be changed, and asked that the Reparations Commission of the Peace Conference proceed to allocate gold bonds to the countries which suffered through the War, and that the nations signatory to the Treaty facilitate advance on the bonds.

Apart from payment of the German indemnity the only international anxiety seriously troubling France at present is the question of German disarmament. From a report recently made by American observers to the United States Government, this anxiety is well grounded. The most noteworthy instance of non-compliance with the disarmament clauses of the Treaty, according to this report, is the failure of Germany to reduce her military effectives. Although pledged to reduce her regular army to 200,000 by April 10, 1920, and to 100,000 by July 10th, the regular army remains approximately 250,000.

The state constabulary of 75,000 to 150,000, and approximately 600,000 home guards, are regarded as a violation of the Treaty provision forbidding any reserve or secret armed forces. Although in compliance with the Treaty the German General Staff ostensibly has been abolished, the report says that the nucleus of a general staff continues to be maintained. Of the guns and ammunition Germany agreed to destroy by March 10, 1920, it is estimated that up to January 5, 1920, about one-quarter of the amount had been disposed of. Prohibition of the exportation of munitions into other countries is also said to have been violated. Secrets in the manufacture of gas and other munitions, which the Germans agreed to disclose to the Allies before April 10th, have not yet been divulged. Military clauses reported as completely complied with, include adoption of new tables of organization,

non-manufacture of munitions, non-importation of munitions, abolition of universal military service, and the destruction of Rhine fortifications.

Germany.

Allied military authorities were notified on May 10th by the German Government that the number of troops in the Ruhr region had been cut down to the number of units authorized under the agreement reached in Paris last August. The Germans intimated that they expected, in consequence, the withdrawal of French troops from Frankfort. An Allied Commission has been appointed to visit the Ruhr Valley and investigate conditions. It is expected that the German decision not to intervene in the territory south of the Ruhr will have to be revoked, because of urgent appeals from this section, where apprehension is felt over the possibility of another radical outbreak. The understanding is that some Reichwehr troops combined with a force of security police will enter the zone. The French have announced the withdrawal of the 67th Division to Weisbaden. This division included the Moroccan and Algerian troops, whose presence in Frankfort was greatly resented by the people.

German economic experts, financiers, merchants, and captains of industry are exceedingly pessimistic regarding the results of the Spa Conference, May 25th, mainly because of what they consider the extreme severity of the French attitude. It is announced that the German Government will request a postponement of the conference to June 10th because of the difficulty in getting together data for the conference and also because of the approaching German elections. It is understood that the Germans will make a concrete proposal for annual payments, and the sum frequently mentioned as an average of the first ten years is one billion marks, to be paid in gold. Meanwhile a meeting of French and German experts will take place in Paris on May 17th to discuss Franco-German commercial relations, and to make arrangements for the restoration of northern France.

The preliminary proceedings for the trial by the Supreme Court at Leipsic of German criminals have begun, though the date of the main trial has not yet been fixed. Forty-six Germans, ranging from an army corps commander to a simple private, figure on the Allies' first specified list of war culprits to be arraigned. The preliminaries also have been begun in the case against Wolfgang Kapp and Major General Baron von Luettwitz and their associates in the recent uprising who are charged with high treason. The mass of evidence in the case is still increasing. Kapp has fled to

Stockholm, and has placed himself under the protection of the Swedish Government, which refuses to allow his extradition.

Germany at present is in the midst of the campaign for the election of the new Reichstag, which is set for June 6th. The danger of new revolts and of the subversion of the Republic either by the reactionaries or the Bolsheviki, is dominating the campaign and overshadowing all other questions. Returns from the elections to the local assemblies in the Bavarian Palatinate, at the end of April, show a remarkable drift from the Coalition Parties to the opposition. Compared with the National Assembly election in 1919, the Catholics showed a loss in votes of twenty-five per cent, the Democrats of forty-three per cent, and the Majority (or moderate) Socialists nearly forty-four per cent, while the Independent Socialists gained three hundred and ninety-four per cent, and the Agrarian League and People's Party eleven per cent.

Forty billion marks is involved in the Government's purchase of the Federated States Railways, which has been approved by the National Assembly. The annual interest is estimated at fourteen million marks. The Government is not over sanguine with respect to early returns from the investment, in view of the dilapidated condition of the railways, the delayed output from repair shops, and continued demands by the men for wage increases. More than a million employees of the railways will be on the Government payroll, and the whole transaction is described as one of the most gigantic ever effected by any parliament.

A Swiss Commission of experts, just returned from an investigation of conditions in Germany, declares that Germany is on the eve of the collapse of both the food supply and industry. At most they reckon that she has cereals enough to supply bread only until the end of May, after which she must depend on foreign supplies. The scarcity extends to all articles of food, and the country is confronted with famine. To obviate this danger the German Government recently contracted for a large importation of food from Holland, Scandinavia and England. The contract is part of a huge re-victualling scheme which embraces cereals, cheese, rice, potatoes, condensed milk, live cattle and pigs, totaling 6,500,000,000 marks. Moreover, the shipment of 10,000 tons of frozen meat from the United States has been contracted for at 2,750,000,000 marks. The products imported will not be permitted to enter the free markets, but will be distributed by the public authorities on the basis of the present rationing system, preference being given the urban localities.

May 17, 1920.

With Our Readers.

THE Gregorian Congress, which meets in New York on the first, second and third of June, under the auspices of His Grace, Archbishop Hayes, will, no doubt, prove a significant event, because it will afford a striking illustration of what can be accomplished towards the realization of at least one type—what may be called the fundamental type—of sacred music.

In 1903 Pope Pius X. gave to the world in his letter on this subject, the instructions which were meant for the general betterment of the singing in our places of worship and for the elimination of abuses that had been allowed to intrude. Since that day various efforts have been made, with more or less success, to meet the requirements of the "*Motu Proprio*;" and these efforts have been no less prominent and effective in our own country than in others. Much, however, still remains to be done.

During the Congress, the Masses and the offices of Vespers and Compline to be sung in St. Patrick's Cathedral by immense congregations of the laity, adults and children, and by trained choirs for the more difficult parts, notably the Proper of the Mass, there will be given important illustrations not only of Gregorian Chant, but also of the practicability of congregational singing. A great service will be rendered to all interested in Church Music by such exemplification of one of the kinds of music classified by His Holiness Pope Pius X. as appropriate to the liturgical services of the Church.

* * * *

NOT the least good result that may be expected from the assembly and work of such a Congress is that it will arouse a new interest in the general subject of music proper to religious worship, and stimulate clergy and laity towards greater efforts in seeking to reach the aims set and the ideals advanced by the Holy Father. May we not hope, likewise, that it will result in a closer and deeper study of the "*Motu Proprio*" itself in every detail, so that all who are zealous for the House of God will be led to exclude whatever is unbecoming in the music of Divine service, and adhere, as the document requires, to the use of either Gregorian Chant, which the Church "prescribes exclusively for some parts of the Liturgy," or to the classic polyphony, which "has been found worthy of a place side by side with the Gregorian Chant in the more solemn functions of the Church . . .," or to

that modern music of the proper kind, which "is also admitted in the Church, since it, too, furnishes compositions of such excellence, sobriety, and gravity, that they are in no way unworthy of the liturgical functions."

THE question of public health, and the efforts centred upon it as a field of social action demand both the attention and the activity of the Catholic body. The importance of the subject was impressing itself more and more upon the mind of every community before we entered the World War. Our entry therein brought every one of us quickly and violently face to face with the far-reaching vital importance of the problem. Upon it depended our ability to raise an army that could fight and conquer. Upon it depended also our power to have an army at home that would serve not only to support the men overseas, but that would sustain the very life of the nation itself.

Public health has become a national question of primary importance. It has brought home to thinking men and women, as perhaps nothing else would, the necessity of what may be called the community spirit. This is but a rehearsal of the Christian truth that we do not live alone: that we are our brother's keeper: that every one is our neighbor: that we are all children of one human father: that we are saved by the second Head of the human race, Jesus Christ our Lord, and that our life here should be that of members of the Kingdom of Christ and members one of another. Therefore, do we daily pray to God our Father: "Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

* * * *

THE painful experience of sacrifice and of sorrow which our country was forced to endure because of the War has re-enlightened many with an old and a very Christian truth: namely, that the best must die that the less fit and weaker may live. The army examination rejected the physically deficient: these latter remained at home: their stronger brothers went to the front. And of those who went into army service, such as violated the moral law and sought their own pleasure and indulgence had to remain in hospital for treatment. Their brothers who denied themselves sinful pleasure were fit and worthy to go to the fighting line. The best gave themselves that the less worthy might live.

This also is but a reflection of the great central and central-

izing truth of Catholic Faith, that Christ, the Worthiest and the Highest, gave Himself that we sinful and unworthy might have life in Him.

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IT is wonderful how all life and all of what we are pleased to call social action, is in its goodness but a reflex of the wisdom and love of God. We are His instruments even in the slightest good that we think or do, though very dim, at times, the higher vision may be. A deeper study of these things would show us how true it is that both the well-being and the progress of humankind are built upon the truths of Christ: how every true onward step or movement is but the unfolding in some measure of His revelation and His teaching. Moreover, the realization of this truth is our hope and our sole hope. "Vain," says St. Paul, "is our hope if Christ be not risen from the dead." And if the transcendent truth of Christ is not also imminent, we have no hope.

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THESE very things that are of God are often used by human hands as the means and messengers of evil and of immorality. "They changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of a corruptible man: they changed the truth of God into a lie: and worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator."

The truth of God is that marriage is a sacrament: the very instinct of humanity is to reverence it as a permanent union of husband and wife and children. Yet even so-called ministers of the Christian gospel are perverting the truth of God into a lie, and declaring that divorce makes for decency and morality.

The movement in England to secure easier divorce laws is championed by leading secular journals in this country. The marriage law in Denmark prohibits the mentally defective and those afflicted with syphilis from marrying: it demands a health certificate of the contracting parties. It abolishes the publication of banns in the churches. But beyond these, it provides for legal separation on the mere request of both husband and wife or on the request of either "whenever the mutual good relations of the two may be said to have been destroyed." And after one year of separation a divorce may be granted if both parties request it; after two years the request of only one party is required. Divorce is also granted by the law to persons who have lived apart because of mutual disagreement for three years. If one party is sentenced to two years in jail, the other party shall *ipso facto* have a right to a divorce.

On reading this one wonders why marriage is observed at all: and whether or not marriage is in the minds of the supporters of such a bill an "institution" in any sense of that word. In fact, such legislation brings us face to face with the question whether or not those who enter into such temporary relationship, knowing its provisions, are married at all: in other words whether it is not merely a legalized promiscuity.

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OF course, this more than pagan laxity presages, in so far as it is effective, the degeneration of the human race. It is a decisive indictment against both the religious and moral, the entire spiritual well-being of generations to come. Its protagonists will assert that it protects the public health: it is in fact the worst enemy of public health. It will sow broadcast the seeds of physical as well as moral degeneration. It breathes the condemnation of the apostle "without thought of God in the world." The holiest sentiments and the highest aspirations of humankind are to become the toy of irresponsible and irreligious legislators. They may give one definition to marriage and divorce one year, and another the following year. They may reduce, as they have reduced, the sacred relation of husband and wife to a mere temporary living together. They have no thought that God owns us; that He is our Creator and that we must order our lives under His Law. Of course, their attitude is a reflex of the attitude of many of the people—for legislators are ever subservient: and an index further of how modern legislation, guided by no principle save expediency, is in many cases suicidal in its operation. Legislators fail when their laws disrupt, rather than cement, human society.

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THE laws of our United States concerning marriage and divorce are surely lax enough. And yet we will soon witness attempts to increase their laxity. The public of the United States is not yet ready for such a direct move. It will, therefore, be made to assume the guise of public health.

And here discrimination, careful examination are necessary. State and Federal measures for the protection and safeguarding of public health are absolutely necessary. Every one of us should support most earnestly such legislative measures and protect the community from the danger of contagious diseases of any and every kind; such measures as provide for proper instruction on matters of personal health; on the obligation of caring for our

health and, in that measure, of caring for the community's health; on the care of infants and nursing mothers, particularly among the poor and in congested districts; on the training of young women in the elements at least of nursing, so if an epidemic come, we would be somewhat prepared to meet it.

* * * *

ALL such measures as speak not only of relief, but also of prevention should, and will, we believe, receive the full support of Catholics and of the Catholic body. Because of the injurious, immoral legislation that will be introduced under the cloak of public health, they will not be deceived into grouping all public health measures under the one infamous category. And as they will be vigilant and intelligent in discriminating, so will they be vigilant, intelligent and emphatic in condemning those proposed measures which, under the pretence of safeguarding the public health, are really effective measures to sow broadcast the seeds of immorality and undermine the character of marriage as a sacred and holy institution.

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NOTICE has been given in the public press of the country to a movement that would change the present Federal Code and permit the transmission through the mails of what, up to the present time, has been termed "indecent" reading matter. The supporters of this movement are the defenders of birth control; they wish to spread broadcast all information concerning contraceptive methods and compounds. They have many respectable names on their letterheads; their apologetic language braces itself with a strained ethical enthusiasm; but their real purpose is to lift from marriage its responsibility and therefore its dignity, and its very reason for being, and to make "safe" for married and unmarried the ways of sexual indulgence.

Up to the present time, fear has prevented the actual introduction of this bill into the halls of Congress. In spite of the fear, someone will probably be found to father it. What will be the action of the American public, particularly of the American Catholic public?

This and similar attempts will all be carried on in the name of the public health. It will be noticed that they betray themselves by lack of principle; they lift law and welcome lawlessness.

Our country is beginning to realize that if it is to continue it must have something of a soul to keep. The more it forsakes, or allows its legislators to forsake, principle, the less life will it pos-

sess; the more will its soul shrink to littleness. The evil of the "red" poison is that it has no principle; and every movement that imitates it adds to its strength.

The *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia said some time ago: "We have discredited 'principle.' We have marked down as a 'failure' the various agencies by which 'principle' was instilled into the minds of the Americans who really made America. The schoolhouse has become of very much less importance than the garage. The Church is no longer the centre of the life of the community. A man stands far better who belongs to a fashionable club. *The purely intellectual and spiritual activities have become the eccentric peculiarities of the few. The mass are 'making money.'*

"Yet there never was an age when America so greatly needed the old teaching, the old inspired preaching, the universal inculcation of the old 'principles.' We are a ship finding itself suddenly launched upon seas so stormy that our 'log' hardly carries a parallel, and yet we have flung overboard the old charts, the old compass and have driven the old pilots away from the wheel."

It will be well to remember these things in a day when every man is called upon to interest himself in public legislation, and to play his part as a defender or an enemy of Christian civilization.

THE report that England is sending more soldiers into Ireland is but a further argument in favor of Ireland's fight for freedom. Such a step will be as ineffective and almost as ridiculous as some of the English propaganda which is being published in this country. We will take as the latest example a four-page folder, published by The British-American Association. It is entitled *The Cause of Irish Enmity*, and is written by Saxby Vouler Penfold. The pamphlet is worth noticing, not in itself, but as an evidence of the dire needs to which English propagandists are driven and how they are willing to pervert history.

Our American Revolutionary War was a war for our independence against England. England sent her armies and her fleets here, burnt our cities and killed our men. But this pamphleteer tells us that the American Revolution was "simply part of a struggle which the English had for centuries carried on."

History tells us that the French came to our aid in our fight for independence: but this writer tells us that the French were the enemies of America.

And, according to him, it was through the influence of Cardinal Richelieu that George III. was led to tax the American

colonists. In fact, he assures his readers that the "unrighteous taxation, unnatural war, and subsequent bitterness between Great Britain and the United States were the result of a subtle Franco-Spanish-Roman Catholic intrigue . . . and this has continued to the present day."

In line with this "the Roman Catholic population of Ireland secretly conspired with the Germans to bring about the defeat of the United States and the Allies." And "Ireland in its relations with England is politically as independent as Minnesota in its relations to the United States."

The "few fine Irish Roman Catholics, who volunteered for service in the British Army, did so in defiance of their Roman Catholic priests."

Ulster, according to this authority, owns Ireland and Ulster will be victorious and Ulster will be supported by "an enormous section of our British community."

After all this vicious mendacity he asks that "Britannia and Columbia join hands across the Atlantic, and their outstretched arms will form a sacred arch of peace!"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

A History of the Great War. By A. C. Doyle. Vol. II. *The Loom of Youth.* By A. Vaughn. *Love and Mr. Lewisham.* By H. G. Wells. *On the Trail of the Pioneers.* By J. F. Faris. \$3.50. *Painted Windows.* By S. Kerr. *The Voyage Out.* By V. Woolf. *Whitewash.* By H. A. Vachell.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

Beyond the Horizon. By E. O'Neill. \$1.50 net. *Primitive Society.* By H. R. Lowie. \$3.00 net. *The Release of the Soul.* By G. Cannan. \$1.75. *The Modern Book of French Verse.* Edited by A. Boni. \$2.50 net. *The Modern Library: The Best American Humorous Short Stories,* edited by A. Jessup; *A Modern Book of Criticism,* edited by L. Lewisohn, Litt.D.; *Salomé, the Importance of Being Earnest,* by O. Wilde. 85 cents each.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

The Rose of Jericho. By Ruth H. Boucicault. \$1.90.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

What Social Classes Owe to Each Other. By W. G. Sumner. *Up the Seine to the Battlefields.* By A. B. Dodd. *Pierre and Joseph.* By R. Bazin. \$1.75 net. *Alsace in Rust and Gold.* By E. O'Shaughnessy. \$2.00 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Abbotscourt. By J. Ayscough. *Summarium Theologiæ Moralis.* By A. M. Arregui, S.J. \$1.80.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Penal Legislation in the New Code of Canon Law. By Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, D.D. \$3.00 net. *Your Own Heart.* By Rev. E. F. Garesché, S.J. \$1.25 net. *Worth.* Lectures by Rev. E. Kane, S.J. \$2.25 net.

J. FISCHER & BROTHER, New York:

O Sacrum Convivium. (Muslc.) 12 cents. *Twenty-Five Offertories for the Principal Feasts of the Year.* (Muslc.) Score, 80 cents; vocal part, 40 cents.

ALLYN & BACON, New York:

The Story of Modern Progress. By M. M. West. \$2.00. José. Por A. P. Valdés. 80 cents. *Applied Mathematics.* By E. H. Backer. \$1.25.

BRENTANO'S, New York:

Pax. By L. Marroquin. *The Five Books of Youth.* By R. Hillyer. *With Other Eyes.* By N. Lorimer. \$1.90 net.

ROBERT M. MCBRIDE & Co., New York:

Maureen. By Patrick MacGill. \$2.00 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

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FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

BY FREDERIC SIEDENBURG, S.J.



THE federation of Catholic societies began on the first Pentecost, for on that occasion, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, "The Parthians, the Medes and Elamites, the inhabitants of Judea and Egypt, Crete and Arabia, and even strangers from Rome," were brought together in the name of religion. From that day to this, this same high purpose has federated men and women at all times and in all lands, and this federation is today, as in the past, seen in its highest degree in the Catholic Church. Nearly three hundred million souls from the four corners of the earth are united in one Faith, in one Sacrifice, and under one authority. This world-wide federation has persevered unbroken from that first Pentecost to the present day, unique in the world. Catholics attribute this to divine guidance; others to wonderful organization.

This article shall confine itself to Catholic federation as regards social work, and hence will not directly consider the social value of religion, without which, however, all social work is fragmentary and even illusive, for without religion's foundations a permanent social order of any value is impossible. The Decalogue is still the groundwork of social progress. Why talk of the fullness of life, when life itself is in danger? Why heed the testimony of men, when the truth is

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not sacred? Why strive for wealth when its possession is insecure? Be that as it may, it is natural that religious federation should in the same society produce social federation, and hence in the history of the Church we find the idea of federation, with its consequent power and efficiency, almost universal in its social as well as its religious activities.

Beginning with the deacons and deaconesses of apostolic times, who were, by the way, the first social workers of the Christian era, we find them gradually merging into the religious orders of men and women who successively and successfully met the social problems of every age.

Teaching a new spirit of brotherhood and equality before God, and of humanity to the suffering and the lowly, the early Church, through its sodalities, with which, Mr. C. Osborne Rowe says, the empire was honeycombed, immediately exerted a wide social influence on every grade of society. Slavery was probably never worse than just before the advent of Christianity, which taught the slave the lesson of Christian humility and at the same time bade the master recognize the rights of the slave. The institution of the family also felt the effects of this new spirit in the world, since the rights of women and children were recognized by the Church, and the absolute power of the father over them was taken away by legislation enacted during those times. The Church raised marriage to a sacrament and forbade any absolute divorce, thus giving the family a permanence hitherto unknown.

Preaching everywhere the "Sermon on the Mount," the Church rapidly spread through its vast organization a new doctrine of human brotherhood which is, perhaps, its greatest contribution to social reform. Gladiatorial contests which the Stoics had fruitlessly opposed, were soon abolished. Constantine, the year before he became a Christian, exposed in the amphitheatre many prisoners to wild beasts, but the following year found him promoting laws forbidding such spectacles. The exposure and mutilation of children, so frequent while the Church was buried in the catacombs, ceased when the Church came into freedom. Even Lecky says that "Christianity, for the first time made charity a rudimentary virtue. It effected a complete revolution by regarding the poor as the special representatives of the Christian Founder, thus making the love of Christ rather than the love of man the principle of

charity. . . . A vast organization of charity, presided over by bishops, and actively directed by the deacons, soon ramified over Christendom, till the bond of charity became the bond of unity, and the most distant sections of the Christian Church corresponded by the interchange of mercy."¹ Lowell caught this spirit when he put into the mouth of Christ,

Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three,
Himself, his needy neighbor, and ME.

Beginning with the fourth century the Church sent forth her apostles to all northern Europe, and while teaching the gospel of salvation they did not forget to teach the gospel of work. The monks by their labors gave the example and thus became the real founders of European civilization. Each monastery became a centre of population and community action. Agriculture, commerce and schools followed. Later, to perpetuate this work, the Church fostered guilds of every kind to promote piety, learning and civic pride, and to prevent the profiteering of usury and the exploitation of labor. She taught both the rich and the poor that justice was always paramount and charity often essential; she impregnated the politics and industry of that day with the principles and practices of the democracy of religion, and thus the monasteries became not only the centres of religion, but of social progress.

Equally effective was the Church on behalf of human liberty and world peace. War and feuds were lessened through the efforts of the clergy preaching "the Truce of God," which gradually limited actual fighting to one fourth of the year. Mediæval serfdom sprang from the chaos of the times, and the freed slaves finding they could not protect themselves, preferred to join some master as land slaves or serfs. Here the Church ameliorated their condition by social and economic emancipations, and thereby prepared the way for their ultimate freedom. With truth can we say that democracy took its rise under the ægis of the Church, or as Janet affirms in his *History of Political Philosophy*, "it was in the cloister that the doctrines of the sovereignty of the people were born."²

Opposing riches as hindering salvation, bishops and priests, by the example of their lives and by selling even the

¹ *History of European Morals*, vol. II., 3d ed., p. 79.

² Page 279.

Church ornaments to succor the plague stricken or to ransom captives, forcibly taught the supreme lesson of charity on which social service must always ultimately rest. Some even went farther than sacrificing riches; they sacrificed themselves. In fact, in the thirteenth century (1235) the Order of Mercedarians was established by Peter Nolasco for the purpose of ransoming captives, and often his followers redeemed the *captives* by serving in their stead.

Throughout the centuries the Church's work for the sick and especially for the lepers and the poor, is evidenced by the number of hospitals and hospices established wherever she flourished. Alms were regularly collected in the churches and often distributed there, and all was done in a mediæval fraternal spirit which we moderns might well imitate. Dr. Edward T. Devine some years ago in the *Survey*³ wrote: "The best exponent of this mediæval conception of human relations is Francis Assisi, that joyous friend of man, who mingled with the throngs of men to bring them peace; to teach them once more not to be needlessly worried about many things, but to give themselves wholly in simple, effective service of their fellowmen, to help, console, and strengthen them, and to make sure of faithfulness in this mission by becoming wholly dependent on those who need such service. . . . Tempting as the mendicant friar's philosophy is, however, a more authoritative source, Thomas Aquinas, says the genuine test of true charity is, if it will inspire in the beneficiary, *a desire to pray for the giver*." This Mr. Devine seriously offers in a modern journal of constructive philanthropy as "*a thoroughly scientific efficiency test*"—the best on the whole that has yet been discovered.

The point to be remembered in all this social activity is that it was federated work, generally under episcopal direction and sometimes of national and even of international character. Organizations like the *fratres misericordiæ* (the brothers of mercy), the *montes pietatis* (funds of pity), and the *fratres pontifices* (bridge builders) were lay associations, but stimulated by the Church. The first of these assisted the sick and buried the dead; the second was a system of loan banks to counteract the usury of that day, and the last, the "bridge builders," during four centuries built bridges and

³ February, 1914.

roads and erected inns for travelers to protect them against highwaymen. The *fratres pontifices* were a religious body, and obviously indicate that in the Ages of Faith no social need was foreign to the Church. An interesting development is that of the Alexian Brothers, who were founded in the eleventh century as a lay society to bury the dead, and who became, in 1458, a religious congregation, still existing in many parts of the world, in charge of asylums and hospitals. In the Middle Ages the institutions, schools, hospitals, and asylums for defectives and delinquents were generally conducted by religious bodies, and they were thus the forerunners of nearly all of our state institutions. It was federation of resources and experience that made their work effective, and the religious unity of the times created a community spirit which made this federation not only feasible but even simple.

This brief survey of the historic past of Catholic federation is a necessary background for an understanding of Catholic federation today. It reveals its soul—or shall I say the blood royal that courses in its veins. On account of the religious motive of Catholic social work, it is not hard to understand that in stressing the spiritual, at times the material and scientific aspects of the work were neglected and hence, in spite of good intentions, the remedies were sometimes worse than the diseases they intended to cure. However, this was the exception not the rule. F. A. Walker, the American economist, who reported for our Government on the Poor Laws which succeeded the monastic system in England, pronounced the poor law in “all its details as unnecessarily bad” because it favored the beggar at the expense of the laborer who struggled on in self-support.⁴ Then, as now, the religious Orders in the field of charity profited by their years of experience as their rules testify, and the monasteries soon systematized their social, as well as their religious, work. Many of the canons of the early Church councils and, later on, the rules of the mediæval guilds are almost technical in their treatment of social disorders. Thus one of the early Fathers tells us “let thy obolus sweat in thy hand, lest thou givest it to the unworthy,” and Juan Vives, a Spanish humanist, in the sixteenth century wrote a scientific treatise on poor relief.⁵ He

⁴ Warner, *American Charities*, revised edition, p. 13.

⁵ *De Subventione Pauperum*, 1526.

proscribed mendicancy; he would expel vagrants from the cities; he made employment the basis of rehabilitation and provided vocational guidance; he urged asylums for the insane as well as for foundlings—quite a modern programme this, in 1526!

Frederic Ozanam, a lawyer of Paris and professor of the Sorbonne, is the modern apostle of federated Catholic social work. In 1833, he founded the first Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which applied the practical as well as the spiritual motive of that Saint to the poverty problems of the day. Its members visited the poor without distinction of creed, and their prime principle, as is evident from their rule, was not to dole out alms, but to rehabilitate socially and morally. Soon the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul were spread all over the world. In this country, the first Conference was established in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1845, and the second in New York City the following year. The 1918 report shows 17,000 members; over 30,000 families visited; nearly 5,000 positions secured; and \$612,000 given out in relief.

The example of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul has, no doubt, suggested the federation under the bishops of the Catholic charitable agencies in nearly all of our larger cities. It may be interesting to study the extent of one such federation from a few details of the survey of the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York, which has just been completed. This survey revealed twenty-six general and special hospitals; twenty-four institutions for the welfare of 22,164 children; six homes for the aged; three institutions for delinquents, and twenty-two day nurseries. The survey, we are told, was undertaken "to determine the question of specialization and co-ordination in institutions and agencies, to prevent overlapping and duplication, and in the interest of economy and efficiency."

Another idea of Catholic federation may be gleaned by a study of a few typical dioceses. Here you have the combined resources of all the churches as parish units, federated and assisted by the power and prestige of a single authority, thus making the religious and material resources of the whole diocese mutual aids to social work. Let us first take the Archdiocese of Chicago. According to the *Catholic Directory* of 1920 there are 1,150,000 members distributed in three hundred and fifty-two churches. In the city of Chicago alone

there are 107,062 pupils in two hundred and two parochial grade schools, and in the country sections there are seventy-nine schools with 17,225 pupils. In this Archdiocese there are nine orphanages with 2,825 boys and girls; three asylums with two hundred and sixty-seven infants; three working girls' homes with three hundred and sixty-five boarders. Then there are five homes for the aged; eighteen hospitals; two maternity homes; three Houses of the Good Shepherd; a school for the deaf and dumb and an insane asylum, not to mention settlement centres, day nurseries, employment bureaus, Braille and Ephpheta societies, etc. Although many of these organizations are independently managed and self-supporting, they are, all, for the sake of efficiency, affiliated with the Associated Catholic Charities, which is directly concerned with outdoor relief, court activities, and institutional follow-up work. In 1919 the Associated Catholic Charities spent nearly half a million dollars.

To take an example from the South and of a smaller federation, the following statistics of the Archdiocese of New Orleans may be studied. The Catholic population is 426,338. There are two hundred and fifty-three priests, two hundred and fourteen churches, and over 20,000 children attending ninety-nine parochial schools, twenty-seven of which are for colored children. There are ten asylums for 1,169 children, three hospitals, three homes for the aged, a House of the Good Shepherd, a deaf mute asylum, and a hotel for workingmen. Besides these, there are parish day nurseries, aid societies, etc.

As a last example let us take an industrial diocese in the northeastern part of the country, Hartford, Connecticut. The 1919 census gave a population of 519,886. There are two hundred and forty-seven churches administered by four hundred and twenty-five priests; there are eighty-six parochial schools of 41,615 pupils, taught by 1,642 religious women; there are four asylums with eight hundred and forty-one orphans, four day nurseries with a daily attendance of two hundred and thirty-four; a home for one hundred and seventy-five delinquent girls; five hospitals caring for 18,422 patients, two homes for the aged with three hundred and two inmates.

These general statistics of only three dioceses give us at least some measure for visualizing the federation of all the Catholic forces in the United States which, at the end of 1919,

were as follows: one hundred and two dioceses, 21,019 priests, 16,181 churches, nine hundred and eleven colleges and high schools, 5,852 parish schools with 1,702,213 children, two hundred and ninety-six orphanages with 45,687 children, and a total Catholic population of 17,735,553. The great asset of Catholic federation in social work is its personnel, which for the most part is made up of women and men who have consecrated their lives to the work, asking nothing but an existence so as to serve. Occasionally this great asset is discounted by an indifference to newer and better methods of work. In general, however, the efficiency of Catholic charity is acknowledged even by those of other creeds. No less a person than Mr. John D. Rockefeller has said that in his opinion Catholic Charity Organizations make a dollar go farther than any others. The degree and value of federation in the various dioceses naturally vary according to the conservative or progressive policies of those in authority. In Cincinnati the federation of Catholic Charities and Corrections is very comprehensive, and in St. Louis they hold their own diocesan charity conferences. In Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, Bridgeport, and other places, the coördination of all social agencies and institutions is practically complete, and they are all under the control of a Director of Diocesan Charities and his Council.

Federation in itself is not necessarily a synonym for efficiency, for it may err on the side of system and technique as well as through the want of them. System and technique are necessary but, like pure sentiment, which they aim to avoid, they defeat their own purpose if they become hide-bound. A happy medium between head and heart, between science and sentiment would seem to be the highest efficiency as well as the sanest humanity. *Virtus stat in medio*. Today we are in danger that our federations, in their zeal for scientific coördination and methods, may lose the "milk of human kindness" which, after all, is vital to their work.

Catholic social work, to be worthy of the name must, of course, be religious, but none the less, it must be scientific for the Church must give the world not only ideals, but must apply them to problems vast and complex, which demand scientific treatment. It was this thought, no doubt, which in 1910 inspired the founders of the National Conference of Catholic Charities. While preserving the character of Catholic

charity, it aims "to take advantage of the ripest wisdom in relief and preventive work and to serve as a bond of union for the innumerable charity organizations. It further aims to be the attorney for the poor in modern society, to present their point of view and to direct them unto the days when social justice may secure to them their rights." Next September, the sixth biennial conference will be held in Washington. The mustard seed of 1910 has grown into an ample tree in 1920, in whose shade many earnest social workers find inspiration and direction for their noble calling.

Independent of Church control, there are innumerable Catholic societies doing social work of diverse kinds. Foremost among these are the Knights of Columbus, who have for their purpose citizenship and religion and their personal advancement through sociability and insurance. In recent years they have engaged largely in social work, having spent during the War thirty million dollars, and their "Everybody Welcome" slogan and its realization at home and abroad, have attracted the attention of the world. They are now conducting vocational night schools, employment bureaus, and Americanization centres as their contribution to our reconstruction. Established in 1882, on January 1, 1920, they had 1,937 Councils with 581,983 members, of whom 165,189 were in the insured class. In the year 1919 the Knights of Columbus carried an insurance of one hundred and forty million dollars, and paid out a million and a half dollars in death benefits.

Another large fraternal organization is the Catholic Order of Foresters, with assets of nine million dollars, and carrying an insurance of one hundred and fifty million dollars among a membership of 160,000. Their Courts use the parish as a unit and, although the Foresters are specifically a mutual insurance society, they have other features, promoting social education and religion. The feminine counterpart of this organization is the Women's Catholic Order of Foresters, with assets of four million dollars, and an insurance of seventy-five millions and a membership of 75,000.

In 1836 the Ancient Order of Hibernians was established in this country for the purpose of promoting Irish ideals of citizenship and religion, and in 1894 a Woman's Auxiliary was added to it. Both of these organizations have in many places taken up fraternal insurance, with sick and death

benefits. According to the last annual report, the Hibernians have a membership of over 100,000, with assets of nearly five million dollars, and a record of having paid over twenty millions of dollars in sick and death benefits. The Woman's Auxiliary has 75,000 members, nearly three million dollars in assets, and in its short career has paid out over a million dollars.

Another large woman's organization is the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association, with a membership of 150,000 distributed in 1,300 Lodges, and carrying an insurance of one hundred and seventeen million dollars during the year 1919. Then, there are the Daughters, the Ladies, the Circle of Isabella, and kindred societies which, though primarily social, nevertheless engage locally in welfare work suited to their organization.

Another organization, quite apart from the rest and which gives promise of valuable social work, is The International Federation of Catholic Alumnæ, founded in 1914 for the purpose of upholding ideals of Catholic womanhood in education, literature and social work. At the present time they hold annual meetings, to which representatives of nearly every Catholic academy and college for women sends delegates.

It is not generally known that in the parishes of the foreign born, and especially among the Slavs, there are many benevolent associations of great value: death and sick benefit societies; loan and building associations promoting thrift and housing; dramatic and musical societies furnishing recreation and entertainment. Some of these organizations are national in scope, such as the Polish Roman Catholic Union which, in 1919, counted 105,000 members, carrying an insurance of sixty-five millions and having three million dollars in assets. Nearly every nationality has similar organizations, thus among the Germans, it is the Knights of St. George and the Catholic Knights of America, the latter organization having, in forty-three years of its existence, paid out twenty-two million dollars in insurance in forty-two States. Among the Italians there is no nation-wide society, but locally they have many large groups, such as the L'Unione Siciliana, while the Catholic Slovak Union and the Bohemian Slavonian Benevolent Society, with assets of a million and a half dollars, have branches in many parishes.

A strictly social reform organization is the German Catholic Central Verein, established in 1855, and whose primary purpose is preventive social work through education and legislation. This organization was a pioneer "crying in the wilderness" for the consideration of social problems based on sound ethics and economics. They pleaded and worked for the immigrant, for labor legislation and, in general, for community coöperation. Their work, though silent, has been most effective. They publish a journal, conduct a central bureau of information and supply the Church newspapers with weekly news items of social welfare. At the present time the membership counts 147,000 in twenty State organizations.

Directly connected with the Church are many smaller parish organizations, but these are sometimes units of larger diocesan organizations. The most popular of these is the Holy Name Society. In the Boston archdiocese there are 56,000 members in two hundred parishes, while in the Chicago archdiocese there are 70,000 members in one hundred and seventy-one branches. Primarily organized for the spiritual welfare of its members and to promote respect for the Holy Name, this Society also engages in social activities adapted to the needs of the community or parish. Members are "Big Brothers" to wayward boys, or they visit the jails and hospitals or supply community recreation; in fact, in His Holy Name they are ready to help any brother in any way.

Another important parish organization is The Sodality for both sexes and for all ages, and often there are as many as ten in a large parish. Intended for the spiritual profit of its members, its rules also prescribe works of neighborly charity. In olden times this work expressed itself in alms and in visits to the poor and sick, but today social service is introduced in many of its larger groups. This service is shown in homes for business and working girls, recreational centres, day nurseries, vacation and Sunday Schools, and "Big Sister" Work. Today there are nine thousand sodalities in the United States with an approximate membership of nearly 360,000.

The idea of Catholic federation was carried to a high development when twenty years ago the American Federation of Catholic Societies was organized to affiliate all existing societies on the principle that, though marching apart, they could strike together. Leaving each party its autonomy, the

Federation wished to coördinate their efforts in the interest of nation-wide movements and often in coöperation with secular societies and those of other creeds. Thus they promoted woman and child labor legislation, workingmen's compensation laws and moving picture censorship; they opposed the white slave traffic, the divorce evil, lewd literature, and the vicious theatre. At the last general meeting, just before the War, the delegates represented nearly three million members in all parts of the Union. The War, however, demanded a more highly centralized federation, and hence at its outbreak the Bishops of the Church met in Washington and created the National Catholic War Council. This Council, while leaving the welfare work of the soldiers within the camps to the Knights of Columbus who were already in the field, concentrated its efforts in supplying chaplains for the army and navy, and in conducting hostess and community houses and service clubs, and in establishing employment bureaus and hospital social service.

The War Council has recently been succeeded by a permanent organization called the National Catholic Welfare Council, which was formed in September, 1919, and which is administered by seven bishops in the name of the entire hierarchy. The National Catholic Welfare Council will operate through several departments: Social Action; Legislation; Press and Publicity; Education, and Lay Organizations, including a National Council of Women, and a National Laymen's Council, all of which are already organized for work and give rich promises for the weal of Church and State. Here we hope to have a federation of many millions dedicated to God and country, a federation that will speak with one tongue though its members are of many languages; that will think with one mind though reflecting the ideals of many lands; that will act with one heart though they are priest and lay, rich and poor, learned and ignorant—truly a universal, that is a Catholic Federated Society.

THE PASSING OF W. D. HOWELLS.

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN.



IN a day when death has been busy among so many who had hardly begun to live, men are less inclined to notice the passage of one whose labors are complete. But to those for whom his delicate and delightful art had long been a consolation and an encouragement, the news that William Dean Howells was no more, must have been a blow mitigated only by the characteristic serenity with which he met the end. He had carried the torch a long way and it burnt brightly to the last. Born more than eighty-three years ago, he had been continuously contributing to American letters for over sixty years. The lengthy procession of his books began with a volume of verse, *Poems of Two Friends*, written in collaboration with John J. Piatt, and a presidential campaign "Life" of Lincoln. Twelve industrious years of miscellaneous literary work passed before he published his first novel, *Their Wedding Journey*, in 1871. There followed many novels, tales, and studies and sketches—literary, autobiographical, and topographical—of which the best are probably *The Rise of Silas Lapham* (1885), *A Hazard of New Fortunes* (1889), *A Boy's Town* (1890), *Literary Friends and Acquaintances* (1900), and *Certain Delightful English Towns* (1908).

Twenty years ago Howells was universally regarded as the most distinguished living American man of letters. Today it seems as if his popularity had, in large measure, waned. The younger reviewers—and most of the older—no longer quote him, or write of him deferentially—the parole among them being, apparently, that he was all very well for his time and taste, but that, in these spacious days of Frank Norris, Upton Sinclair, and Theodore Dreiser (especially Theodore), and their austere followers, he is of little account as an artist and of less as an interpreter of the tumultuous American reality. With a mournful knowingness they allude to him—these alert and profound young men—as one who, in sinking (so they depict him) into the almost academic leisureliness of a

New England editorial chair, had somehow made a great refusal and sunk to the rear and the slaves.

We are still too close to his achievement to appraise adequately either it or the influence which it is likely to exert as time goes on; but now that William Dean Howells is dead and his work is ended, it is only a just and natural piety to attempt a brief notation of his quality, and to suggest a reason for the neglect into which he has so strangely fallen.

Of mixed Welsh, German and Irish strains, Howells was born in the small southern Ohio town of Martin's Ferry, and lived there until his twelfth year when his family moved to Columbus, the capital of the State. His childhood was happy, and the faithful loving record of it which he has given the world in *A Boy's Town* is not only one of the rare treasures of American literature, but also a classic in the literature of boyhood—a department of letters where the authentic classics are few and far between. One reader can never forget the thrill that came to him years ago when he read of the drowning of the one-legged man who came off in a yawl to board the steamboat going down the Ohio River to Cincinnati: "The passenger is a one-legged man, and he is standing in the yawl, with his crutch under his arm, and his cane in his other hand . . . when the yawl comes alongside he tries to step aboard the steamboat, but he misses his footing and slips into the yellow river and vanishes softly. It is all so smooth and easy and it is as curious as the little men jumping up from the rain-drops." The book is full of unforgettable little touches like that, and of pictures exquisitely colored in the soft and mellow tints of affectionate reminiscence. "It seems to me," the glorious second paragraph of *A Boy's Town* begins, "that my Boy's Town was a town peculiarly adapted for a boy to be a boy in. It had a river, the great Miami River which was as blue as the sky when it was not as yellow as gold; and it had another river, called the Old River, which was the Miami's former channel, and which held an island in its sluggish loop; the boys called it The Island; and it must have been about the size of Australia; perhaps it was not so large. Then this town had a Canal and a Canal-Basin, and a First Lock and a Second Lock; you could walk out to the First Lock, but the Second Lock was at the edge of the known world, and when my boy was very little, the biggest boy had never been beyond it.

Then it had a Hydraulic, which brought the waters of the Old River for mill power through the heart of the town, from a Big Reservoir and a Little Reservoir; the Big Reservoir was as far off as the Second Lock, and the Hydraulic ran under mysterious culverts at every street crossing. All these streams and courses had fish in them at all seasons, and all summer long they had boys in them and now and then a boy in winter, when the thin ice of the mild Southern Ohio winter let him through with his skates. Then there were the Commons; a wide expanse of open fields where the cows were pastured, and the boys flew their kites, and ran races, and practised for their circuses in the tan-bark rings of the real circuses." So the delectable chronicle begins.

Had Howells never published another line, *A Boy's Town* would have immortalized his name. For there is in it both the wild freshness of childhood and the wistful wisdom of maturity; it has the charm of sunshine on a June morning and the pensive beauty of a golden afternoon in the autumn. The style is simplicity and lucidity itself, and gives one the sense of absolute reality. It is a pity that readers of today are so little acquainted with this masterpiece—for masterpiece it is, no lesser word will describe it. A copy from the public library of one of the largest of our Eastern cities has been taken out, one notices with regret, only once in the last ten years. Yet there is surely no one, old or young, whom a reading of *A Boy's Town* would not gladden and inspire, so full it is of the gifts of humor, poetry, observation; so clear, and sweet, and fine. "He had often been foolish"—thus "the boy" meditates as his record draws to its end—"and sometimes he had been wicked; but he had never been such a little fool or such a little sinner but he had wished for more sense and more grace. There are some great fools and great sinners who try to believe in after-life that they are the manlier men because they have been silly or mischievous boys, but he never believed that. He is glad to have had a boyhood fully rounded out with all a boy's interests and pleasures, and he is glad that his lines were cast in the Boy's Town; but he knows, or believes he knows, that whatever is good in him now came from what was good in him then; and he is sure that the town was delightful chiefly because his home in it was happy. The town was small and the boys there were hemmed in by their inex-

perience and ignorance; but the simple home was large with vistas that stretched to the ends of the earth and it was serenely bright with a father's reason and warm with a mother's love." For a passage more musical and moving we must go to Goldsmith and Thackeray at their best.

In his characteristically cavalier way Arnold Bennett has declared that Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi* is worth the collected works of George Eliot. With equal emphasis and much greater certainty one may affirm that for its profound insight into the heart of a boy, this one book of Howells is worth more than a carload of Stanley Hall treatises on adolescence. It is, in fine, a breviary of "the Golden Age."

At Columbus, Howells' father reported the proceedings of the Ohio legislature for the *Ohio State Journal*, and the twelve-year-old boy earned four dollars a week as a compositor on the same newspaper. During his leisure from the printing office the youngster, as many years later he recorded, "was cultivating a sufficiently thankless muse in the imitation of Pope and Goldsmith, for in me more than in his other children, my father had divined and encouraged a love of poetry." After his day's work at the case young Howells read assiduously: Pope, Goldsmith, Washington Irving, Scott, Shakespeare; the classics, in short, of the English tongue. And he was imitating them constantly and trying his boyish best to reproduce their harmonies in prose and verse. He was indeed giving himself a priceless training for his life-work: such a training as the masters of all ages have gladly undergone. Of these literary influences, judging by the fruits of his pen in after years, that of Goldsmith was easily the most potent and permanent; Goldsmith, whom Frederic Harrison has finely called "the Mozart of English prose." More than forty years later Howells wrote: "[*The Vicar of Wakefield*] is still for me one of the most modern novels: that is to say, one of the best. It is unmistakably good up to a certain point, and then unmistakably bad, but with always good enough in it to be forever imperishable. Kindness and gentleness are never out of fashion; it is these in Goldsmith which make him our contemporary, and it is worth the while of any young person presently intending deathless renown to take a little thought of them. They are the source of all refinement and I do not believe the best art in any kind exists without them. The

style is the man, and he cannot hide himself in any garb of words so that we shall not know somehow what manner of man he is within it; his speech betrayeth him, not only as to his country and his race, but more subtly yet as to his heart, and the loves and hates of his heart. As to Goldsmith I do not think that a man of harsh and arrogant nature, of worldly and selfish soul, could ever have written his style, and I do think that, in far greater measure than criticism has recognized, his spiritual quality, his essential friendliness, expressed itself in the literary beauty that wins the heart as well as takes the fancy in his work." A wise and beautiful criticism which could with perfect propriety and truthfulness be applied to the writings of Howells himself.

John J. Piatt—"the truest poet of our Middle West," as he has been called—was in those days also working as a printer in the composing-room of the *Ohio State Journal*. It was in a volume of verse written in collaboration with him that Howells first, in book form, made his bow to the public. The opportunity of his life came when, through the friendly offices of Lincoln's young secretaries, Nicolay and Hay, Howells was offered the American consulship at Venice. Nicolay and his colleague were, as young Westerners, much interested in a young Westerner of distinct literary promise, and they were generous enough to see to it that the salary of Venetian Consul was doubled for Howells. Perhaps the campaign biography of Lincoln, which Howells had written not so long before this, had helped him to this pleasant piece of preferment. Howells' devotion to Lincoln was life-long and ardent. There is a wonderful passage in his *Literary Friends and Acquaintances* enshrining a memorable vignette of the great President as the future novelist saw him for the second time just after the Venetian appointment had been made: ". . . as I left my friends I met him in the corridor without, and he looked at the space I was part of with his ineffably melancholy eyes, without knowing that I was the indistinguishable person in whose 'integrity and abilities he had reposed such special confidence' as to have appointed him Consul for Venice and the ports of the Lombardo, Venetian Kingdom, though he might have recognized the terms of my Commission if I had reminded him of them. I faltered a moment in my longing to address him, and then I decided that everyone who forebore to speak

needlessly to him, or to shake his hand, did him a kindness; and I wish I could be as sure of the wisdom of all my past behavior as I am of that piece of it. He walked up to the water-cooler that stood in the corner, and drew himself a full goblet from it, which he poured down his throat with a backward tilt of his head, and then went wearily within doors. The whole affair, so simple, has always remained one of a certain pathos in my memory, and I would rather have seen Lincoln in that unconscious moment than on some statelier occasion."

His four years of consular life Howells turned to exquisite use in a book of Venetian studies, first issued to the public in the form of letters to *The Boston Advertiser*; and while in Venice he had helpful and friendly relations with the great American historian, John Lothrop Motley, the United States Minister at Vienna and his immediate superior in the diplomatic service. Upon his return from Italy, Howells became an editorial writer on the *New York Nation* (1865-6). Going thence to *The Atlantic Monthly*, he was appointed assistant editor of the latter periodical and, after six years of distinguished service, editor-in-chief, a post he retained until 1881. From *The Atlantic Monthly* he went, as editorial contributor, to *Harper's Magazine*, and subsequently, for a short time, edited *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, before finally associating himself again with *Harper's*—this time as regular contributor of the "Editor's Easy Chair" section.

In all this long period of editorial labors scarcely a year passed without the publication of a book from Howells' pen. Several times during his journalistic career he was offered and refused the opportunity of becoming a professor of English literature—at Yale, Harvard, and John Hopkins successively. He was given the honorary master's degree by Yale and Harvard, and, in later years, the honorary doctorate by Yale, Oxford, and Columbia. In 1909 he was elected President of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. And five years ago the National Institute of Arts and Letters conferred its Gold Medal upon him for distinguished work in fiction.

The Rise of Silas Lapham (1885) is surely Howells' finest novel. There are not ten finer novels in the whole range of English literature, and there is certainly no greater American novel. Its construction is superb and its style is of an incom-

parable felicity. The nineteenth century Samuel Butler remarks in one of his *Notebooks* that "a man's style should be like his clothes, neat, well-cut, and such as not to call any attention to him at all." Howells' style is of the best because so naturally does he write that no effort is apparent. He says everything he has to say in the most succinct and perspicuous way; and the result is that for the purest and simplest speech of modern fiction one must read what he has written. Light, color, and music are here joined with a crystalline clearness. In this his master, as we have seen, is Goldsmith, a master to whom he never tires of rendering his gratitude.

In *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, as in practically all his novels, Howells has endeavored to present a transcript of the ordinary realities of ordinary life. His books, it is true, abound in a diversity of incident, interest, and character, but in all of them life is seen steadily and whole and clear, and not in its tragic interludes only, nor only in its episodic passions. There are scenes in Howells—as, for example, the great moment in *The Rise of Silas Lapham* when Irene, who has just learned that Corey's love was all for her sister, Penelope, and that for herself he had never cared at all, gives to Penelope her little trinkets and the newspaper clipping about the Texas ranch where Corey had been, and the pine-shaving tied with ribbon—which are as tense and as tremendous as any in modern fiction. In a different way, but not less perfect, is the epochal dinner in the fourteenth chapter of *Silas Lapham* at which Silas takes too much liquor and afterward reveals himself to the pained and astounded Brahmins. The opening, too, of this novel could not well be more dexterous. It is such moments as these that definitely and incontestably assign the author his place among the great story-tellers of the world.

If, again, a test of a novelists' greatness be his power to interpret women, Howells has hardly an equal in fiction written in English. The analysis of Irene Lapham is a *locus classicus* to the student of the art of the novel. Not a whit less thoroughly revealing is his incisive, if much slighter, portrait of Mrs. Corey. But it is in his revelation of American family life that Howells' genius is most palpably of the highest. He conveys perfectly the group-emotions, so to speak, of the Laphams and convinces us fully of their reality and representativeness. Here also it is extremely difficult to find a piece of

work by another novelist which will bear comparison. The best I can think of at the moment is the Orgreave family in Arnold Bennett's *Clayhanger* trilogy, but that picture has neither the rich simplicity nor the unity of the other.

There is no novelist more truly American in his blood and bones. It may be that there are some aspects of American life—even vital aspects—upon which Howells never bent his gaze. Life in the United States has undoubtedly become a more passionate and a more complex affair since the later eighties, when Howells was writing his best novels. But within his clearly marked limits, and in the special fields in which his finest work was done, he had neither superior nor equal. Henry James' range is wider, but he goes no deeper, and we may be sure that, ultimately, Howells' fame will abide no whit less securely.

An English critic has recently remarked that, at the present moment, "in the world of letters everything is a little up in the air, volatile and uncrystallized. It is a world of rejections and velleities. . ." So, perhaps, after all it is not greatly to be wondered at that an artist like Howells should suffer a considerable measure of neglect in such a time. One has long learned to distrust the finality of contemporary judgments in letters. Like the individuals who exist in it, an age varies in its moods, and the variations affect its literary tastes. A temporary unpopularity or neglect of an author is far from being a convincing proof of his demerit. Professor T. G. Tucker has observed, with his accustomed felicity, that "an author may be right for his own age, but for that alone; he may be wrong for his own age, but right for all time." The trail of the time-spirit is over most of the work done in letters today; it is over our *Tendenz-Novellen*, our fictional studies in the psychological picaresque, our sociological narrative poems, our Freudian "lyrics of passion," our ineffably silly "modern drama." There is just about as much likelihood of a reader of, say, the year 2020, attempting the perusal of *Joan and Peter* or *Saints' Progress* as there is of a reader of today essaying Beckford's *Vathek* or Mark Lewis' *Tales of Wonders*.

If, as Bacon believed and declared, it be the province of literature to impart "morality, magnanimity, and delectation" there can be little doubt that the writings of William Dean Howells will return to popularity again. Ruskin once said

that all good works of art aimed either at stating a true thing or adorning a serviceable thing. In the light of this canon most of the fiction of the hour is neither true nor serviceable, whatever may have been the author's intent. One day Boswell and Johnson were discussing Rousseau's *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, and Boswell broke in: "I don't deny, sir, that his novel may, perhaps, do harm, but I cannot think his intention was bad." "Sir," thundered the Doctor, "that will not do. We cannot prove any man's intention to be bad. You may shoot a man through the head and say you intended to miss him, but the judge will order you to be hanged."

Lastly, Howells is in the great tradition of English writing, and, for the most part, those who decry him are followers of "misbegotten, strange, new gods." That tradition has no validity for most of the younger generation of writers and critics. There was a time in our literary history when a large public outside the United States looked eagerly for the successive products of American pens. The age of the giants is gone, and Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Hawthorne, and the great "Harvard Intellectuals," as Leon Kellner has called them, gather dust upon the shelves of our public libraries. Since they died the prestige of American letters has suffered a sad decline. It was one of William Dean Howells' special distinctions that he was an exponent and representative, and, in some sort, a continuator of that noble tradition, taking the torch from those august hands. The note of those great writers was primarily a classic simplicity and strength. Of this note Howells was not without his share, and though the present outlook be dark enough, it is difficult not to believe that one day time will pay all his arrears in full.

As for the man himself, he was, as Mackail once said of Verrall, "a living example of how greatly the art of letters may sustain and reënforce the art of living, and how literature is not a region abstract and apart, but a real thing, the image and interpretation of human life."

CATHOLIC LITERATURE AS A WORLD-FORCE.

BY GEORGE N. SHUSTER.



WHEN Christopher Columbus planted the banner of Castile upon the island of San Salvador, Europe entered America. In view of what various adventurers picturesquely removed from the Continent, and of what millions of settlers have since taken up permanently, the greatest thing which Europe brought has generally been forgotten—the Christian tradition. Columbus symbolized centuries of unified faith and action, Saints and Kings, Christian art and architecture, the popular idealism of the Crusades and the no less popular realism of education. On the epoch-making day when Isabella's ships were moored in that unknown offing, Rabelais was a child, Michelangelo a young man, and Sir Thomas More a promising lawyer. Within the next century Spain rang with the laughter of Cervantes and shone with the majestic fantasies of Calderon and La Vega, while her great rival, Britain, mingled the uproar of religious upheaval with the Elizabethan drama. Columbus was born amid the fruits of the Christian victory over paganism, and the extension of that victory was at least as much his purpose as finding the court and wealth of Tartary. Yet, despite these facts and despite the continuous influx of Catholics into America, we have almost forgotten the very existence of the great tradition. Today, when the heirs of Columbus seem almost as near paganism as he was from it, when the forces of propagandizing art ride over us almost as did the Moslem armies in Granada, we are beginning to recall, vaguely, that we are at the same time more ancient and more modern than the pagans.

This memory will, in time, become a transcendent thing. It has hitherto been impossible that American Catholics should figure largely in the writing and speech-making public; most of us even now have not been in America long enough to feel at home. Nor is it strange that our best art should be the legacy of converts—Brownson, Joyce Kilmer, Father Tabb and Marion Crawford. But lately we have done a startlingly mag-

nificent thing: we grew collectively angry and collectively inspired. We proclaimed the Reconstruction Programme and proved to the world that we had not forgotten our free descent from Christian men. I think that the future historian of American Catholicism, looking back over decades of splendid effort, will mark this as a critical place in our story; for here we broke the fast of silence.

From Columbus to post-bellum obligations is a long way, but in both of these instances there is shown clearly the importance of considering the Church as a world-force. If there is any difference of motive, it is simply that the discoverer was more insistent upon faith, while the bishops have emphasized especially justice and charity. Now an outstanding characteristic of missionary Catholicism is its use of art. Building spread from Byzantium to Italy and thence to France and Britain; and northward of the farthest Roman outpost in Germany there arose one of the most majestic cathedrals in the world. The literary handicraft of Christendom became the common property of all, was changed to meet the requirements of successive owners. The mediæval schools seem almost to have been portable schools, and the Doctors appeared, as if by magic, in places extraordinarily remote. Indeed, the Church had come into the world with no place to lay its head, and at the time of the American discovery men felt a real urge to seek a new place. All of this belongs to the far past, but it is invaluable. With so little national tradition to look back upon, American Catholicism can gather staunch support from the idea of the continuity of the Christian tradition. Cardinal Newman said that whatever the future might bring, the literature of the English would have been Protestant. Nevertheless, it may justly be added that whatever the present is doing, the literature of the world has been Catholic. And literature in this sense is what we wish to consider.

It is scarcely necessary to say anything about the importance of creating a body of Christian writing in America: the subject has been often and ably discussed. The old connection between philosophy and art has, however, become so much more intimate during the past fifty years that a Catholic revival is not only desirable but almost indispensable. Handbooks on the English literature of the period present the thought of Hardy, Butler, Galsworthy, and George Moore, with

more than relative partisanship. So far as contemporary American writing is a matter of intellectual concern, we must deal, leaving faddists out of consideration, with powerful names like Dreiser and Masters. The ancient national malady of sentimentalism, rampant even where it over-stressed individuality and demolished "shams," has turned into a worse disease. This weird time of spent nerves, hectic intolerance, with its comic mixture of Spiritism with no spirits, vitiates all art with its unraveled thinking. Indeed, the torment of the day, the myriad shifting opinions, the downfall of the national moral creed, have left upon literature the mark of a queer attempt at perpetual motion.

More than ever before, America needs communal effort, and in the face of this relentless demand, nothing could be more appalling than the present disintegration of intelligence. Conservatives, liberals and radicals, even those among them who are actuated by the best motives, succeed only in stirring up the dust of conflicting theories. These range from Pascal's mandate to remain tranquilly seated within a room, to a proclamation of camping on the market square; and none are really trusted. What a contrast to the unity of the Christian ideal! If one were a rationalist one could say, at least, that the era of faith wrought miracles because it believed in miracles, while the moderns accomplish nothing because they believe in nothing.

The singleness and beauty of Christian art are so much the spontaneous developments of traditional philosophy that their absence would be inexplicable. Centuries of penetrating study of dogmatic truth, the endless battles involved in defending successfully the diverse tenets of the Faith, resulted in the erection of a monumental house of reason. The popular way of putting its relation to art has been to say that Dante was the disciple of St. Thomas. Knowing life steadily and wholly the great artists were not deluded into painting it like something else. But, though they could grow dark with the darkness of hell, they were saved from pessimism by remembering the connection between laughter and love. Because the latter had an eternal foundation, it could be danced upon, like a floor; and that dance was laughter. The high merriment of the Catholic time ran through a literature of folk-lore that is now practically lost: enough remains of it, however, to show

that this laughter was rational in the sense of being shrewdly critical. No saner, gentler satire has ever been leveled at the foibles of life than that of the popular story of Italy and France. In their gracious time the fairies taught sociology and politics, and of them Pascal was doubtless thinking when he wrote that all the good rules had been laid down. This reasonable laughter was crystallized in *Reynard the Fox*, the songs of the troubadours, and Chaucer; it was scintillant still in Rabelais and Shakespeare.

The house of reason, however, was also the home of faith. The same skill which touched everyday utensils and vast cathedrals alike with the wand of imperishable beauty, set the common adventures and the highest hopes of life to colorful rhythms. That the ideal can be realized in the material, that the soul can walk with the flesh to the throne of God, was a truth so vividly felt that it necessitated the surprising debate on whether angels have bodies. The success of this idealism in art is attested to primarily by the Latin hymns and their setting in irresistible music. It is evident also from the great battle songs, like the *Chanson de Roland*, with their rhythms of naked swords a-clash; from the stories of love and honor, so splendidly typified in the tale of Arthur and his knights; and finally, from the fervid, unfettered symbolism of Dante. It was a literature, an art, which belonged unequivocally to everybody and to which all, apparently, were able to contribute; there was consequently very little egoism and less philistinism, shortcomings to thank Heaven for. It may be that the Greeks had developed a more perfect art than that of the mediæval time, but the Christian masters achieved something more wonderful even than art, something which no previous or subsequent age has even rivaled. They succeeded in the spiritualization of Democracy.

Inheriting as they did such wealth, it would have been strange indeed if post-Reformation Catholics had failed utterly at the work of creation. However, though the rise of the nation was crowned by the miracle of St. Jeanne d'Arc, racial differences widened, and religious chaos resulted ultimately in the suppression of the people, so that the fortunes of literature came to depend on wealthy circles or individual courts. There was, it is true, an age of gold in Spain; the magnificent oratory of the French bishops roused the kings and nobles of

the Court, and there was in the same country a great attempt to Christianize the pagan drama. In England, after the final sublime jest of Sir Thomas More, there appeared for a long while nothing distinctly Catholic except the poetry of Crashaw, though the Shakespearean drama is packed with memories of the olden time.

When, however, the battles for the salvation of the bourgeoisie had all been fought, when the first age of reason died out into the nineteenth century, there opened simultaneously with the giant battle for materialism a struggle for Christian art. It is vital, I think, for us who of necessity have been able to share but little in that conflict, to follow closely what was done. True, literature everywhere in the world, though least noticeably in America, became provincial in the sense that it became somewhat rigidly national. Commerce, political ambition, a dozen other things, had definitely turned the natural barriers between peoples into fortresses, which were armed. Nevertheless, in each case Catholicism preserved some of the marks of the ancient unifying tradition, and the result, however much neglected now, may sometime come to be considered the only world-literature of the century. There is room here only for a summary of a small part of the work that was done; nevertheless, it will serve to show that modern Christian art has not forgotten the earnest symbolism of the ball and the cross.

In France, the course of the nineteenth century was marked by a surprising number of literary conversions. With the exception of a few powerful individuals like Ozanam and Barbey d'Aurevilly, the men who most emphatically re-stated the Christian tradition had at some time in their lives been agnostics. Now this situation was of obvious value: for while no fully developed Catholic artist went over definitely to naturalism, many famous naturalists dedicated their powers to the ideals of the Church. Over the whole country, however, there hung a cloak of sadness; it was a time of æsthetic darkness. This is manifest from Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme* as well as from *La Cathédrale*, the book in which Huysmans later continued the rediscovery of mediæval beauty. The Catholic poetry of the time, Lamartine, Hugo (Christian always in his verse) and Mistral, has somehow an elegiac character. Criticism was mordant and rather pessimistic as writ-

ten by the belligerent Veuillot and de Maistre, but lofty and mystic in the hands of Ernest Hello and Téodor de Wyzewa. The greatest pulpit orator of the period, Lacordaire, was both brilliantly enthusiastic and beautifully sad. Nevertheless, when the French novel had finally left the schools of naturalism and skeptic realism, it came to live joyously *sub specie æternitatis*. Vivified once more with popular dreams, the peasant appeared in Bazin, the Parisian in Bourget, and the provincial in Bordeaux, while a host of other writers did as much for other types. Poetry in France has taken on a color both mystic and wonderful, and the art of Francis Jammes and Paul Claudel is worthy of its high ancestry. Still, in the face of this miracle of transfiguration, we generally associate French literature with Zola and de Maupassant!

Modern Catholic expression in England really began with the Oxford Movement, and the great stream of healing and clarifying prose which originated with Newman and Ward has been added to magnificently even to our day. Nevertheless, the two great figures who have most genuinely modernized the mediæval tradition were quite independent of Oxford. The poetry of Francis Thompson and Coventry Patmore is the nineteenth century's most intimate song of life. Essentially they stood very close together, and one may connect them, perhaps, by saying that whereas Thompson read himself by the light of God, Patmore read God by the light of himself. That there were many others must never be forgotten. Around the central idea of mediævalism there has formed today a glorious crusade, whose goal may truly be called a Grail. Emphasizing the freedom and dignity of man and trusting steadfastly in the interest of heaven, the Meynells, the Chestertons, and Hilaire Belloc have fought breathlessly and exultantly a whole civilization. In addition, the priestly offices of Monsignor Benson, Canon Sheehan, and John Ayscough have not forbidden the creation of the first strongly Catholic fiction in English.

Had Germany accomplished nothing more than the preservation of the great Passion Play at Oberammergau, its service to the Catholic tradition would, indeed, have been large. But in addition to a very diligent religious scholarship and an energetic political policy, German Catholics have given the world a poetry as priceless as old wine. The most cursory

glance will take in two names of power—Father William Weber and Droeste-Hulsdorff. The epic poems of the former and the sensitive lyrics of the latter, deeply religious and virile, are the literary descendants of the art of Dürer and Holbein. There have also been story-tellers, essayists and dramatists, but without doubt the greatest Catholic novelist to write in German is the Austrian noblewoman, Enrica von Handel-Mazzetti. Her books deal with the stern religious conflicts of yore, with the spiritual quests of today, and above all with the universal human heart. They glow with the strong loves of the ordinary soul: the hopes and struggles of the poor throughout the Christian ages. *Jesse und Maria*, her most powerful novel, is a masterpiece which the American public will sincerely welcome when once the agony of the recent War has been soothed.

Nowhere in the world has the intellectual conflict been fiercer than in Italy, and only of late has anything like concerted Catholic action been developed. There exists now an idealistic, energetic leadership conscious of its supremely beautiful tradition and firm in its attitude toward the present. Antonio Fogazzaro (despite his momentary aberration) is a novelist for whom the world is alive, and his greatest story, the political novel, *Daniel Cortis*, is a masterly study of Christian life. Nor has there come out of the War a book of deeper spiritual insight than the Diary of Giosuè Borsi. From Spain, too, from Belgium, from Poland, and in spite of all her suffering, from Ireland, the voice of the Christian tradition speaks clearly and firmly. Though almost no government is Catholic, though education has long been used against the Church and the magic word of "progress" invoked to make her vanish, the ancient creed and its ideals march like jovial veterans to the battle for the world. Though the future be hard and uncertain, the virtues which have made of the past a legend of glorious struggle will stand undaunted.

In comparison with Europe, from which after all we take descent, American Catholicism has only a meagre literary store to offer. The reasons are obvious and have already been stated. This is, however, no warrant for being blind to the real things accomplished. Our poetry is the expression of magnificent vision: Joyce Kilmer died, as he had lived, for the free civilization which is almost inseparable from Chris-

tianity; the little verse-gifts of Father Tabb have been presented to the whole world; in songs of surprising universality Madison Cawein interpreted the nature-life of his country. There are other poets, and there are story-tellers, journalists and students: if these have not developed a high and varied art, they have at least cleared the way for a free future. We have discovered our existence and the times in which we exist. It is to be hoped that we shall produce less doggerel, less namby-pamby fiction, and above all, less second-rate information. For American Catholicism today is charged with enthusiasm for its high mission, with a fervent readiness to co-operate, and with a consciousness of the sublime conflict which, though interminable, is always to be won.

Catholic literature, then, is a world force, not to be laid aside like a trophy, but to be wielded like a sword. Authorship is nothing but the transmissal of the craft from master to apprentice, and just now we are learning. The great spirits of the past, whose swords still gleam undimmed, whose armor has lost none of its brightness, and whose deeds are intimately woven with the story of the Christian tradition, can teach us the art that we must learn. Nor have they lost any of their effectiveness in dealing with popular needs and aspirations. The most definite and relentless propaganda afoot today is materialistic literature. American life for the past fifty years has been stirred by a subtle shifting of standards, and the present general pallor of our national will is due to the haggard vision of nowhere. The tables of the Puritan law have been turned to the wall; it is on the other side that we must rewrite the ancient hopes.

For all of these reasons it is most apparent that Catholic education and enterprise should combine in the effective distribution of that literature which is our very own, though it may come from the ends of the earth. Whatever the universities may or may not be doing, whatever isolated lecturers are achieving, a widespread enthusiasm and a well-grounded popular appreciation are the only things which can make of literature the tremendous power for good that it once was. Not only should the ancient masterpieces be attractively redressed—as Mr. Scott-Monterieff has lately done in the case of the *Song of Roland*—but they should be made appealing by the best and most illuminative scholarship at our disposal.

The most interesting venture, however, would be a uniform edition of what is best in the modern Catholic literature of all lands. These books must be carefully translated when necessary, and prefaced, perhaps, with able comment. Similar enterprise in literature that is frankly pagan has met with startling success, and there is no plausible ground for belief that we should fail.

The present life of American Catholicism is an awakening of intense significance. That sense of remoteness from the centres of religious activity which once hampered us is passing away. In a sincere, almost mystical, manner the War aroused us to an understanding of the continuity of the Christian tradition. We are concerned intimately with the life of the Faith throughout the world, just as we realize the awful meaning of civilization. Whether we like it or not, the war for Christendom is now a world-war, and though literature and art seem to many of us only trifles, we know at last that they are mighty trifles, like grenades. The attempt to gather together and spread the master works of Christian literature will bring us together with our brethren, shoulder against shoulder, in the light and glory of the cause of God and man. We shall find what Columbus sought and failed to find—the cross of Christ on the shores of unknown lands.

SIR THOMAS MORE, SAINT AND HUMORIST.

BY JAMES J. DALY, S.J.



HE great," says Emerson in his pontifical way, "will not condescend to take anything seriously: all must be as gay as the song of a canary though it were the building of cities or the eradication of old and foolish churches and nations which have cumbered the earth long thousands of years." Still, when he wishes to illustrate this doctrine by example, the only one in all Christendom to occur to him is Thomas More, who literally laid down his life to prevent an old Church from being eradicated and supplanted by a new one. Which of those two Churches is foolish, the old one or the new, is a question which may be confidently left for sure solution to the processes of time. The entire paragraph, the brightest in the essay on "Heroism," leaves a strong impression of having been written with Sir Thomas More in mind. "That which takes my fancy most in the heroic class is the good-humor and hilarity they exhibit. It is a height to which common duty can very well attain, to suffer and to dare with solemnity. But these rare souls set opinion, success, and life at so cheap a rate that they will not soothe their enemies by petitions, or the show of sorrow, but wear their habitual greatness." His intuition, so often more reliable than his staccato play of intellect, brings the "sage of Concord" very close to a great spiritual truth when he goes on to say that, if we could see the whole race assembled together, the true heroes of the race would appear "like little children frolicking together, though to the eyes of mankind at large they wear a stately and solemn garb of works and influence."

The only portion of mankind which, as a class, answers to this description are the saints. It was from the saints accordingly that Emerson, with some reluctance we may suppose, selected his type of debonair and smiling hero. Blessed Thomas More was a leading statesman and politician; the first great writer of English prose; a classicist of European reputation; a philosopher, a theologian, an original thinker, a man

of affairs, an eloquent pleader, a skillful parliamentarian, an honest and learned judge, a smooth and astute ambassador, and the principal adviser of a powerful monarch. It sounds preposterously fortunate. But there it stands in history with more than the usual explicitness and corroboration.

Indeed, on the evidence this is, if anything, an incomplete catalogue of the greatness of the immediate successor to that Wolsey, "who once trod the ways of glory." Nevertheless, we should look for Sir Thomas More in the "nurseries of heaven." His judicial ermine and gold chains and seals of office, the royal patronage and the homage of the Commons, the respectful and almost affectionate deference of scholars and nobles, could not induce him to take the world seriously. He proceeded on his shining way with the quizzical and detached and amused air of a thoughtful stranger in Broadway or the Strand, or rather like a sprightly child sent out into the country for a maying, with a keen relish for the beautiful things of life, conditioned, of course, in the expectation of a lasting City at nightfall. He glances athwart his generation like a happy and exotic being from some superior planet. His shy and subtle aloofness from the world, whose history he was making, marked him out for official beatification more surely than his martyrdom. His mask of gentle laughter still baffles the curious scrutiny of eyes that are worldly.

It is fascinating to observe how his jests multiplied with his misfortunes, as if these were your true material for comedy. When his greatness fell about him he sat among the ruins, shaking with a quiet merriment, as if the greatest joke in life had at last been perpetrated. The clouds gathering so darkly over him served no other purpose than to display the sheet-lightning of his humor. Wolsey in a similar, though less serious, situation became for all time a tragic figure. Neither history nor legend has been able to employ the properties of tragedy in the last act of Sir Thomas More's life. He whistled tragedy down all the winds with a fine and genuine unconcern. He refused to live up to the traditions of prosperity in swift collapse, of virtue in bondage and misery, of merit trampled under foot. The spectacle which he exhibits excites no pity nor terror. In Aristotle's phrase, it purifies the heart, indeed; but with feelings of serenest joy.

Only once do tears leap to our eyes: it is when his beloved

daughter, Meg, meets him on the Thames landing at the Tower, just after sentence of death has been passed upon him, and breaks her way through the spectators and the soldiers to fling herself upon him with passionate tears, and, after pitiful hands have loosed her grasp of him, tears herself away from those who would hold her and rushes back to embrace him again and again for the last time. The night before his execution her father wrote Meg a letter. They had long months before deprived him of writing material, and he had been using coal for pen and ink, finding his paper where he might. He had assured Meg that pecks of coal could not suffice to express his love for her, and now in this last letter he tells her that he never loved her so much as on that day, a week ago, when she clung to him and kissed him on the Tower-wharf.

This lovely human touch was necessary to complete the true impression of his humor and to save it from the suspicion of a proud disdain, thoughtless, as well as heartless, of the claims of life. For, it must be admitted, his high spirits, which seemed to rise with the increasing imminence of death, almost disconcert a strict sense of the proprieties. A woman in the crowd that surged about him on his progress to the place of execution, cried to him about some papers she had intrusted to his keeping when he was Lord High Chancellor. "My good woman, allow me half an hour and his gracious majesty, our good King, will relieve me of all responsibility for your papers." He bade the friendly lieutenant of the Tower to be of good cheer, for they would all "be merry" together in heaven. When the scaffold was reached he showed droll alarm at its poor construction and tested the insecure steps leading up to it. He begged the lieutenant very gravely to help him up those crazy stairs. "As for my coming down," he said, "let me shift for myself." How could the woe-begone lieutenant remain serious? The apparatus and customary trappings of tragedy were made ridiculous.

On mounting the scaffold Sir Thomas asked the assembled people to pray for him and told them simply and briefly that he died in and for the holy Catholic Church. He then called the attention of the axe-man to the shortness of his neck, urging him to be careful of his professional credit. After he had laid his head upon the block he stopped proceedings

for a moment or two that he might dispose his beard safely from the axe, since, he said, it was not accused of treason.

The Protestant bishop, Burnet, an historian of the Reformation, was shocked at what he was pleased to consider the levity of Sir Thomas on this momentous occasion. It is true, most of us do well "to suffer and to dare with solemnity." When death confronts us we cannot hope, and perhaps ought not to desire, to be in a mood for jesting, unless we have a record like Sir Thomas' behind us. Compunction and fear are the proper and familiar sentiments of a Christian living and dying; and the most jaundiced critic of Sir Thomas More dare not hint that he ever yielded to the easy refreshment of pagan anodynes such as smug self-complacency, arbitrary optimism, and the illusions of a presumptuous hope. The hero and the ascetic are not often the gentle practitioners of a playful and charming humor. Human nature has to be nagged into decency: it has to be whipped with scorpions into the front line of saints and heroes; and it becomes grim under the discipline. The bright and warm comforts are so much the ordinary conditions of genial humor that when a saint smiles without self-consciousness, the remarkable phenomenon seems to demand some sort of explanation.

Has anyone noted that Coleridge's theory of humor appears to promise some light which will help us to understand how seriousness and merriment, if carried to their logical limits, meet at a common point? "There is always," he says, "in a genuine humor an acknowledgment of the hollowness and farce of the world, and its disproportion to the god-like within us." And he proceeds to make the essence of humor to consist "in a certain reference to the general and the universal, by which the finite great is brought into identity with the little, or the little with the finite great, so as to make both nothing in comparison with the infinite. The little is made great, and the great little, in order to destroy both; because all is equal in contrast with the infinite." Precisely; to Sir Thomas his beard was of as much importance as his head, or, if you wish to put it differently, his head was of as small importance as his beard, because he was thinking of the Infinite.

If Coleridge's analysis of humor has anything in it, one can perhaps see how it may be possible to be a humorist with-

out being a saint; but it is not easy to see how anyone can be a saint without being a humorist. It would seem that solid and sober persons who are dismayed at the quips and quirks of the saints are not what you might call good psychologists of either sanctity or humor.

It comes to this: if serious people are tempted to fling up their hands at the casual air with which saints trifle with misfortune, it is only because serious people are not serious enough. Take, for instance, Bishop Burnet. It is very probable that he did not wear a hair-shirt most of his life, nor get up every morning at two o'clock to spend most of the time in prayer and the rest in study till seven o'clock Mass. Thomas More did these things and many other hard things like them, which it is scarcely an injustice to the bishop to surmise that he never dreamed of doing. It is not, therefore, idle or paradoxical to conclude that Sir Thomas was the more serious man. If anyone is frivolous, it must be the worthy bishop who shakes his head sadly over Sir Thomas' willful sport with the mournful proprieties of a melancholy occasion. It has to be admitted in the bishop's favor that nearly all of Sir Thomas' world shook their sadly puzzled heads over him. You could never tell, say contemporaries, whether he was fooling or in earnest. Imagine their bewilderment when they beheld him cracking jokes in an imprisonment which he need not endure and on a scaffold which he need not have mounted, if he would only take a trifle of an oath which practically all England had swallowed without winking. Outward appearances proclaimed him a *farceur* to most of the practical and sensible people of his day.

Even his wife, the estimable Alice Middleton, was on Bishop Burnet's side in her opinion of her husband's want of seriousness. Watch her in a famous passage from William Roper's delightful *Life* of his father-in-law: "When Sir Thomas More had continued a good while in the Tower, my lady his wife obtained license to see him, who at her first coming, like a simple woman and somewhat worldly, too, with this manner of salutations, bluntly saluted him, 'What the good year, Mr. More,' quoth she, 'I marvel that you, that have been always hitherto taken for so wise a man, will now so play the fool to lie here in a filthy prison and be content to be shut up among mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your

liberty, and with the favor and good will both of the King and his Council, if you would do as all the bishops and best learned of his Realm have done. And seeing you have at Chelsea a right fair house, your library, your books, your gallery, your garden, your orchards, and all other necessities so handsomely about you, where you might, in the company of me, your wife, your children, and household be merry, I muse what in God's name you mean here still thus fondly to tarry.' After he had a while quietly heard her, with a cheerful countenance he said unto her, 'I pray thee, good Mrs. Alice, tell me one thing.' 'What is that?' quoth she. 'Is not this house as nigh heaven as mine own?' To whom she, after her accustomed fashion, not liking such talk, answered, 'Tilly vally, tilly vally.' 'How say you, Mrs. Alice, is it not so?' quoth he. '*Bone Deus, bone Deus*, man, will this gear never be left?' quoth she."

Poor lady! As Francis Thompson observes, it is a grievous trial to be the near relation of a saint. To Alice, who thought of the infinite only when she said her prayers, the too obvious difference between the pleasant park in Chelsea and the moldy cell in the Tower was not a proper subject for curious and patient speculation. I dare say Sir Thomas could not help being amused at her stout opposition, but I am sure also that her distress stretched him on a rack crueller than any in the Tower. It was not in the nature of his humor to inflict pain or draw satisfaction from any exhibition of it. When the lieutenant of the Tower announced with much confusion and embarrassment that sorely against his will he was obliged, by the King's strict command, to cut down the comforts and small liberties of his illustrious prisoner, Sir Thomas put him in countenance with a laugh and a jest: "Assure yourself, Mr. Lieutenant, I do not mislike my cheer; but whenever I so do, then thrust me out of your doors."

The Commissioners, his former friends and associates, who thought it best for worldly considerations to bend before the royal will and condemn him to death, were not elated over the performance of their task. Their pusillanimity might have stirred the scorn and contempt of a less sweet-tempered man than the doomed prisoner. The concluding portion of his speech to them shows us which of them, in Sir Thomas' mind, he or his judges, was in need of consoling words. "More

have I not to say, my Lords, but like as the Blessed Apostle, St. Paul, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, was present, and consented to the death of St. Stephen, and kept their clothes that stoned him to death, and yet be they now both twain holy saints in heaven, and shall continue there friends forever, so I verily trust and shall right heartily pray, that though your Lordships have now on earth been judges to my condemnation, we may yet hereafter in heaven merrily all meet together to our everlasting salvation."

The thought of the Infinite, it will be noticed, was always with him, not only conferring the gift of humor but also preserving it from the common form of degeneration into cynicism and sardonic irony. While the sun was shining on his side of the globe, he took no credit for seeing the way while antipodeans walked in darkness. He thanked the God of light and was humbled by the privilege.

Nor did he feel tempted to flaunt his privilege as a challenge. The consciences of others were not in his keeping, and the issue for which he was laying down his life was, at that time, somewhat subtle for the common mind. He needed all his energy and attention for the struggle going on in his own soul that truth and justice might triumph over the fear of consequence. He sought to win no followers, even in his own family. He uttered no defiance, but walked warily, as might be expected of the shrewdest lawyer of that time, among the cunning snares of an angry King and a scorned Queen. Perjury had at last to be suborned to undo him.

Sir Thomas was of a gentle and sensitive cast of character, with a scholar's and a cultivated man's extreme dislike of violence. He shrank in all his instincts from this rough contest with the Royal Supremacy, and was troubled by the doubt whether he would be granted the grace and the strength to stand by his conscience to the end. When the end actually arrived he was surprised at the absence of all fear. The relief and exhilaration of that surprise made him more than usually mirthful, and accordingly enigmatic to people who hold that martyrs must be fanatics. Bishop Burnet called him a buffoon, since he could not call him a fanatic. The Blessed Thomas must enjoy this.

After all, where is the conundrum? As he had lived, so Sir Thomas died—a common fate enough—measuring the

finite with the Infinite. Contrary to his humble expectations, he brought to the experience of dying the same buoyant spirit which he had brought to the business of living, with some extra zest thrown in because he was so near Home after a delightful day.

UPON DISCOVERING A ROSE IN A BOOK OF POEMS.

To My Mother.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

. . . The heart doth owe thee
More love, dead rose, than any rose. . . .
Lie still upon this heart which breaks below thee!
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

A FADED rose: it lay before mine eyes:
Its treasured sweetness stol'n by Robber Time;
Plundered its beauty—ah, but still sublime
In death it sweeps my harp of memories
And sads my soul with wailing threnodies
Of happiness and joys of olden years—
This dead, white flow'r so deaf to sighs and tears—
Love's cenotaph to Youth's felicities.

With reverent care, I lift it to my lips,
Forever blest by her dear finger-tips;
And press it close my heart—enshrined there—
Till I shall seek my lost love faithfully—
And find her on the royal steps of pray'r—
A snowy rose which blooms immortally!

DRAMATIC SUCCESSES OF THE SEASON.

BY EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER WYATT.



HAT "happy endings" are not necessarily synonymous with success, is one salient business principle which the present theatrical season has demonstrated to the managers. No less than seven *bona fide* tragedies flaunt their posters on Broadway; while one of the most popular of the comedies reduces the majority of its audience to the likeness of a convalescent from hay fever. The matinee girl has also discovered that, not even the thrill of wedding the incomparable Miss Barrymore to the Jewish millionaire or the reformed cad, meagrely provided by her dramatist, can equal the delicious agony of watching her "Lady Helen" impeccably expire to the rhythm of a slow but very languishing waltz. The privilege of tears is apparently just coming into its own or, perhaps, the public, with a more than geographical knowledge of Nevada, is forced to admit that "happy endings" are too often but the beginnings of sorrow.

Although to the casual psychologist it might have seemed more probable that the reaction from war would tend to farces, yet two of these, *Wedding Bells* and *The Girl in the Limousine*, have already fluttered away, leaving but a faint echo of giggles behind them, while John Drinkwater's tragedy still burgeons in a well-filled theatre. Furthermore in *My Lady Friends*, one of the few farces that has withstood the spring, there is a sudden and unexpectedly poignant and human five minutes between a husband and wife, which elicits sympathetic sneezes from most of the house. And that's it—it's the human ingredient that the last five years have brought the public to demand. They have learned that almost everyone has a heart, although it is sometimes to be found in an unexpected place, and though no one wants to live over the War in the theatres, they do want to find real men and women in the plays. It is not because Broadway feeds by preference on historical headliners that *Abraham Lincoln* has been a success—as the enterprising manager who resurrected Mackaye's

George Washington almost instantaneously discovered—it is because in *Lincoln*, “dramatized biography,” though it be, and earnestly ponderous at that, Drinkwater and McGlynn between them present a living, breathing man. Few things, by the way, being more dramatic than McGlynn’s sudden leap from obscurity to fame overnight, particularly, so the story goes, as he had just been offered a part to play in some moving picture film in the West. But, greatly as he and his wife were in need of the round sum this would mean, the scenario was not one which McGlynn felt he could countenance and, after consulting a priest, he declined to sign the contract. The next day came the telegram that brought him to New York.

In the two very popular tragedies of contemporaneous life, an American and an Irishman share the laurels. Both plays are more or less filled with disillusioned men and women, howbeit quite natural ones, but *Jane Clegg*, coming from the more experienced pen of St. John Ervine, has a more compact construction and less dependence upon forced issues than *Beyond the Horizon* by Eugene O’Neill. To find two dramatists, however, who have the skill—and the time—to round and mold so carefully their minor characters is memorable in itself.

Jane Clegg is the mother, the devoted mother of two children. It is for their sake that she has remained with her worthless husband, although she has discovered some time ago that she would be justified in leaving him; but the situation is changed upon her receiving a legacy, which is large enough to support and educate the children until they are grown. Of this legacy Jane will not give her husband a penny, despite his temper and cajolery, until she discovers that he has cashed in a check belonging to the firm, when she parts with half her inheritance to save him. Immediately after she also learns that he has been cheating her again as a wife, and then she quietly turns him out of the house. Still quiet and collected, Jane Clegg puts out the gas and mounts her stairs—alone, as the curtain falls.

Curiously enough the only excuse Mr. Clegg ever makes for his conduct is the explanation Tolstoi has made his hero propound in *Redemption*.

“It’s a funny thing,” remarks the Russian at the close of a remarkably worthless career, “but I find that we love only the

people to whom we do good and we hate those we harm. I crucified my wife's love for me and her sufferings made me dislike her more."

"I know all the time that you're a fine woman," says Clegg to Mrs. Clegg—or words to that effect—"you're the finest woman I know. You're too good. You don't blame me. You don't say a word. I know I'm beastly to you, but the more I hurt you the beastlier I am."

So it was with Goneril and Reagan and their father; so with Hedda Gabbler and her Tesman; so with Saul and David; so with very many Cleggs—the cry of "Barabbas" is still rising from our midst. Why then did not the reverse of the truth apply to Mrs. Clegg—if it be true that we give not so much because we love, as we love because we give. We are given in the New Testament an infallible recipe for loving: to sell all we possess, then it follows that after giving all we have, we must give our heart, too. It must be confessed that Jane Clegg's virtue seems more negative than positive. Her long suffering with her husband was prompted, not by charity but prudence; she makes good his dishonesty, not from pity but from pride.

Jane Clegg, under the skillful stage management of Emanuel Reicher and the coöperation of an excellent caste, seems to give a real slice of middle class life in an English manufacturing town; *Beyond the Horizon* presents an American farm.

On this farm, two brothers have just attained manhood and the parting of the ways. One, an aspirant for a larger life, has elected to join a seafaring uncle in a voyage round the world, which may prove a short cut to Olympus; and the other, of sounder physical mold, is only too content to stay behind to cultivate the ancestral soil and incidentally the love of his next door neighbor—the playmate of his boyhood. It is this young lady, herself, in an all too innocent pink bow, who puts a spoke in both men's wheels. In the sunset glow of the literary brother's last evening at home, she appears for supper and palpitatingly announces that it is he and not the agriculturist whom she loves. With surprisingly little consideration for the brother he adores, the idealist decides that love is worth any career. But when he announces to his astonished family his sudden change of plans, the jilted brother, in spite

of his mother's tears and his father's threats, decides to take to the sea himself.

Then the tragedy begins. The healthy brother was essential to the farm; and, as an idealist in fiction must always be impractical and this one is tubercular as well, the farm sinks to particularly quick decay. The father dies. The pretty girl wife between an ailing, shiftless, husband, a delicate baby, a nagging, crippled mother and crops of little but debts, degenerates into a peevish little slattern. She comes to the conclusion that she has always really loved the other brother; but when he comes back for a visit, prosperous and hearty, he jovially announces that it only took a month or two at sea to make him forget he had ever been in love. In the last act, sorrow has made her pathetic. Her baby is dead; everything has gone to ruin. The idealist, racked by disease and loneliness for his child; wrung by the knowledge that his wife has hated him as a failure, dies, with his eyes on the horizon he could never see beyond. Life has broken him—that is all he knows.

But why has life broken him? is the question the audience asks itself a little dully as it files out with swollen eyelids into everyday life.

Lady Helen, of *Déclassée* in the vibrant Barrymore voice, solves the problem for herself. Her own particular tragedy is, of course, due to the aristocratic tradition of misfortune her family must maintain, and more particularly to the fortune teller she once met and mentioned in Act I. One is left wondering as much at the colorful personality of the actress who transcends the weakness of her text, as at the fostering halo of the British peerage which preserves the heroine stainless from the democratic dust of Fifth Avenue, even when encountered under the radical wheels of a taxicab. The famous death scene of *Déclassée*, with Lady Helen gamely puffing her last puff of Turkish tobacco and sipping her last sip of champagne, is really tragic in that to many who witness it, it seems a fine way to die. The materialism of modern literature is open and undefiled. Beyond such fundamentals of the Decalogue as cheating at cards, nothing is particularly wrong just as nothing is particularly right.

Mr. Clegg, however, in the depths of his caddishness, still knows that s-i-n spells sin. His yellow soul is shocked that

his wife won't even remonstrate with him for his transgressing the moral law. He even implies a certain superiority in his knowledge that there is a God Whom he is defying while she is honest just because—. And that is about as far as her honesty goes. She has lived with him long after love and respect had vanished because he was earning a salary, and now she will put no obstacle in the way of his elopement to Canada—though a man's desertion of wife and children and mother means a dessication of his moral fibre that will soon mean total decay. Perhaps by this time she has suffered too much at his hands to be expected to take much account of his further moral shrinkage; and anyway responsibility for one's neighbor is not at all popular at the moment. One's own happiness and self respect is all that counts.

To explain the tragedy of *Beyond the Horizon* one should first rename it "A Selfish Family." It begins, of course, with the girl, who throws over the man who loves her and then thwarts the man she thinks she loves, from achieving his ambition. He, in turn, in taking the girl, wounds his brother, who proceeds to salve his hurt by breaking his father's heart. The father dies from pique. The dreamer, still intent on his dreams, fails to buckle down to the life he has chosen, while the girl, in the misery of her discontent, succeeds in completely wrecking the happiness of the man who had sacrificed everything for her. But no one of these characters, and probably not the dramatist, ever admits that their own faults were in any way connected with their misfortunes.

That is the saving grace with an old-fashioned villain, such as Richard III. Like Mr. Clegg, "Crooked Dick" had once been taught his Catechism, and he knew very clearly the difference between right and wrong and how if, in the teeth of one's conscience, one makes up one's bed with the wrong materials, one need not call it a problem play if one finds it rather bumpy to sleep upon. There is no question about Shakespeare's "wearing well" while he can still give the American public their favorite tidbit—a character study which is really quite as human if not so companionable as the *Music Master*. Richards, nowadays, may not be forced to attain their ends by such lively methods as seven murders, but they still exist—we won't say where. In his finely rounded conception of the rôle, Mr. Barrymore has dared give Gloucester most of

the attributes that usually connote a hero. His Richard is young; a brave soldier; a well-dressed and cultivated peer whose slight physical deformity is always being flung in his face by the rest of the family—or what he leaves of them. One clever detail of his make-up being the crease, which the constant wearing of a helmet has made in the warlike villain's sleek, but somehow very sinister, black hair. With his dare-devil courage; his unswerving will and razor-edge mind, this Richard towers so far above the mediocrities about him, that the seemingly impossible scene, in which he makes successful love to the lady, whose husband and father-in-law he has himself murdered, becomes plausible.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?

* * * * *

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvelous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking glass;

he chuckles as she leaves him, for no one is more amused by his own "nerve" than Richard himself. Indeed, his sardonic amusement and appreciation of the foibles of life and of his own fine art in wickedness, endow him with a certain appeal. If he can become so staggering a villain, what a Charlemagne he might have been had he been born to the crown, instead of having to wade to it through so much of his relatives' blood. No one has been able to mention this revival of *Richard III.* without applauding the setting for it by Jones, which is so simple as to obviate long waits and yet so strikingly suggestive. One will long remember Richard as Gloucester, all in red under the Tower walls, as well as his venomous regal appearance in black, wrapping himself, on his hard-won throne, in a mantle that seemed as near liquid fire as a serpent's scales. Edward Sheldon is said to have compiled the acting version of the tragedy which retains as much of Colley Cibber as

Chop off his head—so much for Buckingham.

That it starts out with Act I. of the *Henry VI.*, Part III.,

and condenses that play into the limits of its first act, has been the subject of complaint, but it must be conceded that Shakespeare's audiences had probably all seen the *Henry V.* trilogy and were, at any rate, undoubtedly more familiar with the Wars of the Roses than is the average New Yorker. The savage internecine brutality of this period in which Gloucester was nurtured, is lacking in *Richard III.*, who remarks in the opening speech that

Grim visaged War hath smoothed his wrinkled front.

Omitting the horrible scenes of young Rutland's butchery and Queen Margaret's offering to York the napkin crimsoned with his boy's blood, Messrs. Sheldon and Hopkins, by presenting the milder horrors of Prince Edward's stabbing and King Henry's murder, have fixed the period in the mind of the spectator. That period is shown at its worst when the curtain first rises on the mailed men tossing about Somerset's head like a baseball trophy. When we arrive at Act II., where *Richard III.* really begins, Gloucester has taken on the refinements of peace time and commits no more murders with his own sword.

It is a pity that lack of time has precluded the retention of the scene with the three sorrowing Queens beneath the Tower walls, which is similar, but even more effective, than the one included in the present production. Personally, we cannot applaud the interpolation of the byplay, where Richard mixes the poison for his wife. The mystery of Anne's real fate seems more sinister as Shakespeare and history have left it; although a broken heart would appear as inevitable and as effective for her as the King's potion. There is also a tradition—which it seems a pity to abrogate—that no Plantagenet, no matter how worthless, ever put to death a woman. Margaret of Anjou certainly wanders with impunity through the play—though with small historical accuracy—breaking in with copious curses upon the Yorks' home circle—"so very different"—one might add—"from the family life of *our dear Queen.*" And both Queen Dowagers, as well as the Duchess of York, heap their maledictions upon Richard with a frankness which would have meant almost instant headlessness to a female relative of Henry VIII. But Richard is not an ogre.

He does not kill just for killing's sake but, like a lion, only for a purpose.

That seems to be one fundamental difference between a real drama and a melodrama. It is against all canons for a melodramatic villain ever to look, think or know anything decent. He must heap superfluous villainy upon superfluous villainy up to the moment when the hero stamps him out. Conscience—which began to trouble Richard at Bosworth—or scruples are not for him. Two plays this winter, *The Storm* and *The Acquittal*, by thus denaturizing their villains from the knowledge of virtue to heap it upon the heroes, have sunk from the ranks of drama to melodrama.

The Acquittal, a Cohan and Harris production, has a theme of such tense possibilities as a wife who, for eighteen months, has stood valiantly by her husband while he is undergoing trial for murder. Acquitted at last, he returns home, only to have her demand a divorce. It appears that she has known all along that he is guilty, but realized that her desertion of him during the trial would probably have resulted in his conviction. Most of Act I. in *The Acquittal* is taken up with comedy business by the reporters who flock for an interview. The central figure of the drama, as it is written, being young Captain Harrigan, late of the A. E. F., who, as an engaging and supremely astute cub reporter from the Pacific Coast, is always on the spot to relieve, with a touch of farce, any situation which, despite all the dramatist's restraining care, have a way at times of becoming quite intense. That the woman, whom the accused husband sends to live with his wife during his imprisonment, happens to have a sinister connection with himself, detracts rather than adds farce to this plot. It being preposterous that any villain should sink to such unnecessary depths of infamy, or that any wife should consciously endure such a situation as this one does just for the satisfaction of telling her husband what she thought of him at the end. Yet the author of *The Acquittal*—who should have blushed twice daily when seeing her handiwork advertised as "the best constructed play of the season"—seems to have felt she would have been old fashioned had she relied on just plain murder and evolved a drama in which sex and immorality had no part.

It is the former theme, spelled with a capital S, which

dominates *The Storm*. The story revolves about a Canadian girl with the French accent and ingenuous innocence which proved so popular in *Tiger Rose*. Her father's untimely death during the first snowstorm of the season, leaves this picturesque heroine stranded in a cabin in the Northwest woods with two male strangers—one a "nature's gentleman" and an American, the other a sophisticated British bounder. It is, of course, a severe tax on the imagination to guess who, in that combination, will prove the villain. The two redeeming points in *The Storm* are the acting of Miss Helen McKellar and an extraordinarily good setting of the primeval forest, where the sense of space is achieved by the perspective of a mountain torrent, while the spectacle of a snowstorm and a forest fire are material aids to certain deficiencies in the action.

The Sign on the Door, a straight melodrama without any attempt at comic relief or scenic excitement, nevertheless follows the general tendency and introduces the Mrs. Tanqueray complication of stepmother, stepdaughter and villain diluted to the point of having the stepmother's only connection with the villain consist in having been photographed with him when the police raided the restaurant to which he had villainously lured her when she was an unsuspecting and "fresh from the farm" stenographer. True to the ethics of melodrama, she, of course, endeavors to conceal any hint of the fatal flashlight from her husband and so, when it inevitably comes to his hands, nothing saves his affection for her but the timely testimony of the District Attorney, who happened to be masquerading as a waiter at the raided restaurant that very night! So much for the elastic arm of coincidence, but the supreme situation, around which the *Sign on the Door* is built, is when the husband unwittingly locks up his wife in the suite with the corpse of the villain, whom he had just been forced to shoot. It is a throbbing moment, we must admit.

The Passion Flower, a translated tragedy with suspected literary aspirations, is a drama of the most sordid, morbid type, chiefly distinguished by being the worst acted play on the boards. It is a pity that Miss O'Neill, whose superb performances in *The Lily* is still vividly remembered, should feel that all that is necessary to personify a Spanish peasant is a lace shawl. The responsibility, however, of her reiterated

deep, bass groans over "the doom of our house" must rest, it is to be supposed, at Mr. Jacinto Benevente's door.

In *The Son Daughter*, the fifth successful melodrama, Mr. Belasco displays with meticulous and tumultuous zeal the mysteries, the horrors, the riches, the politics and the loves of Chinatown. It lacks, however, almost every virtue of *The Darling of the Gods*, although most of the devices, which there proved so popular, have been retained—including the juvenile heroine with her grandiloquent language and her first love affair; the agonizing obstacles in the path of her romance; the perfidious supervillainous Oriental villain; the torture chamber; a great deal of local color and as much sudden death. Instead, however, of the real tragedy of the Samurai and the shadowy meeting of the lovers after death, we now enjoy the strangling of the villain with his own queue on his own lacquered nuptial couch; the murderess being the highly incensed heroine, who has just had the misfortune to become his wife. The little that is left to the imagination of the overwrought audience during the process of the strangulation due to the kindly overturning of the lamps, is amply made up for by the exhaustive curses heaped on the corpse by the Son Daughter immediately thereafter, but to relieve any feeling of depression that may ensue, the hero suddenly recovers from *his* wounds just as the curtain falls, and it is to be presumed the over-active little heroine becomes quaintly juvenile once more.

In this production, Mr. Belasco, who always is anxious to please, has the conversation turn frequently to nuptial chambers, while in his farce comedy, *The Gold Diggers*, he has endeavored to impart an atmosphere of the most approved laxity, though at the same time preserving his principal characters from any real moral obliquity. The highest form of wit in his worthless trifle is the warning to choose one's husband according to the alimony he may be good for. But to offset any too flagrant impression that may have been produced by the multifarious show girls and their party and Miss Claire's red frock, a little gray-haired mother from Way Down East suddenly pops out at the end of Act II., so that the final curtain may descend on a scene of innocuous and thoroughly chap-eroned sentiment.

Like Belasco, Messrs. Cohan and Harris have also paired

their melodrama with a farce. This time it is *The Hottentot*, by Victor Mapes and William Collier, the latter, as might be suspected, impersonating the hero in the present production. The agony of the man who is scared to death of horses and who has to ride an equine demon in a steeplechase to get the better of his rival, is humor of seasoned and cherished vintage. This is really funny. Unfortunately, Collier and Donald Meek, the Butler, have to carry the whole play. Will the superfarce ever be written in which all the other characters are not so much wall paper behind the comedian? And it is such bad wall paper at that—even on the real walls. The plushy interior, which is supposedly the hallway of a country house in an ultra smart hunting community, reminds one of nothing but a boarding house in the Bronx. Instead of the racing prints, the tailoredness, the stable jargon and slang which should grate on the agonized Collier at every turn, we meet a bevy of young females attired in the attenuated and filmy garments which every chorus girl yearns to own, but which smart women who can afford smart tailors do *not* wear on their own farms.

One thing the Washington Square Players did prove was that farces and satires play much more breezily against a breezy background. Mr. Belasco, who knows so well the value of accessories, has achieved in the *Gold Diggers*, with some bright curtains and a pale wall, the brilliant affect of a tulip bed in full bloom, particularly when all the "gold diggers" assemble there.

No less than three American comedies have held the boards throughout the winter. They are all three amusing and as original as most things can be, after so many centuries. They are also innocent of certain dubious qualities and allusions and that well-worn stage property—a bed—which were the mainstay of the two comedies, *Too Many Husbands* and *Scandal*. It is to be regretted that in *The Famous Mrs. Fair*, otherwise the best of the three, the author has felt it necessary to emphasize the husband's infidelity, thus tarring with the too popular brush a play that is both appealing and human and—it must be whispered—containing a full-sized and timely moral.

In *The Famous Mrs. Fair* James Forbes has depicted a mother who, after the excitement of war work abroad, re-

turns to find her family of husband, son and daughter a little out of hand, but who, nevertheless, cannot resist the lure of continuing in public life until, in the third act, she hurries back from a lecture tour only just in time to save her home from total dissolution. The mother of Blanche Bates and the altogether delightful father of Henry Miller are good characters, so—in a lesser degree—is the daughter, but one could easily eliminate some six superfluous members of the Red Cross Unit, who add neither fun nor interest, to say nothing of the neighborly siren, whose charms, if they are to convince, are more safely described than exhibited. But even if *The Famous Mrs. Fair* lacks the finish and the smooth construction of a Pinero, it tells a pertinent story in a dramatic way; it has amusing lines; a climax; suspense, and a real emotional appeal—and that is saying a good deal.

Adam and Eva, by George Middleton and Guy Bolton, is wholesomely clean and amusing and not too subtle for success. Its greatest originality is attained by having the titled British fortune-hunter turn out to be the right stuff when the Private Secretary, who has been left to manage his employer's idle and extravagant family, decides to teach them a lesson and tells them that their father—then seeking rest in South America—is a ruined man. Needless to say, everybody—including the hypochondriac cousin, who came to spend a week and has stayed four years, a nice part nicely played by Gottschalk—the parasitic son-in-law; the heedless daughter; the parlor-maid; the Scotch Laird and the heroine—all prove what a boom for good conduct and industry a little poverty can accomplish. And the unmarried daughter and the secretary learn to love each other madly for many more reasons than that their names happen to be Adam and Eva.

Booth Tarkington's *Clarence* was at first heralded as that great American comedy which is always coming, and which some critics say arrived with *Mrs. Fair*. It is a character study but not quite so convincing as *Lightning*, nor a better play. In fact, when a plot becomes so tenuous that a fifteen minute discussion as to the hero's name is seized upon to eke out an act, one begins to deplore the absence of the English fashion of curtain raisers. So many comedies are uproariously funny for one act, moderately so for a second and wholly tragic for a third. Of such was *Too Many Husbands* which, for want

of anything brighter, tried vapid vulgarity at the end—perhaps Mr. Tarkington's idea was better. At any rate, the author's initial conception of the shy entymologist, who had to be adopted into the bosom of a squabbling family after becoming acquainted with all their dreadful secrets, while he sits waiting for a job in the father's office during the first act, is a quaint and likeable creation. Clarence himself really deserves a better play.

The Harvard prize comedy, Miss Butler's *Mamma's Affair*, written for and produced by Morosco, cannot be considered as successful as the three comedies just mentioned. Miss Butler started out with the excellent and unexplored theme of a neurasthenic mother, who is devouring her daughter's life. Unfortunately in writing her comedy, she over-developed her hero, who ran away with the play. The daughter is rescued from Mamma in Act I. instead of Act III., and all further suspense is entirely artificial. *Mamma's Affair* degenerates into Mr. Edeson, as the Doctor, reviving the pretty pastime of refusing to make love and at the same time making it, as in the red letter days of the *Little Minister*. The close of the play is only redeemed from total futility by its clever lines and Mamma's finally remarking to the hero, whom she doesn't want for a son-in-law: "But it will be so nice to have a Doctor in the family!" It serves him right for spoiling the play.

That Cosmo Hamilton's *Scandal* should be having one of the longest runs of the season is a disgrace to our theatre going public that cannot be too bitterly deplored. The fact of morality being the best policy on the stage has been proved by such phenomenal successes as *The Old Homestead*, *The Little Minister*, *Peg o' My Heart*, *The Music Master*, etc., while only this winter, *Sacred and Profane Love*, Bennett's dramatization of his poorest and most meretricious novel, was withdrawn after a short run, even with such a popular actress as Elsie Ferguson in the caste. Has the public then lost its standard of fitness? For *Scandal* is a play in which construction, situation and characterization are equally unnatural and poor, and where all reliance for holding interest is placed on the startling qualities of the second act. The only explanation for its success that is not entirely pessimistic, lies in the fact that, like *The Gold Diggers*, *Scandal* covers the salaciousness of its second act by a thickly impossible coating of sentiment in Act

III., and sends its audience away with the feeling that they have blushed all the blushes attendant on the worst French farce without having witnessed any real infraction of the Ten Commandments. How far will our people be led astray by this new form of hypocrisy? The seventeenth century public who countenanced the Restoration drama were at least more honest. That suggestiveness may be just as pernicious and much more insidious than downright sin should be recognized and decried.

Despite all this, there are still some bright spots to be remembered in the past season, of which the most notable production is clearly *Richard III.* Just as Richard Bennett and Louise Closser Hale blossomed forth from a lurid melodrama, called *For the Defence*, into *The Far Horizon*, so John Barrymore has made another real contribution to dramatic art after his long appearance as that decadent lily hero of *The Jest*—the penny dreadful in Renaissance garb, which was conceived popularly to be a highbrow form of entertainment—possibly because no critic could decisively say that it was *not* in blank verse!

Now that Mr. Barrymore has overcome his greatest handicap of voice, we may soon look forward to another American Hamlet besides Mr. Hampden's very personable Dane.

THE ARMENIAN TRAGEDY.

BY WALTER GEORGE SMITH.



HERE have been so many demands upon the sympathy of the American people since the outbreak of the World War, that it seems sometimes as if the well-springs were almost exhausted. There has been undoubtedly a reaction all over the country from the fine, high ideals with which we entered the War three years ago. Doubtless this is partially owing to differences of opinion as to the relative attitudes of the President and the Senate over the Peace Treaty, but the main cause is, perhaps, the feeling that we are powerless to stem the tide of events, and should not be called upon to grapple with more than our own domestic problems.

This view is natural, but provincial. It fails to take into consideration the vast change that has come about in the relations of all the peoples of the world owing to steam, electricity, and other natural forces which have revolutionized commerce and transportation. No part of the world can suffer long without affecting the prosperity of all peoples. It is not less alarming to the people of the United States that all of Central Europe is struggling with starvation, that Great Britain, France and Southern Europe are financially embarrassed, and the Near East partly starving and torn with racial warfare, because a great ocean divides us from these stricken lands. Our wealth is very great and our industrial and commercial activities are constantly adding to it, but if the other nations of the world are reduced to bankruptcy, the reaction upon our prosperity will inevitably follow. It behooves us, therefore, quite irrespective of the demand upon our sympathies, to form a correct judgment as to the causes of existing conditions, and to seek for their remedy by radical means.

The two little volumes¹ which are the subject of this review contain in small compass the salient points of the Near

¹ *Armenia and the Armenians from the Earliest Times until the Great War* (1914), by Kervork Aslan. Translated from the French by Plerre Crabitès. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1920.

The Eastern Question and Its Solution, by Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Eastern question. By reason of a century of American educational and religious effort and of the recent endeavors to bring home to the American people the supreme importance of rehabilitating the Armenians, Mr. Aslan's book is invaluable. He has been at pains to trace the history of this remarkable people from the earliest times. The translator, who has done his work well, prefixes a well written chapter on the evolution of the Armenian question. He tells us that the high tableland between the Caucasus, the Black Sea and the Mediterranean has about the superficial area of France, and he quotes the language of M. Paul Deschanel, who describes this as the cradle of "an intelligent, laborious, cultivated people which, joining Asiatic quickness of perception to the spirit and soul of Europe, has ever been the sentinel of Greco-Latin civilization in the Orient."

The kingdom of Armenia long before the Christian era and afterwards for a period of four centuries, was a prosperous state containing as many as 30,000,000 inhabitants. Through many vicissitudes it declined until, upon the breaking out of the War of 1914, its ancient territory was divided between Turkey, Russia, and Persia, and of its race not more than 4,000,000 survived. After the massacre of Chios by the Turks in 1822 the European powers exacted from the Sultan promises of fair treatment for his Christian subjects, but these promises have been invariably broken. In 1845 the Christians of Lebanon were slaughtered. In 1856 reform was promised. These promises were followed by massacres that went on from bad to worse until the war between Russia and Turkey broke out in 1877. This was followed by the Treaty of San Stefano. This Treaty brought about the Berlin Conference of 1878, but before the Conference England and Turkey had entered upon the Convention of Cyprus, whereby in consideration of the assignment of the island, England agreed to take up arms to prevent the Russians keeping possession of Batoum, Ardahan, and Kars, which meant that the Armenians of the Caucasus were left again to the tender mercies of the Turk. Reforms were promised but not executed, massacres broke out in 1894 and in 1895, and in 1896 the Sultan Abdul Hamid ordered massacres following his promises of reform.

In 1908 the Young Turks came into power upon a platform of liberalism, but their history has been even more san-

guinary and fanatical than that of the old régime. When the adventurers of the Committee of Union and Progress seized the government and cast in the lot of Turkey with the Central Powers, it was determined, with the connivance of Germany, to exterminate all Christians in the Empire. Shortly after the failure of the attack on the Dardanelles in June, 1915, the definitive extermination began. The Government decreed the deportation of the entire Armenian people except those resident in Constantinople. The Government officials throughout the provinces hastened to carry out these orders, and, with two honorable exceptions, all of the Governors enforced the cruel order.

The work of deportation was executed everywhere, in all the nooks and corners of the land, from Adrianople to Adana, Malatia, Kharpout, Diarbekir, Erzeroum, Sivas, Tokat, Amassia, Samsoun, and Trebizond, without excepting the districts of Broussa and of Ismi. The rule was first applied to the male population. The young were thrown into prison, the elderly were told to depart within a delay of twenty-four hours and the priests were burned to death. Then the women and children were arrested. In many instances women were forced to embrace Mohammedanism to escape death. As soon as they left, the caravans were attacked by the constabulary and brigands, who acted in concert. All conceivable forms of torture were applied. The men were killed, and the women and girls violated and then killed. At Trebizond it was found simpler to sink the barges containing the refugees.

The result of the deportations and massacres, it is estimated, was the destruction of fifty per cent of the Armenian population. Mr. Aslan closes his volume with the remark:

If the Turks have thus furnished indisputable evidence of a cruelty unequalled in the annals of history, the part played in this hideous drama by their Teutonic Allies is no less reprehensible, for far from acting as restraining influences, the latter counseled the crimes which sullied a record which was already black. The work of annihilation which has been carried out beggars description. If some parts of Turkey in Asia appear to show signs of life, all that country bordering upon the Black Sea and running to the Persian frontier represents today nothing but a picture of desolation and death.

By common consent the Armenian people are better prepared by natural endowment to bring Occidental civilization into the Near East than any other people who are native there. They have the trading instinct as highly developed as the Greeks. The mountainous country from which they come gives them the energy, mental and physical, the Syrians do not possess. Even during centuries of persecution and repression, which have become more and more sanguinary, until the climax of 1915, the Armenian has been the sole constructive element among the Sultan's subjects.

While it is estimated that eighty-five per cent of these people have been simply peasant farmers and tradesmen, the remaining fifteen per cent have done practically all the constructive work of the Empire. Their thrift, their endurance, their patience, have all been set in opposition to the laziness and self-indulgence and irreclaimable barbarism of the Turk, and superadded to these causes of difference has been their steadfast adherence to Gregorian Christianity. Apostasy has been rare. By the religion of Mohammed, all non-believers are infidels, outcasts with no rights of life or property under Islam. Yet, with all these obstacles, the Armenians have lived and have worked, and have kept alight the flame of the spirit in literature and lofty idealism even to this day.

The Armenians are brave soldiers. There were 150,000 of them in the Russian Army, and when the Russian revolution caused the disbandment of the Army in the Caucasus, 35,000 of these veterans, ill-armed and underfed, held the whole frontier of six hundred miles between Russia and Turkey to the vast benefit of Allenby's campaign in Palestine and Mesopotamia. For the Turks did not dare to withdraw troops to reënforce the army opposed to it. In the Foreign Legion of the French Army, in the English Army, and in the American Army, Armenians won enviable records.

The Caucasus is now politically divided among three so-called Republics: Georgia, Azerbaijan, and Armenia. These Republics have all been recognized by European Governments, but until lately the United States had not recognized Armenia. The Armenians ask not only recognition, but a definition of the boundaries of their territory to include the provinces of Trebizond on the Black Sea and Cilicia on the Mediterranean. They ask the privilege of recruiting and

equipping troops in the United States and a benevolent attitude on the part of this Government, so that these troops may be officered, to a great extent, by Americans, and they ask that, until they can assure the domestic tranquillity of their country, American warships and marines may help to keep open the only line of railroad from Batoum to Erivan.

Meantime, about 800,000 people in the Caucasus and many thousands in other parts of the country extending as far south as Jerusalem, are being kept alive by provisions and supplies bought by a fund subscribed by the charity of the American people. Obviously this cannot continue indefinitely. These people should be repatriated and protected.

The policy of the Allies in delaying the settlement of the Turkish question since November, 1918, has heartened the Turks and, under Mustapha Kemal Pasha, they are insisting that there shall be no dismemberment of the Empire. French troops have been roughly treated in Cilicia, and the remnants of the Armenian people in that province are being rapidly butchered. At the Peace Conference, which assembled at San Remo, America was not represented. The Eastern question and all of its dangers was again submitted for solution. The failure to settle it with courage, decision and disinterestedness has been the cause of three great wars. The settlement at San Remo carries the seeds of still further war.

Dr. Jastrow in his admirable, terse, lucid study of the situation, shows how this question has been a perpetual menace because the theory of all efforts to solve it has been the balance of power and the spheres of influence of the European nations, considered quite without respect to the rights of the natives of the Near East. The entry of Germany as a competitor for Near Eastern power in 1888, the development of the Berlin-Bagdad Railway project, and the necessity for its success by the control of Serbia, caused Germany to back Austria in 1914.

Our country has been free from responsibility for the terrific blunders, the cynical, unscrupulous selfishness that has distinguished European diplomacy in regard to Near Eastern affairs up to this time, but we cannot escape responsibility for the future. We have interests in that country, not commercial to any great extent, but moral. There are many colleges, schools, hospitals, and other American works being

carried on there. The Congregationalists in Northern Turkey, the Presbyterians in Southern Turkey, the Jews in Palestine, have all made the subject one in which we have an interest. Indifference is inexplicable, except upon the ground that all settlements of foreign affairs and many domestic ones have been deadlocked by reason of the differences between the Legislative and Executive branches of the Government, and the illness of the President, for more than half a year.

The proposition to give a mandate over Armenia to the United States has been a subject of much discussion. Notwithstanding the failure to ratify the Peace Treaty, it has been formally tendered and repelled. It is exceedingly doubtful whether it would have been accepted had the Treaty been ratified. Leading statesmen and students have argued against the assumption of any such expensive obligation, unconnected with more than a moral interest, by the United States. Dr. Jastrow shares this view. Indeed he is opposed to all mandates:

Unless the nations accepting mandates have purged their souls of all imperialistic ambitions, of all desire for territorial expansion, a mandate is merely a thin diplomatic disguise for occupation of a country. Occupation shades by fine degrees into a protectorate, and the protectorate yields, when a crisis ensues, to permanent proprietorship.

What then is the solution of the Eastern question in this learned scholar's opinion? He quotes from Gladstone:

The greatest triumph of our time will be the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics.

He insists that notwithstanding their imperfections, the treaties drawn up in Paris are a great advance in the direction of giving first consideration to freeing peoples from a yoke forced upon them by a seizure or a conquest, and our participation in that conference helped materially to bring into the foreground the idea of public right. He looks then to international coöperation as the true rule to be adopted in settling the Near Eastern question, and suggests nine international commissions for the tutelage of: 1. Constantinople; 2. Turkish Asia Minor; 3. Armenia; 4. Georgia; 5. Azerbaijan; 6. Syria; 7. Palestine; 8. Mesopotamia; 9. Arabia.

Such an arrangement, in his judgment, will give hope to the people of eventual liberty, an idea ineradicable from the human breast. Just as in Egypt political unrest follows where the native population have no voice in government, so Dr. Jastrow believes that the Near Eastern turmoil will never be settled until the Near Eastern peoples are on the high road to govern themselves. If they are led along by disinterested commissions, the problem is in progress of solution. Whatever may be thought of this view, it seems certain that the attempt on the part of the French to expropriate Cilicia, is an evidence of wanton imperialism which cannot but have an exceedingly bad and disturbing effect upon the temper of Eastern peoples; more so than their holding Syria, for they have traditional special interests in that part of the old Empire, while the English need to keep their influence in Mesopotamia and Palestine because of their anxiety over India. Meantime Russian Bolshevism may burn itself out, but it may upset all calculations by overwhelming the Caucasus and, joining with the Young Turks, sweep down to the Sea of Marmora. It is inconceivable that in any such crisis of world affairs American statesmen can be so blind to the lessons of history as to hold back from the assertion of the moral ideas for which heretofore our diplomacy has always stood.

In theory, Dr. Jastrow's suggested internationalism is perfect. Unfortunately, it presupposes a fairness and disinterestedness on the part of the great European powers which does not exist. It is not probable, indeed, human nature being constituted as it is, it is scarcely possible, that an international commission would succeed if made permanent, though as a temporary expedient pending final settlement it might do.

Any one who has been in the Near East even for a brief time, will know something of the rancorous hostility between different races and creeds, and this seems to be communicated to the Occidental resident, for underneath public professions of kindness one hears constant denunciation of all other peoples by his friend, of whatsoever nationality he may be.

A radical settlement of the Near Eastern question would involve military occupation of the strategic points in Turkey, the deliberate dismemberment of the Empire, the building up of a strong Armenia with the Provinces of Trebizond and Cilicia and all of Turkish Armenia, the confining of the

Turkish people within the boundaries of Anatolia, with the ancient capital of Broussa or Konia, the autonomy of Syria under a French Protectorate and of Palestine and Mesopotamia under an English Protectorate, until those countries can become self-governing, and the Arabs to have such form of government as they think proper, but to be confined within their natural boundaries of Arabia with no claim on Syria. The problem of Constantinople would be much easier if the political domination of the Turk were removed. As between the claims of Greece, Bulgaria and Russia to sole domination, one may suspend judgment, but there seems no good reason why a free city government might not be set up that would neutralize the water ways and thus disarm very largely the jealousy of Russia and of Black Sea countries which need this outlet to the West. One must be cautious in dogmatizing upon so intricate a subject. Any plan seems better than to permit the bloody rule of the Turk over Christian peoples.

For the third time the European Congress has attempted to settle temporarily, at least, the Eastern question, while the American Congress has stood off in an attitude of destructive criticism, save that the Senate has requested that the President send a warship and land marines at Batoum to protect the line of railway, and the President himself has accepted the trying task of limiting the boundaries of Armenia. It is not clear whether this gives him a free hand or whether Cilicia and parts of Turkish Armenia are to be outside of any boundaries that he may fix. The Sultan is to remain in Constantinople under the direction of an International Commission. The Dardanelles are not internationalized. The Greeks are given Smyrna and the immediately adjoining territory and Thrace. Meantime, as appears by the careful report of Brigadier General Moseley, the military forces of the Nationalist Turkish Party under the command of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, have been appealing to the patriotism and fanaticism of the Turkish people. They have an army of 40,000 men.

Unless the Allies bring large forces to bear and crush all opposition throughout the provinces of the Empire, all prophecy is of no avail. But none the less, the two little books which have given occasion to this review are distinct contributions to the growing literature on the subject, and will compel the attention of dispassionate students.

CHASTITY.

BY FRANCIS CARLIN.

(Under the high altar of the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva in Rome, lies the body of St. Catherine of Siena, in the incorruptible flesh, though lifeless for nearly six hundred years.)

THE white brow of a woman,
Beauty's altar stone,
Is broken now, beneath the plow,
Where Deirdre lies unknown.
But the white heart of a Woman,
Beauty's living Self,
Still lies today without decay
On a Roman altar-shelf.

The white breast of a woman,
Beauty's masterpiece,
Has left its snow in the Long Ago
Of Helen's sunny Greece.
But the white mould of a Woman,
Beauty in human form,
Still lingers here, on a marble hier,
In the land where it was warm.

The white Fame of a woman,
Beauty's ivory shield,
Went down in shame when Frances' name
By Dante was revealed.
But the white soul of a Woman,
Beauty sanctified,
Left doubtful dust in Nature's trust
When Catherine strangely died.

O the white Prayers of this Woman,
Like the pleadings of larks, are heard
By God Who prefers her messengers
To the psalms of a soaring bird.
For the white Prayers of this Woman
Are breathed from the Spirit's breath
Of a Body asleep—and that She may keep
Our souls from the only death.

WHEN MARY AND I WENT TO MORLAIX.

BY TOD B. GALLOWAY.



WE did not go together nor, indeed, at the same time, Mary and I. In fact, there was quite an interval between our visits. Mary will never know that I was there, although I am quite familiar with the fact of her visit.

Instead of living in the present time when the League of Nations and other idealistic ideas would suggest that the sword was, without doubt, to be beaten into a plowshare and that this Year of Grace, 1919, was attempting to push Revelations to a finish, if I had been living in the time of poor harassed Mary I would doubtless have had my head cut off for undue familiarity of language—for I refer to Mary Queen of Scots, whose visit, poor child, to Morlaix was a mere matter of three hundred and seventy years before mine.

First, I must explain where Morlaix is and how Mary and I happened to visit there.

On the storm-beaten, wind-lashed, northern coast of the land of sabots, Brittany, two-thirds of the distance out towards the point of Finisterre, is the little town of Morlaix—one of the most interesting and picturesque towns of timber-framed houses, not only of Brittany, the land of quaint towns, but of France and indeed all Europe. The little city which has existed since the Roman domination of Gaul, is nestled in the hollow of a deep valley, and there, detached from the work-a-day world of today seems "world forgetting, by the world forgot." The monumental railroad viaduct, which spans in airy space the valley and town, instead of removing that feeling of the land o'yester-year, gives the surroundings a special character, an aspect at once unique and beautiful. The narrow Breton streets, lined with ancient mansions and houses, seem to wander aimlessly about as if trying to find a pathway up the surrounding hills and, becoming discouraged in their effort, simply come to a stop or wander off into country lanes.

Old houses, where generation after generation have labored, lived, loved, and died, take on the grace of human

attributes. This one, an old overhanging gabled tenement, has a meditative attitude, the head bent forward, while the dim diamond-eyed windows seem introspective as though recalling past days and glories; another, with its twisted curves of mellowed tones, seems like a sardonic face laughing at the present generation; one is tall, angular, austere, like a severe spinster aunt, another short, squat and fat, good nature showing in every line, while next are two leaning together in comradeship and we can fancy them whispering:

Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand, we'll go.

Such are the houses of Morlaix which, in their youth, looked down upon Mary and in their old age whispered the story of her visit to me.

From the disastrous day of Flodden Field (September 9, 1513), Scottish hearts turned more and more to France, and, naturally, Henry VIII., by his tyranny, treachery, and unscrupulous intrigues which no man, especially no young man of spirit, could forgive, drove James V. of Scotland from the English marriage which Henry tried to force upon him, into an alliance with Magdalen, the sister of the King of France. She lived only a few months, and James again looked to France for a bride and this time married Mary of Guise. Unfortunate Henry VIII. was also a suitor for her hand, and when she laughingly rejected the hand of this corpulent and much marrying gentleman in order that she might marry his nephew, James V., a younger and gayer admirer, she little recked the trouble and misfortune she was accumulating for the country of her new spouse, as Henry was one who never forgot or forgave a slight—particularly one to his amorous propensities.

The misfortunes of the Scottish throne pursued the luckless James. He failed to win the trust and affection of his people and was made to feel Henry's relentless hate. He lost both of his infant sons and finally the disastrous battle of Solway Moss (November 24, 1542) was the climax. Broken in spirit and health, he died in less than a month—six days after the birth of little Mary. The news of the birth of the little princess, his sole heir, brought him no consolation and he is said to have exclaimed when informed of it, referring to

Scotland: "It came with a lass and it will pass with a lass." Henry VIII. continued his relentless hate towards his widow, Mary of Guise, and her little daughter, nor did his death in January, 1547, bring any peace to distracted Scotland. The marriage of little Mary to Edward VI. was rendered impossible by the actions of the English. Instead of trying pacific measures of conciliation the Lord Protector Somerset, following the example of Henry VIII., tried, by most violent means, to force the Scots to give Mary to Edward for wife. As a natural result, Scotland again turned to France and an alliance between the little girl queen and the Dauphin of France was arranged. Henry II. promised to maintain Scotland against the cruelty and arrogance of England, offering men, money and arms, and to educate the young Queen. Scotland accepted gladly, laying down as their one condition that the laws and liberties of that land should be inviolate.

No time was lost in putting into execution the plan, and a fleet of four galleys under the command of the valiant Admiral Villegaignon was dispatched from France to Scotland to bring the little Queen to her new home. The fleet put in at Leith, but owing to the watchfulness of the English vessels who were trying to capture Mary, it was deemed unsafe to have her embark there. Therefore her mother took her to Dumbarton Castle where, in stealth, the child, together with her four child companions of story and song, Mary Fleming, Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton, and Mary Livingstone, were placed on board one of the galleys and the perilous voyage of danger from storms and enemy was begun. The little galleys totally unsuited for such service, sailed around the Clyde and in order to elude the watchful English skirted around the stormy coast of Ireland.

Of that voyage we learn from a series of letters written by *Sieur de Brézé* in Mary's suite, to her anxious mother in Scotland. Indeed, no other child of bygone days has given such vivid flashes of her life. We know of this, her progress through the fair land of France with power granted her by her future father-in-law, Henry II., to pardon criminals in the towns and villages through which she had to pass, and her first meeting with her future playmate and husband in the royal nursery at St. Germain—that nursery where so many sad and varied careers had their opening. Again we

see her as a child in a street procession in Paris, carrying a lighted candle in a gorgeous church ceremony while a woman seeing her, breaks through the ranks, exclaiming: "Are you not, indeed, an angel?" We have her life with her child companions, her letters, Latin themes—even the note of joy announcing to her grandmother that her mother is coming to visit her, and her intention (delicious child touch) to make use of the intervening time in studying to become very wise!

The most interesting of de Brézé's letters was one written from St. Pol four days after the party had successfully landed in France. He wrote: "We were almost compelled on two or three occasions to return to Dumbarton, and one night, about ten leagues from the Cape of Cornwall, when the sea was wondrously high with the biggest waves I ever saw, to our great consternation, the rudder of our galley was broken. Nevertheless, Our Lord was pleased to intervene so that we replaced the rudder at once in spite of the heavy sea that was running." These unfortunate children were tempest tossed for eighteen days and we learn that Mary was not as ill as her companions, so that she made sport of those less fortunate girls. A very human touch, which was probably not much appreciated by the sufferers. Finally, landing was made at the little village of Roscoff on the fourteenth of August, 1548. Surely this rock-bound landing place must have reminded the little homesick Queen of her native land.

The opening lines of *Enoch Arden* might have been written about it:

Long lines of cliff, breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-towered mill.

This iron-bound coast revels in legends of returning sea ghosts, phantom ships, and wraiths of returning dead sailors, but when we think of the dark destiny of our little traveler, we carry the reflection of a darker tragedy than any in the lore of Finisterre.

On the rock where Mary embarked may be seen the ruins of a Gothic chapel erected in her honor, covering the imprint of her foot where she first stepped. I cannot vouch for the

footprint. I can only say that if it were veritable, Mary must have carried more weight for her years than she afterwards did in the conduct of her own affairs. There also one can see the old mansion, called the House of Marie-Stuart, with its curious gargoyles on the chimney stack, where she is said to have rested after her tempestuous sea trip, and the church of Notre Dame de Croaz-Baz, where undoubtedly Mary offered up prayers of thanksgiving for deliverance from the perils of the deep. It was not "moulder'd" then as it was but barely finished.

From Roscoff Mary began her triumphant progress through France, which ended at St. Germain-en-Laye. Her first stop was at St. Pol-de-Léon, only five kilometres from Roscoff, that lovely old town with its interesting old cathedral and its magnificent *clochers*, from whence Sieur de Brézé wrote his letter to Mary's mother. From St. Pol Mary made her triumphant entry into Morlaix by boat. Let me quote from one who, although not an eye witness, undoubtedly had the details of this visit from the lips of those who were actual spectators; for Albert Le Grand was born at Morlaix towards the end of the sixteenth century, and therefore knew many who had joined in the greeting to the Little Queen. He says: "There arrived in the same town (Morlaix) by sea, the most noble and puissant princess, Marie-Stuart, Queen of Scotland, who was on her way to Paris for her marriage with the Dauphin Francis, afterwards the second king of that name. The Lord of Rohan, accompanied by the nobility of the country, went to receive her, and she was lodged in the Dominican Convent. When Her Majesty, who was returning from the Church of Notre Dame where the *Te Deum* had been sung, had passed the town gate, which is called 'The Prison,' the drawbridge, which was overladen by the weight of the horsemen, broke and fell into the river, although without loss of life. The Scotch gentlemen in the Queen's suite, who had remained in town, feared some mischief had been intended and began to shout, 'Treason, Treason,' but the Lord of Rohan, who was walking by the Queen's litter, shouted to them at the top of his voice, 'No Breton was ever a traitor,' and so quelled their fears. Mary stayed two days at Morlaix to recover from the fatigues of her voyage." To recover her land-legs, so to speak, though Le Grand does not put it that way.

During her visit, de Rohan caused all the gates of the town to be taken off of their hinges and the chains of the bridge to be broken, in order, Le Grand says, that the people could see Mary better, but more likely as a sign of peaceful intent.

O! the joyous welcome of the garlanded and tapestry hung streets of the old town—for Morlaix was an old town three hundred and seventy years ago! Oh, the clanking of polished armor, the praneing of the richly caparisoned steeds, the solemn *Te Deums*, songs of welcome and children bearing flowers! Enjoy them all, little Mary. You are just commencing twelve years of blithesome carefree life—your only happy days—for then comes sorrow's night of thirty-two years, eighteen of them in prison, then the headsman and the block.

When Mary came to Morlaix she was five years and eight months old. That she was pretty, graceful, and self-assured we know from numerous eye witnesses, with a childish dignity which charmed everyone. She was withal a merry, loveable little girl. And this is how Mary went to Morlaix.

My coming was somewhat different, sans garlands, sans flowers, sans everything except rain. *Mais que voulez-vous?* Brittany in November? Are not its fertile fields always too green on account of moisture? Do not the clever caricaturists always picture a Breton with his umbrella, and does not our very name for the common variety of that family implement—gingham—come from Giumgamp in Finisterre? But, unlike Mary, I went alone. Our party from Brest, to accept the charming invitation of Madame C—— to spend Sunday in Morlaix, was to consist of my hostess, Madame M——, with her amiable son and daughter, Lieutenant Rush, A. E. F., and Mr. Taylor, Divisional Y. M. C. A. Secretary at Brest. Alas, the day before our planned excursion, Madame M—— and her family hastened off, in response to a telegram, to Toulon, to meet a daughter and son-in-law returning from Tunis. Lieutenant Rush had unexpected duties with the Secret Service Bureau and Mr. Taylor was also called out of town, so I, perforce, fared forth alone. Everything seemed inauspicious for my trip. Ordinarily the market Sunday morning was filled with masses of flowers, but as I trapsed through the down-pouring rain to find some to take to my prospective hostess, not a blossom was to be seen. This disappointed me greatly,

and, with no companions and a dreary day, the prospect for a pleasant time was not promising.

The railroad ride from Brest to Morlaix led me along the Bay of Brest, through charming old Landerneau, well worth a visit, past La Roche, beloved of artists, Landivisiau, the centre of interesting excursions, through the green hills to my destination.

The railway station of Morlaix is located at one end of the wonderful viaduct to which I referred at the outset, high above the little town, and I descended by a long flight of stone steps, eight hundred and forty in number, literally from the modern to the Middle Ages. Therefore, when I found the home of my hostess, it seemed perfectly natural that it should bear the date of 1505. This house, having been forty-three years old when little Mary came to town, its walls must often have heard the *grandes dames* describing her and all the gossip of her arrival and surely must later have heard *sous-lieutenants* describe the sea fights on the Nile or Trafalgar Bay—for Morlaix has always furnished many men to the French navy—or have seen from its windows and welcomed Moreau, returned from spoiling the Hun, as I saw the returned Breton soldiers in 1919; for Moreau, the victor of Hohenlinden, was born in Morlaix.

Arrived at the home of my hostess, it was hard to tell which was the most alluring, the delightful cordiality of the family, consisting of *grandmère*, aged eighty-six, one of the most remarkable old ladies I ever met; an aunt, a friend who assisted in the honors, and Madam C—— herself, or the wonderful old house with its flamboyant carving of pillar and post, of buttress and balustrade.

As it was nearly noon when I arrived and as the French are always exact in the hours of their sacred meals, I was shown up a fine old winding stairway through a typical Breton *cuisine*, huge in size, with its great open fireplace, hung, as were the walls and roof, with glistening vessels of copper and pewter, into the generous *salle-à-manger*, with its heavy groined beams, for a veritable feast; delicious *pâté de foie gras*, boiled tongue, with an ambrosial sauce, plump partidges, with a salad such as only the French can serve, were only some of the viands to which I was expected to do justice to the accompaniment of the solicitous attentions of the whole

family and assiduously waited upon by a very attractive *bonne* dressed in local costume. She wore the *coiffure* of Morlaix, which, from the odd arrangement of the *chignon*, is called the "*queue de homard*;" the *homard* being the huge crayfish which abounds on the coast of Finisterre. As the reading of Dickens, with his menu-filled pages, always makes one hungry, so does the memory of that *déjeuner* as I write.

Later my kind friends guided me over the interesting town, making a veritable "*pèlerinage de Marie Stuart*," commencing with the Musée, which is located in what was the ancient Church of the Convent of the Dominicans, built in the thirteenth century, where little Mary and her suite were domiciled during their visit. One has therefore a valuable museum to enjoy, lighted and beautified by the lovely rose window and glass of the mediæval church. The museum is most interesting, not only for its wealth of rare old Breton china, glass and relics, but for a remarkably fine gallery of paintings by famous artists of Breton life and scenes. Here, as elsewhere throughout France, one has the evidence of the Government's encouragement of art. The State purchases and presents to the local museum the best works of art of the artists of that community, thus giving encouragement and inspiration both to the artists and to others. While in our country it might not be possible to have such encouragement given by the Government, think what it would mean if each State or municipality would do something of the same sort! With us too often our artists are "prophets not without honor, save in their own country."

Of course, we went to the Dominican Convent, founded in 1237, which had housed little Mary Stuart, and to the old Maison de La Duchesse Anne with its ingeniously disposed carved stairway and other charming incidents of Middle Age architecture. That Anne of Brittany occupied this house when she came to Morlaix in 1503 is doubtful. More likely she stopped at the convent which afterwards received Mary, but the ubiquitous Anne has as many "*Maisons*" scattered over Brittany as there are headquarters of our George Washington in America.

The rain, for a wonder, having ceased temporarily, we spent the whole afternoon delving into the quaint sights of the old town until darkness came and we went home for tea.

and music. At six o'clock we sat down to another feast beginning with a wonderful Breton soup which was like molten pleasure, and finally ending with a delicious sweet cake peculiar to Morlaix. I wonder if little Mary feasted as royally when she was at Morlaix as I did. But duty called me at Brest, and as there must be an end to all good things, late that evening weighted with sorrow at parting with such kind friends—and much food—I laboriously climbed the eight hundred and forty steps back to the realities of the present day world. My kind hostess, who had lost her husband in the terrible War, was rejoicing because her only brother was returning safely home since the armistice. May nothing ever come in the future to disturb the peace and happiness of that delightful, hospitable home in the Rue de l'Aiguillon in old Morlaix!

And this is how I went to Morlaix.

THE RAINBOW.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

THOU art a promise, hanging high
Across the recent flame-swept sky,

That Peace shall come, whate'er betide,
When thunders rock, and tempests ride.

Thou'rt like a ribbon, bright and fair,
With colors strung from angel's hair.

Thou art Earth's tender trilogy
Of Faith and Hope and Charity.

BRITISH IMPERIALISM AND POISON GAS.

BY P. G. SMYTH.



UNDER existing conditions, the present century shall witness the practical extermination of the Irish race in Ireland. In and around the Isle of Destiny preparations elaborate and sinister are being made towards this end—arrangements of impending doom, chilling and depressing.

The last remnant of the Hibernians, both the Gaelic race and its ethnological kindred, Viking and Norman, Cymric and Saxon—still more Irish—is now making its last desperate struggle for existence in its little island citadel on the western verge of Europe.

“Great Britain’s bastion”—this is, according to British statesmen, Ireland’s situation and main use and purpose, naturally and otherwise. So the native Irish race, now demanding a republic, must be removed by extinction or exile, to make the world safe for British imperialism. It is a plain, blunt, final proposition, the logical end and outcome of England’s traditional and inherent policy with regard to Ireland. Everything is ready for its attempted enforcement—armies and navies, tanks and aëroplanes, machine guns and flame throwers. (The arrangements are more perfect, though, of course, on a far more vast and comprehensive scale, than were King William’s for the massacre of Glencoe or General Dyer’s for the late human *battue* at Amritsar.)

But there has ensued a poignant period of hesitation, of “watchful waiting.” The masses of the English and Scotch will strongly disapprove of the affair. What matter, once the crucial work is over?—what is the temporary turning out of a government compared to the permanent turning out of a nation? But it might be well to have, on the part of the American Republic, toleration at least, if not sanction, of the proposed clearance. Thus, quivering in the yet uncertain balance, hangs the fate of the Irish race in Ireland.

A main feature of the anti-Irish war now being desperately waged in America is the lavish use of literary poison gas.

It is sent in nauseous waves all over the country, in a desperate alien attempt to asphyxiate and kill reason and common sense, honor, humanity, and fair play. (It travels in various forms—books, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers, etc.—and it is paid for by money advanced by pro-British American financiers to a great but bankrupt power.)

As a sample of the stuff that is now being diffused from the British trenches in America let us take a book¹ purporting to be written on the Irish situation by “a Frenchman who for years had taken the Irish anti-British propaganda as genuine,” but who eventually saw a great light, and was converted from his utterly erroneous views by admiring observation of British virtues, and who “now feels himself able to pronounce the Irish question ‘an international imposture.’”

The advertising idea is good, though in a manner stale and dubious. But a Frenchman in strenuous opposition to an Irish Republic is a wonderful discovery. Such a one, however, is introduced to America as “R. C. Escoufflaire.”

This author goes back a few thousand years and starts his engine of destruction over the graves and reputations of Ireland’s ancient kings! He darkly hints accusations of polygamy. This is severe, unfair, the extreme of archæological cruelty. How can he so vilify that long silent dust, so peacefully reposing in the royal cemeteries of Brugh and Tailton and Cruachan! Does he expect Rory the Great to arise in Milesian majesty and deny the odious charge? Does he want Conn of the Hundred Battles to get up and fight another? Fortunately, however, for those long departed monarchs, they have no need to vindicate themselves either through medium or ouija board; every reader of Irish history knows that, by strict law and custom, they were “one wife” potentates, even the pagan ones.

Skipping down to the invasion of the Norsemen and their final overthrow, “M. Escoufflaire” makes this extraordinary statement: “In Ireland they are always talking of the past, and every year they celebrate in all seriousness the anniversary of a defeat of the Danes at Clontarf in 1014.” Now, probably not one Irishman in a hundred is able to tell offhand the exact date of the battle of Clontarf, and certainly none ever heard of a public celebration of its anniversary. Whence, then, this

¹ *Ireland An Enemy to the Allies*, by R. C. Escoufflaire. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

specific mention of a holiday of national jubilation, an Irish Fourth of July? But hold—Clontarf was fought on a Good Friday. The mystery is cleared! Our profoundly observant author identifies the religious services in the Irish churches on Good Friday, in commemoration of Our Lord's Passion and Death, with the celebration of the anniversary of Clontarf!

However, it is not the policy of their alien rulers that the people of Ireland should know the history of their country. It is prohibited in the so-called national schools, which are under the control of the British Government, as those of Prussian Poland were under the Prussian, although our author makes the astounding yet amusing statement that Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, the Manchester Martyrs "are held up as an example to Irish youth, and extolled in national school manuals!" England has always censored the Irish school books.

"The power of the Crown was never anything but a myth," says our author—an unwitting statement, but the truest in his book, for, four centuries after the invasion of Strongbow and the alleged "annexation of Ireland," at the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII., English rule was limited to "six half counties," or less than one-tenth of the island; and even for this an annual tribute called "black rent," amounting to about \$150,000 in present money values, had to be paid to Irish chiefs for protection or toleration.

Time rolled on, and Queen Elizabeth, by dint of overwhelming armies, wholesale murder and rapine, the stealing of cattle and burning of corn, established her rule in a large portion of the country, chiefly over "carcasses and ashes." In violation of the righteous old Irish agrarian laws she "granted" the lands of the clansmen to favorites, who put the occupants under heavy rents. She was the first practical exponent of English imperial profiteering, which has been the bane of the world ever since. "On the whole the English Reformation did not treat her (Ireland) with much severity," says our admirer of English imperial gentleness. At Rome, five years ago, February 12, 1915, were put forward by Papal Decree for beatification or declaration of martyrdom, the names of two hundred and fifty-seven persons who were known to have suffered, with unknown hosts of others, for the Catholic Faith in Ireland.

When the cruelly oppressed Irish joined in the great rising

of 1641, the English Parliament declared forfeit 2,500,000 acres of Irish land, occasioning a grand rush of profiteers, prominent among whom was Cromwell, whose sinister figure casts a lengthening gloom. Oliver Cromwell deceived numerous people before his death and a great many more since. These included the late Theodore Roosevelt, whose impulsive estimate of this miscreant was later thought worthy of suppression. Since Carlyle cynically selected him as an idol and set him up as the Moloch of British imperialism, Cromwell has naturally attracted a crowd of worshippers. Among these, of course, is the author of the book before us, who contributes a few votive splashes of whitewash and approves Cromwell's work of massacre and attempted extermination in Ireland.

As to history's dealings with Cromwell, there is one who may well be cited here, General Sir William F. Butler. This Christian soldier and philanthropist was a native of Waterford, a patriot and a poet. He died some years ago. Characteristic of the man is his poem, "A Request."² Of this poem the late lamented General Thomas F. Barry of the United States Army, said it had "the real Irish ring to it."

Give me but six-feet three (one inch to spare)
Of Irish ground, dig it anywhere;
And for the poor soul say an Irish prayer
Above the spot.

Let it be hill where cloud and mountain meet,
Or vale where grows the tufted meadow sweet,
Or *boreen* trod by peasants' shoeless feet;
It matters not.

I loved them all—the vale, the hill,
The moaning sea, the flagger-lilied rill,
The yellow furze, the lake-shore lone and still,
The wild bird's song.

But more than hill or valley, bird or moor,
More than the green fields of my river Suir
I loved those hapless ones—the Irish poor—
All my life long.

Little I did for them in outward deed,
And yet be unto *them* of praise the meed,
For the stiff fight I waged 'gainst lust and greed;
I learnt it there.

² This poem was first published in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, June, 1911.

So give me Irish grave, 'mid Irish air,
 With Irish grass above it—anywhere;
 And let some passing peasant give a prayer
 For the soul there.

In a letter to Speaker Lenthall, of the English Parliament, Cromwell boasts of his atrocities in Drogheda and even gloats over barbarous details. He tells that, when he had ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church set on fire, one of the victims cried out in his agony, "God confound me, I burn."

"Did ever a general commanding an army descend to such miserable details?" says General Butler. "Imagine a commander-in-chief of an army writing to the Speaker of Parliament gloating over the frenzied exclamations of soldiers whom he had condemned to death. He deemed the incident so welcome to Parliament that he gave it a prominent place in his official dispatches. . . ."

"For quite two hundred years before our time not one historian or writer of any eminence had had anything good to say about him, but we have changed all that. His eulogizers could now be counted by thousands, his admirers by millions. The two chief objects of Cromwell's efforts were plunder and persecution. He and his were the saints who were to possess the earth; all the rest were sinners, who were to be cast out and persecuted. Who could count the oaths taken and broken by him? He swore to protect the king and then cut his head off. He swore to be loyal and to uphold the liberties and the rights of his country, but he trampled upon the one and destroyed the other. . . ."

Cromwell's ruthless campaign in Ireland ran from August to May, 1649-1650. At the head of a large and terrible army, by his command devoid of mercy, he stormed the Anglo-Irish cities of Drogheda and Wexford and butchered indiscriminately the armed and the unarmed, men, women and children. At Clonmel he met a real Irish army and suffered the greatest repulse of his life, losing 2,500 of his Ironsides, after which he returned to England. Later he took his revenge by seizing and transporting to slavery in the West Indies 80,000 Irish—a number exceeding by 10,000 the American soldiers killed in the late War. Says Daniel O'Connell, in his "Memoir" to Queen Victoria: "Of the eighty thousand, in six years, the sur-

vivors did not amount to twenty individuals!" But the Irish race, cruelly robbed and sadly diminished, lived on, and so did the national spirit; as that quaint and sterling old chronicler soggarth, Geoffrey Keating, says; "nor was the island ever absolutely subdued, so as to be under a foreign yoke, from the first arrival of the Milesians unto this day."

"Because James II. was a Roman Catholic, Ireland all of a sudden forgot her so-called inalienable rights, began to wear the white cockade, and for fifty years she sang:

"Twas all for our rightful King."

This is not an embarrassing memory as "M. Escoufflaire" suggests. It is instructive, illuminating, reminiscent of noble heroisms and self-sacrifices, of stainless honor, manly confidence sadly misplaced and grossly betrayed.

The native Irish supported James because he had taken off the statute books the penal laws against Catholics; the British faction feared that he might go further and give back to the Irish the lands of which they had been robbed by his brother, father, and grandfather. Later, in exile, he furtively issued a proclamation to the English people that if they would take him back as king he would leave his former opponents in undisturbed possession of the forfeited Irish estates—even those of the gallant Irish officers who had lost their all by adhering to him and who were even then supporting him.

This was the only experience of the United Irish nation with an alien or semi-alien king—for the Stuarts were originally of the same Milesian stock as the MacCarthys, O'Mahonys, O'Donohoes, and other leading families of Munster.

Limerick surrendered after a long and gallant fight, but on strict condition, set down in writing, that the people of Ireland should have full enjoyment of civil and religious liberty. But scarcely had the Irish army sailed away to France when the Treaty of Limerick was most basely violated. "M. Escoufflaire" endeavors to make light of the infamous act with a suitably infamous excuse: "It is too much to hope that a piece of parchment can prevent the workings of natural and popular reactions as irresistible as the forces of nature." The analogy between this English "piece of parchment" and the modern Prussian "scrap of paper" is too obvious for comment.

Let us pass in silence over the long, black, horrible night of the Irish penal laws. "More than 500,000 of the youngest and proudest (of the Irish) emigrated between 1691 and 1745; they went to fight in European armies, and the English met them again on the field of Fontenoy." The author of this volume fails to record the result of that meeting, also its sequel—how it enabled the Irish to bear Mass without being chased and shot down, how it set King George vehemently cursing the penal laws.

Laying aside temporarily this deceitful volume, we listen to the shot fired at Lexington, the shot that was "heard round the world." Soon comes news of the prowess of the numerous Irish fighters under Washington and their continued successes, leading to the warning declaration of Lord Mountjoy in Parliament: "You lost America through the Irish." A great additional cause of alarm is given by the music of the "Marseillaise" and the flutter of the conquering tricolor. The numerous Irish Catholic youths who, by law debarred from an education at home, were forced to go abroad, were likely to come home with reënforced convictions of national independence. That spirit has endured; and never were prelates, priests, parsons, and people more united in Ireland than they are today, in the demand for national independence.

The agitation begun in Ireland to make Catholics eligible as members of the British Parliament, was headed by Daniel O'Connell. It occasioned, says John Mitchel, "the most tremendous clamor of alarmed Protestants that had been heard in the three kingdoms since the days of James II."—far greater than the cry against Home Rule raised by Carson and his followers. The prime minister at the time was the Duke of Wellington. He said it was impossible to place Roman Catholics with safety in a Protestant legislature. But the Iron Duke soon changed his attitude as a result of information that privately came to him from across the water.

The cogent reason for this is given by the late William John Fitzpatrick, expert historical writer: "The late Stephen Copping, of the Catholic Association, informed the writer of these pages that he had been himself assured by Dr. England, Bishop of Charleston, South Carolina, that he (Dr. England) almost personally organized, in 1828, a force of 40,000 men, which, headed by General Montgomery, the son of an

Irish refugee, was intended for the invasion of Ireland had Emancipation continued to have been withheld." This is an important historical fact, though little known or noticed. O'Connell knew little about Bishop England's army. But Wellington had the whole scheme of it, with the result that Catholic members were allowed in Parliament.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that among the best of the English people, when the anti-Irish poison gas was even stronger and viler in Great Britain than it is now in America, the cause of Ireland had many champions, hearty, generous, and devoted—as it has at present—fine and loveable characters.

Among these was the celebrated Sydney Smith, Canon of St. Paul's, a Protestant churchman popular in London society. With all his playful wit and kindly humor he could be in deadly, gripping, biting earnest when aroused by canting attacks on the much maligned Irish. On one occasion he thus read the law of humanity to his astounded audience:

"Why will you attribute the turbulence of the Irish to any cause but the right—to any but your own scandalous oppression? If you tie your horse up to a gate and beat him cruelly, is he vicious because he kicks you? If you have plagued and worried a mastiff dog for years, is he mad because he flies at you whenever he sees you? Hatred is an active, troublesome passion. Depend upon it, whole nations have always some reason for their hatred. Before you refer the turbulence of the Irish to incurable defects in their character, tell me if you have treated them as friends and equals. Have you protected their commerce? Have you respected their religion? Have you been as anxious for their freedom as your own?

"Nothing of all this. What then? Why, you have confiscated the territorial surface of their country twice over; you have massacred and exported her inhabitants; you have deprived four-fifths of them of every civil privilege; you have at every period made her commerce and manufacture slavishly subordinate to your own.

"And yet, the hatred which the Irish bear to you is the result of an original turbulence of character and a primitive obdurate wildness, utterly incapable of civilization!"

Compare this generous outburst with the characteristic snarl of Carlyle: "Ireland is a mouse in the path of an ele-

phant. What will the elephant do? Squelch it, by heaven, squelch it."

The sole purpose of this volume is most evidently misrepresentation and calumny. "*Calomniez, calomniez, il en reste toujours quelque chose.*" Throw plenty of mud, some of it will stick. The book is merely a ghastly parade of lies, long dead and dishonored, drawn from unhallowed graves and arrayed with some new and vile ones of the writer's own manufacture, emanations of a diseased and prejudiced mind. Some passages reveal, not a Frenchman at all but a rabid English imperialist.

Since little Greece obtained her freedom, not so very long ago, her population has more than doubled. Since Sydney Smith hurled his denunciations of English intolerance, since O'Connell agitated, since Bishop England organized his army, the population of Ireland has sunk to less than one-half!

The remnant, the only white nation now unfree, is menaced with extermination in response to its peremptory and uncompromising demand for freedom and independence. The alien circle of steel is strengthening and contracting. Erin's very darkest day seems to be at hand. But she is no longer the sad and submissive Erin with the tear and the smile in her eyes. She is a very active, fearless, determined Erin, bearing aloft the torch of liberty.

"Though the aëroplanes of the foreigners manœuvre and the tread of their marching soldiers is heard so often in our streets," says the vigorous young prelate, Bishop O'Doherty of Clonfert, "the fight for freedom so well begun shall go on uninterrupted. Ireland is not to be governed by any alien power. We shall yet, with God's help and grace, bring Democracy before the eyes of the world, when Ireland is free, as she shall be free, and one of God's own nations."

THE LOYALIST.

BY JAMES FRANCIS BARRETT.

CHAPTER V.



BUSIER man in the city of Philadelphia during the winter and spring season of '78 than John Anderson, would have been hard to find. For weeks he had applied himself with relentless energy to the work before him; for months he had deprived himself of the customary rounds of pleasure in the interests of the seemingly gigantic task allotted to him. At last, the results of his toil appeared appreciable. It was now past Eastertide and the moments were hurrying faster and faster towards the culmination of the conspiracy that was forming, little by little, in the heart of the community like an abscess in the body of a sick man.

Progress had been made at New York, although it was acknowledged the recruiting there had fallen far short of all expectations. Still it was much simpler to effect the formation of such a regiment where the work could be carried on openly and under the protection of General Clinton; and where no sympathizer of the Colonists, however loyal, would dare to enter a formal protest against the proceedings. It is quite true Catholics were divided there as elsewhere; for not every one lent his spontaneous, complete, and energetic adhesion to the cause of American Independence.

But it was found impossible to gather in the city, now held by the enemy, the thousand or more men sufficient to compose a regiment. Hence it was necessary to draw from the neighboring Colonies. Anderson had come to Philadelphia with this object in view and, as an aid to his work, had established himself immediately in the graces of the military authorities. Quietly, privately, secretly, he pursued his quest, seeking out likely individuals whom he impressed into the service of His Majesty with not so much as a scruple as to means, fair or foul. Blackmail he employed freely, and the pressure of unpaid debts reaped for him a harvest of names.

The currency was then worthless and the cost of living enormous. He was exceptional who could boast of being free from debt, and the common gaol and the stocks in the market

place at Second and High Streets were tireless in meting out their punishments to the delinquent debtors. Anderson took royal advantage of this state of affairs, either by resolving the debt in favor of an enlistment in the company, or by effecting a threatened punishment on the part of the creditor unless his wishes were complied with. Many recruits, who otherwise would have rejected flatly the base proposition, were secured by such means.

At length he had registered about an hundred names, drawn from all classes of the city. The services of Father Farmer had been sought as chaplain, but he had gently but firmly declined. Colonel Clifton was still in charge of the regiment, but the other officers were to be Roman Catholics and appointed by the colonels. A meeting for the purpose of organization would be held in the Provincial Hall in the course of a few weeks. Then the company would be shipped as soon as possible to New York for incorporation in the regiment there.

Anderson found General Arnold a ready and effective instrument in the perfection of the plot. Not only had the latter supplied him with all manner of information, but his authority had been employed on more than one occasion in the matter of impressment. Whatever motives actuated the General were ascribed by Anderson solely to his profound dislike of Catholics and all things Catholic. A further incentive to the success of the project was furnished by the issuance of a pass by the Military Governor enabling a vessel to leave the port of Philadelphia, where it had been tied up, for New York, for the purpose of transporting to that city the members of the recruited company. This was, of course, a violation of the military code, but the affair was done so secretly that it was known only to Anderson and the Governor. The remote preparations were now completed. All was in readiness for the meeting of the so-called volunteers.

Meanwhile, Marjorie had continued to be an object of interest to the busy Anderson, and he had paid attention to her with a marked gallantry. Through the late winter and early spring he had been a frequent visitor at her home, and had often escorted her in public to the theatre and dancing assemblies. He flattered himself that her confidence had been gained, and much information helpful to his scheme had been obtained. He had played his part well, although, on one occasion, he had almost revealed himself; nevertheless he was completely satisfied that she did not for a moment suspect the real purpose of his designs.

Now he felt obliged to hold one more conference with the Military Governor, for it was required that he know definitely the time set for the vessel's departure. That was the sole obstacle

to his plans, for the date of the assembly depended upon the sailing day of the transport. Arnold would know of its readiness; its clearance was then a matter of personal convenience.

So, this fine afternoon in early May, he resolved to direct his steps in the direction of Mount Pleasant and complete his plans. It was a long walk but less attention would be aroused by his going afoot, and so he started early. Little did he suspect, however, that his every move was being observed, and that a pair of eyes had pursued him to the very park, watching him even as he ascended the great stone steps of the mansion.

He lifted the brass knocker and gave two or three slight taps. Even as he did so the blue eyes were fixed upon him.

The dining hall at Mount Pleasant was such as was befitting the noble proportions of the mansion. It adjoined the hall opposite the great drawing-room, its eastern side terminating in an ell extension from the hall proper, where a wide easy staircase, with a balustrade of gracefully turned spindles, ascended to the second floor. It was lighted, not only by the fire that burned in the reredos at the northern wall, but also by eight cresset-lamps and as many candles set in huge silver candelabras on the centre table.

Anderson was hungry from his long walk and ate well. A great roast goose reposing in a huge silver platter was brought in by the servants and set before them. There were vegetables of every sort, jellies, sweetmeats, floating islands, and a dessert of fruits, raisins and almonds. Madeira was drunk freely by all without any apparent disadvantage.

"And how were all at home?" asked Peggy when they were seated. The conversation was on general topics—for the servants were coming in and out with the food.

"I saw only your sister when I called with Marjorie. Mr. Shippen was away and Mrs. Shippen had a cold, a very slight one, I believe."

"She is susceptible to asthmatic attacks," observed the General.

"Quite!" replied Anderson.

"She bears up remarkably. I think she has never missed a function."

"Her will power alone," replied Peggy. "She can surmount obstacles; she has never lost an opportunity."

They lapsed into silence, occupying themselves with the delicious repast. Sometimes they talked of this, that and the other quite freely and easily—of the society news, of the presence of

Miss Franks at the wedding, of the splendor of it all. Indeed, there was nothing to indicate more than a company of old-time friends.

"I am ready to take my charges along with me," announced Anderson at length.

"Hush! Not so loud," cautioned Arnold. "Later—in the park, we shall treat of that."

Then the servants came again and removed the dishes. After another goblet of Madeira they left the table, going immediately out of doors, for it was now dusk.

"I can do no more with the recruiting. I have, in round numbers, an hundred." Anderson began when they had been seated in the cypress walk. The moon was not yet half way to the zenith and lay, a dull copper disk, in the eastern sky, partially eclipsed by the chimney of the great house. A solemn silence, terrifying and rife with mysterious sensations, seemed to pervade the place. It was a setting well fitted to shroud deep and dark designs. No one would dare to venture near.

"You have done well. Egad! I know of none who could have done better."

"Yet it was no easy task, I assure you. They thrill with the very spirit of rebellion. Cadwalader will never forgive me, and will haunt me when he dies."

"You got him?" Arnold asked.

"I did. But I had to take proceedings against him which portended the stocks. I promised him a wheelbarrow to be pushed every day in the resolution of his debt. Only when I had the gaoler at hand did he reconsider. The debt has been paid, and he has already signed."

"I am glad you got him. He's a Papist, isn't he?" inquired Peggy.

"He is, and a stanch one at that," replied her husband.

"Let's get down to business," interrupted Anderson. "How soon may your vessel sail?"

"This week, or the early part of next," replied Arnold. "I drew the pass three weeks ago. With the time for clearance and sailing allowed, she should be ready now. You had better make an allowance of a week."

"How about the crew?"

"They can be depended upon. They are beholden to her owner. Have no fears concerning them."

"How soon may she clear?"

He was persistent in this.

"In a few days. Tomorrow if pressed."

"I want to get through with this business as soon as I can and get out of this town. It may get too hot for me. If I had that meeting off my mind and the men on board bound for New York I would enjoy greater repose."

"I thought you were never apprehensive," remarked Peggy. "With such composure and gallantry the world would judge that cares set lightly upon your head."

"Happy is he who can abandon everything with which his conscience is burdened. I have enjoyed no peace of soul for years, and I see an untimely end."

"Be not so melancholy," observed Arnold. "My boy, the future and the world lie before you."

"Like a yawning abyss," was the grave reply.

"Oh! spare us your terrible verdicts," cried Peggy with a smile.

"I believe that I should have crushed with my scorn the philosopher who first uttered this terrible but profoundly true thought," said Anderson. "'Prudence is the first thing to forsake the wretched!'"

"Have you been imprudent?" she asked.

"I did find a charm in my escapades. At first I tingled with fear, but I gradually laid aside that cloak of suspicion which guards safety, and stalked about naked. A despicable contempt arises from an unreserved intimacy. We grow bolder with our efforts."

"What is success?" asked Peggy.

Their mood was heavy. A sadness had settled upon them like the blanket of the night. Only the moon climbing into the heavens radiated glory.

"Come! Away with those dismal topics!" exclaimed the General. "This is the time for rejoicing."

"Can you rejoice?" inquired the visitor.

"I, too, should be happy, but I fear, alas, I am not. My people give me no peace."

"Why not render your country a lasting service?"

"How?"

"By performing a heroic deed that will once for all put an end to this unseemly conflict."

"Never! I have been shattered twice for my efforts. I am done with active field duty."

"I do not think of that," Anderson assured him.

"Of what, then?"

"You know that the mother country has already offered conciliation. The Colonies shall have an American Parliament com-

posed of two chambers; all the members to be Americans by birth, and those of the upper chamber to have the same title, the same rank, as those of the House of Lords in England."

"What? A Marquis of Pennsylvania, a Duke of Massachusetts Bay?" he laughed aloud at this.

"No less fitting than the Duke of Albermarle."

"Why do you mention him?" Arnold inquired immediately. A thought flashed before his mind. "Had Peggy and this man conversed on that point?"

"He simply came into my mind. Why?"

"Oh! Nothing. Continue."

"As I was saying; all laws, and especially tax laws, shall be the work of this legislature, with the signature of the Viceroy. They shall enjoy in every relation the advantage of the best government. They shall, if necessary, be supported by all the naval and military force of England, without being exposed to the dangers or subjected to the taxes from which such a military state is inseparable."

"But how? What can I do that I have not already done?"

"You have the courage, you have the ingenuity to render that important service. Why allow your countrymen to shed more blood when the enemy is willing to grant all you are fighting for? You can save them from anarchy. You can save them from the factions of Congress."

"God knows how ardently I desire such a consummation," breathed the Governor.

"I am confident that he would perform any act, however heroic or signal, to benefit the cause of his country," remarked Peggy with deliberate emphasis.

"Name it. What shall I do?" he asked.

"Act the part of General Monk in history," announced Anderson.

Arnold recoiled. He could not believe his ears. Then the awful truth dawned upon him.

"Is this your work?" he turned to Peggy fiercely.

"On my honor, I never thought of it." His wife was frightened at his sudden change of manner.

There was silence. The trio sat in thought, one awaiting the other to speak the first word.

"Never," blurted Arnold. "Never, so long as I wear this uniform."

"And yet the world resounds with his praises, for he performed a disinterested and humane act."

"A treacherous and cowardly act!"

"Listen, I shall confide in you. If you would but exert your influence in favor of an amicable adjustment of the difficulties between the Colonies and the mother country, you might command ten thousand guineas and the best post in the service of the government."

"Would that mean a peerage?" asked Peggy suddenly.

"Assuredly," was the reply.

She stood up and strutted in a pompous and stately manner before them; then she turned and courtesied before her husband.

"Your Grace, the carriage waits without. The Duchess is already in waiting," she announced with a sweeping gesture.

He scowled at her, but did not answer.

"Clive saved the British Empire in India and you can save the Colonies," insisted Anderson.

"Would not a proud position at court, the comfortable income of a royal estate, the possession of a peerage on home soil more than reward a man as was the case with General Monk?" challenged Peggy, with a flash of sudden anger.

"And leave my country in its hour of need," he finished the sentence for her.

"Your country!" she taunted. "What has your country done for you. The empty honors you have gained were wrung from her. The battle scars you bear with you were treated with ingratitude. You were deprived of your due honors of command. Even now you are attacked and hounded from every angle. Your country! Pooh! A scornful mistress!"

She sat down and folded her arms, looking fiercely into the dark.

It is strange how human nature could be touched by such small affairs. The war of continents meant very little to her imagination. Certainly the parallel was not perfect; but it seemed to her to fit.

He looked around slowly.

"You took me for what I am," he said to her. "I gave you prestige, wealth, happiness. But I have promised my life to my country if she requires it, and I shall never withdraw that promise while I live. Better the grave of the meanest citizen than the mausoleum of a traitor."

"But think of your country!" insisted Anderson.

"Anderson," was the reply. "I know the needs of the country and I know deeply my own grievances. Suppose I yield to your suggestions and Britain fails"—he paused as if to measure the consequences—"I shall be doomed. I shall be called a bigot. My children will hate me."

He seemed to waver. His earlier enthusiasm apparently diminished before their attack.

"But," continued Anderson, "with your aid Britain cannot fail. And remember how England rewards those who render her great and signal services. Look at the majestic column at Blenheim Palace reared to the memory of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. Contrast with it what Peggy has just said, the ingratitude, the injustice, the meanness, with which Congress has treated you."

"Must the end justify the means?" he mused. "Can you continue to urge me to duplicate the treachery of Churchill, who can never be forgiven for his treason? Whatever else he may have achieved, you must remember he was first and last a traitor."

"He was doubly a traitor, if you please to call him so. He first betrayed his benefactor, James, to ally himself with the Prince of Orange; and then on the pretext of remorse, broke faith with William; acted the part of a spy in his court and camp; offered to corrupt his troops and lead them over to James; and still all was forgotten in the real service which he rendered to his country, and his name has gone into history—"

He was interrupted by a sharp sound, as if someone had stepped upon a branch or a twig causing it to snap beneath his feet. On the instant, Anderson was upon his feet, his hand feeling instinctively for his revolver.

"We are betrayed," he whispered. "There is a spy here."

All had arisen in silence and were peering into the blackness of the night whence the sound apparently came. Anderson thought he saw a figure emerge from behind a tree far off in the distance and he immediately gave chase, opening fire as he did so. Several times he fired into the dark space before him, for it was bristling with shade notwithstanding the obscure light of the moon. As he covered the wide area between him and the river, the lithe form of a man emerged from the wooded area and disappeared down the incline which led to the water. Nearing the bank, he heard distinctly the splash of the body and he fired again into the spot whence the noise arose. The waters were still in commotion when he reached them, but there was no one to be found; nothing save the gentle undulation of the surface as it closed over its burden, and gradually became placid under the soft stillness of the night. After several minutes of intense vigilance, he slowly retraced his steps.

"The river has swallowed him," he exclaimed as he neared

Arnold and Peggy, who were standing quite motionless at the side of the settees.

"Who was it?" the General asked eagerly.

"I did not see him. He disappeared into the river. I heard the splash of his dive and fired several times in its direction, but saw no one."

"Did he swim it?"

"No! I would have seen him. The water was unruffled except for the disturbance caused by his dive. The poor devil must have sunk to the bottom. Perhaps one of my shots took effect."

"I don't like this," muttered Arnold. "I would not have that conversation overheard for the crown of England. An enemy was near. I hope to God he is in the bottom of the river."

"Still, I may have hit him. I was no more than fifty yards away."

"I shall have the bed dragged in the morning. I could not rest without finding him. His identity must be learned."

Leaving the settees, they set off in the direction of the house, entering by the rear door. The servants were already in alarm over the shooting, and were standing in a group behind the threshold motionless with awe. Peggy paused to assure them of their safety, narrating briefly the cause of the disturbance, together with the probable fate of the spy. She rejoined her husband and his guest in the drawing-room.

"I wonder who the intruder was?" Arnold muttered. There was a look of worry and anxiety on his face. His fingers nervously locked and interlocked and the next moment grasped his chin and rubbed his cheek. He put his foot upon the stool and took it down again. Then he sat forward in his chair.

"Reed is behind this," he ejaculated. "You will find out that I am right. Reed has done this, or has sent one of his lieutenants. D—— him! He has hounded me."

"I may have been tracked. Perhaps it was I who was sought. My late movements might have created suspicion, and it is possible that I was shadowed here."

"No, Anderson. No! It was not you they were seeking. It is I, I tell you. Reed has been watching me like a sharpshooter from the day I arrived. He has been the author of the rumors which you have heard about town, and he would risk his life to be enabled to establish a serious charge against me. I am sure of it. Reed is behind this; Reed and the City Council."

"It was a nimble form—"

"Did you say you thought you hit him?" he asked nervously, seeking some source of comfort and assurance.

"As I live, I hit him," Anderson promised him. "Else I would have discovered him in the act of swimming. He is in the bottom of the river."

"That's good, d—— him. Oh! If it were but Reed himself! He haunts me."

"He would not haunt you, did you but remove yourself from here," volunteered Peggy.

"I know it. I know it," he repeated. "But how can I?"

"I suggested one avenue to you," proposed Anderson.

"Which?"

He awaited the answer.

"Via England."

His face glared with a livid red. He brought his fist high above his head.

"By heavens!" he roared. "I won't hear that again. I won't listen to it. I tell you, I'm afraid to do it. I cannot do it. I cannot."

He shook his head as he slowly repeated the words.

"Pardon me," Anderson pleaded, "I intended no harm. I apologize most sincerely for my impertinence. It will not happen again, I assure you."

"That will do. Drop it at that."

"The vessel will be ready next week? The meeting, then, can take place a week from Thursday."

"Undoubtedly."

"You will assure me of your interest?"

He was on the point of going. Though he had conquered, still he did not know that he had conquered. He believed, as he turned and faced his friend for the last time in Mount Pleasant, that his mind was fully made up, and that he had decided for all time in favor of the cause, at the sacrifice of himself.

"I shall do what I can," Arnold whispered, "but no more."

He parted from them at the threshold.

CHAPTER VI.

"I have always contended, Griff, that a bigot and a patriot are incompatible," remarked Stephen as he sat on the side of his bed and looked across the room to the window and the sunlit street beyond.

"Is that something you have just discovered?" answered Sergeant Griffin without taking his eyes from the newspaper which he held before him. He was seated by the window, musing over the paper, his curved pipe hanging idle from his mouth from

which fragments of smoke lazily issued, and as lazily climbed upward and vanished through the open window into threads of nothingness.

"No," was the reply, "but I have come to the conclusion that the philosophy of religious prejudice cannot be harmonized with true patriotism. They stand against each other like night and day. The one necessarily excludes the other."

"Do you know, Captain," the sergeant reasoned, pointing towards Stephen with the stem of his pipe, "a hard shell and a fool are somewhat alike; one won't reason; the other can't."

"I guess you're right," Stephen laughed. "But love of country and love of one's neighbor should be synonymous. This I have found by actual experience to be almost a truism."

He was idling about the room gathering wearing apparel from the closets and drawers, pausing for a moment to feel a pile of wet clothing that lay across the back of a straight chair.

"You must have fallen overboard last night," observed the sergeant.

"I didn't fall, Griff; I jumped. And let me tell you, Griff," Stephen continued, "Arnold has become one of the most dangerous men in the whole American Army."

He was dressing quietly.

"And you discovered that, too?"

"I am certain of it, now."

"That is more like it. I don't suppose you ever had any doubts about it. Now you have the facts, eh?"

"I have some of them; not all. But I have enough to court-martial him."

"And you got them last night?"

"I did."

"And got wet, too?"

"I almost got killed," was the grave response.

"How?"

"Anderson shot at me."

"Was he with you, also?"

"No. After me."

"Come, let us hear it. Where were you?"

"At Mount Pleasant."

"With Arnold and Anderson?"

"Yes. But they did not know it. I shadowed Anderson to the house and lay concealed in the park. In the evening they came into the park, that is, Arnold and Peggy and Anderson."

"And they discovered you?"

"I think they did not. I was unfortunate to break a branch

beneath my foot. They heard it. Of course, I was obliged to leave hurriedly, but Anderson must have seen me running. The distance was too great to allow him to recognize me. Then again, I was not in uniform."

"And he shot at you, I suppose."

"He did, but the shots went wide. I decided the river was the safest course, so I headed for that and dived in. I believe I was fortunate in attempting to swim under water; this I did as long as I could hold my breath. When I arose, I allowed myself to float close to the shore along with the current until I had moved far down the river. After that I lost all sight of him."

He was now dressed in his military uniform and looked little exhausted from his experience of the night before, notwithstanding the fact that he had enjoyed but a few hours' sleep. Still, it was past the hour of ten, and he could tell from the appearance of the street that the sun was already high in the heavens. He went to the window and looked out at the citizens hurrying to and fro about their several errands. From an open window directly across the way resounded the familiar strain of "Yankee Doodle" drawn from a violin by a poor but extremely ambitious musician. He stood for a minute to listen.

"There are a few of them in the Colonies," he remarked.

"I would there was one less," was the reply.

Stephen turned from the window.

"We have some work ahead of us, Griff," he said after a long pause. "The plot is about to sizzle. Are you ready?" he asked.

"Of course. When do you want me?"

"I cannot tell you now. I have learned that the work of recruiting is about finished, and that the organization will take place some time next week. The company will leave the next day for New York on a vessel for which Arnold has already issued a pass."

"Arnold?"

"Yes, Arnold," he repeated. "He has been in this thing from the start. Remember that note I told you about? I have watched him carefully since then, awaiting just such a move. I can have him court-martialed for this."

"For this pass?"

"Certainly. That is a violation of Section Eighteen of the Fifth Article of War."

The sergeant whistled.

"And I am going to this meeting."

"You are going?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"That I do not know. But I will find a way. They have forced Jim Cadwalader into the company."

"Jim?"

"Yes. I learned that last night. Today I mean to see Jim to learn the particulars. After that we shall be in a position to decide further. You will be here when I return?"

"Yes. I shall stay here."

"I won't go until late this afternoon. Until then keep your eye open."

"Yes, sir," he replied, saluting.

When Stephen presented himself that afternoon at Jim Cadwalader's modest home, he had almost persuaded himself that all would not be well. That the members of the Catholic regiment, whom Anderson boasted had totaled nearly an hundred, could so easily be dissuaded from their original purpose, he thought highly improbable. He was well aware that some of his co-religionists had been subject to British official or personal influence; that other some were vehemently opposed to the many outrages which had been committed and condoned in the name of Liberty; that others still were not unmindful of the spirit of hostility displayed by the Colonists during the early days, and now refused for that reason to take sides with their intolerant neighbors in their struggle for Independence. Hence it was quite true that many Catholics were loyal to the mother country, more loyal, in fact, than they were to the principles of American Independence and the land of their birth. These, he feared, might have composed the bulk of the recruits, and these might be the less easily dissuaded. On the other hand, he was satisfied that many who were unwilling to barter their allegiance had been constrained to yield. If the complexion of the regiment was of the latter variety, all would be well. His misgivings were not without foundation.

He knocked upon the small white door of Jim's house and inquired of Mrs. Cadwalader if he might see her husband. Jim was at the door even as he spoke, and grasped his hand warmly, exchanging the greetings of the day. He then led him to the chairs under the great tree.

"I want to see you on a matter of great importance," Stephen said with no further delay. "Tell me about Mr. Anderson."

"I guess ther' ain't much t' tell," Jim replied.

"You have held conference with him?"

"'Twas him thet held it; not me."

"About the Regiment?"

"Ay!"

"Have you signed your name?"

"I hed t'."

He was all in a fever; for his manner and his hesitation indicated it.

"When do they meet?"

"Thursda' next."

"Are you sure?"

"Anderson hisself jest told me."

"He has been here already?"

"Ye—eh, this aft'rnoon."

He looked down upon the ground, considering.

"Where do they meet?"

"Th' basement o' th' Baptist Church."

"Tell me, Jim," Stephen asked quietly. "Why did you enlist in that company?"

"I hed t', I told ye."

"Were you compelled to?"

"I was."

And then he told him of the number of debts which beset him, and the starvation which was beginning to prick him. He told of the first visit of Anderson and his offer of four pounds to every volunteer in the new regiment of Catholic soldiers. He declared that he had refused absolutely to take part in any disloyal act, however great might be the reward, and had said that he preferred to starve until the Colonists had obtained their rights. He then told of Anderson's second visit during which he offered to relieve him of all financial obligations on condition that he would sign with him; which offer he again refused. And finally he related how he was threatened with imprisonment for his indebtedness, and was actually served with the papers of arrest and confinement in the stocks unless his signature was given, and how he was at length obliged to yield and sign over the allegiance.

Stephen listened intently throughout it all, oddly studying the face of his companion, reading into his very soul as he spoke. He was satisfied now with Cadwalader's story.

"Jim," he said at length. "You do not want to join this regiment?"

"No, sir!" he exclaimed aloud. "Not a bit uv it."

"If I promise to assist you to escape from this man will you lend me your help?"

"Will I? Ev'ythin' y' ask, sir."

"His eyes brightened with manifest ardor.

"I want to go to that meeting, and I want you to let me take your place."

"Sure, y' ken."

"And I want to borrow your clothes."

"I ain't got much," observed Jim, extending his hands and looking down at his clothing, "but what I hev, is yours."

"And I want you to be in the vicinity of the building to join in any agitation which may result against Mr. Anderson."

"I'll do thet, too."

"Of course, if we fail it may go hard with us. A crowd is an uncertain element to deal with, you realize. But it is our only chance. Will you take it?"

"O' course, I'll take it. I'll do enythin' y' say, enythin'."

"And Jim! You know of many so-called members of that company who have been impressed in a manner similar to yours and who, very likely, are of the same state of mind as you."

"I know meny, sir."

"Very good! Can you not move among them and acquaint them secretly with what I have just told you. Secure their co-öperation for me so that when the moment comes I may depend upon them for their support. Urge them, too, to join in whatever demonstration may be made against the project."

"I'll do thet, sir, and 'y may depend 'n me fur it."

"You say Thursday night? Keep me informed of any further developments. At any rate, I shall see you before then. Remember, however," he cautioned, "what I have just confided to you must be kept with the utmost secrecy."

He raised his hand high above his head and stood up.

"I hope t' ——"

"Never mind swearing," interrupted Stephen pulling him back again into his chair. "Simply be on your guard, that is all."

"Yes, sir."

"You are right to come back," he said, "you should have persevered in your resistance."

"I couldn't help it, could I? I was made t'."

"We become vigorous under persecution," answered Stephen.

"I'm sorry."

"Well then—tell me. Do you know aught of this Mr. Anderson?"

He stared at him with a questioning look. He was completely bewildered.

"Thet I don't. Why? What—what could I know?"

"I mean do you know who he is?"

He sat up.

"Why, I never thought o' him. He seem'd c'rrect 'nough, I thought. Marj'rie brought 'im here, I think."

Stephen set his teeth.

"Marjorie?" he repeated. "Are you sure of that?"

"I am, sir."

"When was this?"

"It's a good time now. I jest can't r'member."

"Did she know of his purpose?" He paused as if he would say more, but dared not.

"That I can't say. If I r'member c'rrectly she kept herself wid th' old lady."

"How often did she accompany him?"

"Just thet once."

"You mean she simply made you acquainted with him?"

"Yes, sir."

A light began to glimmer in Stephen's mind; and gradually the truth began to dawn upon him.

"In her presence, I presume, the conversation was more or less general. He alluded to the scheme which was uppermost in his mind only secretly with you?"

"Thet wüz all, sir."

He knew well enough now what his friend meant, though nothing of the details; and from the uncertainty and the apprehension of his manner he judged that there was much of which he was still completely in the dark. Anderson had come to Jim with the girl to secure an advantageous introduction; after that he had no immediate need of her company. He was still of the opinion that she was entirely ignorant of his character and motives, although she was unwittingly an important instrument in his hands. Stephen longed to reveal the truth of the situation to her, but dared not; at any rate, thought he, when the proper time came she would be enabled to appreciate for herself the trend of the whole affair.

"Can I ask ye," inquired Jim in a voice that indicated timidity, "will this affair—I mean, d'ye s'pose this thing 'll bring us t' eny harm, 'r thet they'll be a disorder?"

Stephen's eyes danced with excitement.

"Do they observe the courtesies of the law? If it comes to the worst, yes—there will be a scene and the grandest scene in which a villain ever participated."

Marjorie, entering through the gate posts, immediately commanded their attention.

"I should be happy to be permitted to accompany you home," Stephen whispered to her at a moment when they chanced to be alone.

"I should be happy to have you," was the soft response.

"You look well," she said to him after they had made their adieus to the Cadwaladers and begun their walk together down the street. Her eyes twinkled, and a pretty smile stole across her face.

"I am as tired as I can be. I have endured some trying experiences."

"Can you not leave here and take a rest? I fear that you will overtax yourself."

He turned and looked seriously at her.

"Honestly?" he asked.

"Yes. I mean it. Do you know that I have allowed no day to pass without praying for you?"

"To know that, and to hear you say it, is worth a series of adventures. But, really, I could not think of leaving here now; not for another fortnight at least. The moments are too critical."

"Are you still engaged in that pressing business?"

"Yes."

"For your success in that I have also prayed."

She was constant after all, he thought. Still he wondered if she could be sincere in her protestations, and at the same time remain true to Anderson. For he really believed that she had been victimized by the latter's infatuation.

"I suppose you know that Jim has been ensnared?" he asked suddenly.

"Jim? No. I—What has happened?"

She was genuinely surprised.

"He has enlisted in the regiment."

"Has he forsworn?"

"Not yet. But he has signed the papers of enlistment."

"I am sorry, very sorry." Then after a pause, "It was I who brought Anderson to Jim's house, you know."

"Yes. I know."

"But I must confess that I did not know the nature of his errand. I, myself, was seeking an advantage."

"No matter. It may eventually redound to our credit."

"I regret exceedingly having been the occasion of Jim's misfortune."

Her eyes were cast down, her head bent forward as she walked in what one might characterize as a meditative mood.

"I, too, am sorry; but there are others."

"Many?"

"That I do not know. Later I shall tell you."

"And why not now?"

"I cannot."

It was a troublesome situation in which the two found themselves. Here were two souls who loved each other greatly, yet without being able to arrive at a mutual understanding on the subject. They were separated by a filmy veil. The girl, naturally frank and unreserved, was intimidated by the restrained and serious mien of her companion. Yet she felt constrained to speak lest deception might be charged against her. Stephen, troubled in his own mind over the supposed unfavorable condition of affairs, skeptical of the affection of his erstwhile confidante, felt, too, a necessity to be open and explain all.

So they walked on for a time, he thinking, and she waiting for him to speak.

"For two reasons I cannot tell you," he went on. "First, the nature of the work is so obscure and so incomplete that I could give you no logical or concise account of what I am doing. As a matter of fact, I, myself, am still wandering in a sort of maze. The other reason is that I have taken the greatest care to say no word in any way derogatory to the character of Mr. Anderson."

"You wouldn't do that."

"That's just it. I should not want to be the cause of your forming an opinion one way or the other concerning him. I would much prefer you to discover and to decide for yourself."

"That is charity."

"Perhaps."

"And tact."

She peeped at him, her lips parted in a merry smile. Evidently she was in a flippant mood.

"It would be most unfair to him were I to establish a prejudice in your mind against him."

"Yet you have already disapproved of my friendship with him."

"I have, as I already have told you."

"Yet you have never told me the reason," she reminded him.

"I cannot." He shook his head.

For he would not wound her feelings for the world; and still it pained him to be compelled to leave her in a state of perplexity, not to say bewilderment, as a result of his strange silence. A

delicate subject requires a deft hand, and he sensed only too keenly his impotency. He, therefore, decided against any attempt at explanation—at least for the present.

Furthermore, he was entirely ignorant of her opinion of Anderson. Of course, he would have given worlds to know this. He was persuaded that the man had made a most favorable impression upon her, and if that were true, he knew that it were fruitless to continue further, for impressions once made are not easily obliterated. Poor girl! he thought. She had seen only his best side; just that amount of good in a bad man that makes him dangerous—just that amount of interest which often makes the cleverest person of a dullard.

She was still an enigma. As far as he was concerned, however, there had been no variation in his attachment to her. She was ever the same interesting, lovely, tender, noble being; complete in her own virtues, indispensable to his own happiness. Perhaps he had been mistaken in his analysis of her; but no—very likely she did care for the other man.

"Stephen," she said at length. "What are you thinking of me?"

"I—Why? That is a sudden question. Do you mean complimentary or critical?"

"I mean this. Have you misjudged my relations with John Anderson?"

"I have thought—" he began; and stopped.

Marjorie started. The voice was quite enough, most significant in tone.

"Please tell me," she pleaded. "I must know."

"Well, I have thought that you have been unusually kind to him."

"Yes."

"And that, perhaps, you do care for him—just a little."

There! It was out. She had guessed right.

"I thought as much," she said quietly.

"Then why did you ask me?"

"Listen," she began. "Do you recall the night you asked me to be of some service to you?"

"Perfectly."

"I have thought over that subject long and often. I wondered wherein that service could lie. During the night of Peggy's affair, it dawned upon me that this stranger to whom I was presented might be more artful than honest. I decided to form his acquaintance so that I might learn his identity and his mission in the city. I cherished the ambition of drawing certain information

from him; and this I felt could be accomplished only by an assumed intimacy with him."

Stephen stopped suddenly. His whole person was tense and magnetic as he stared at her.

"Marjorie!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean it?"

"Truly. I read his character from the first. His critical attitude displeased me. But I had to pretend. I had to."

"Please! Please forgive me." He turned and seized suddenly both her hands. "I thought—I thought—I cannot say it. Won't you forgive me?"

Her eyes dropped. She freed her hands.

"Then I tricked you as well," she exclaimed with a laugh.

"And you mean it? I am made very happy today, happier than words can express. What loyalty! You have been helping me all the time and I never knew it. Why did you not tell me this before?"

"You never gave me leave. I wanted to talk to you so much, and you seemed to forbid me. I prayed for an opportunity, and none came."

"I am very sorry."

"Anderson interested me only in this—he came into our society for a very definite purpose and the nature of that quest I was desirous of learning. I know now that he is not of our Faith; although he pretends to be. He is not of French extraction, yet he would lead one to assume that he was. He is a British officer and actively engaged in the service of the enemy. At present the recruiting of the proposed regiment of Catholic Volunteers for service with the enemy is his immediate work. He hopes to find many displeased and disloyal members of our kind. Them he would incorporate into a company of deserters."

"You have learned that from him?"

"Aye! And more. General Arnold has been initiated into the scheme. I do not know what to think, except that he has yielded to some influence. His antipathy toward us would require none, nevertheless I feel that some undue pressure has been brought to bear upon him."

"Anderson?" he asked.

"I do not know. At any rate, he will bear watching. I think he is about to ask for a more important command."

Stephen then told her of his adventures, relating to her wholly and candidly his suspicions and his plan for the future. Throughout it all she listened with attention, so much interested that she was scarce aware that they were crossing the wide road

before her own home. Her eyes had been about her everywhere as they walked, yet she had failed to perceive anything.

"Won't you come in?" she asked. "You are almost a stranger here now."

"I would like to more than I can tell you; but truly I have business before me, which is pressing. Pardon me just once more, please."

"Mother would be pleased to see you, you know," she insisted.

"I should like, indeed, to see your mother. I shall stop to see her, just to inquire for her."

"Will you come when this terrible business is completed?"

"Gladly. Let us say—next week. Perhaps you might be pleased to come canoeing with me for the space of an afternoon."

"I should be delighted. Next week."

"Yes. Next week. I shall let you know."

"Here is mother, now."

He went in, and shook her hand, inquiring diligently concerning her.

As Stephen walked away from the home of his beloved, ruminating over the strange disclosures of the day and how satisfactory and gratifying they were to him, his state of mind was such that he was eager for the completion of the more serious business that was impending so that he might return to her who had flooded his soul with new and sudden delight. Never was he more buoyant or cheerful. He was cheerful, notwithstanding his remorse.

For he did chide himself over his absurd stupidity. He should have known her better than to have entertained for even a passing moment a thought of her inconsistency, and that he should have so misjudged her—her whom he himself would have selected from among his host of acquaintances as the very one best fitted for the office assumed—disturbed him not a little. His own unworthiness filled him with shame. Why had he questioned her?

And yet he would have given his own life to make her happy, he who was quietly allowing her to vanish out of it. He tried to explain his fallacy. First of all, the trend of circumstances was decidedly against him. There was his arrest and subsequent trial, days when he had longed to be at her side to pursue the advantages already gained. Then, there were the days of his absence from town, the long solid weeks spent in

trailing Anderson and in meeting those who had been approached by him in the matter of the recruiting. It was well-nigh impossible, during this time, to seize a moment for pleasure, precious moments during which Anderson, as he thought, had been making favorable progress both with his suit and with his sinister work. If Marjorie had forgotten him quite, Stephen knew that he alone was responsible. Him she had seen but seldom; Anderson was ever at her side. No girl should be put to this test. It was too exacting.

Despite his appreciation of these facts, his soul had been seized with a very great anguish over the thought of his lost prize; and if he had failed to conceal his feelings in her presence it was due to the fact that his sensitive nature was not equal to the strain imposed upon it. A great joy filled his heart to overflowing now that he had learned from her own lips that, throughout it all, she had been steadfast and true to him alone. His great regard for her was increased immeasurably. Her character had been put to the test, and she had emerged more beautiful, more radiant, more steadfast than before.

This new analysis led him to a very clear decision. First of all, he would defeat the cunning Anderson at his own game; then he would rescue his countrymen from their unfortunate and precarious condition; and finally, he would return to Marjorie to claim his reward. Altogether he had spent an advantageous and a delightful afternoon. He was filled with renewed energy for the business at hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. A Study of Their Politics, Civil Life and Government. By Rev. John H. Pollen, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$7.50.

Father Pollen has written a well documented history of the English Catholics under Elizabeth from the fall of the old Church to the advent of the counter-Reformation (1558-1580). He himself gives us the reasons of his beginning with the reign of Elizabeth: "Henry's revolt is indeed the proper starting-point for a history of the Reformation taken as a whole; but Elizabeth's accession is better, if one is primarily considering the political and civil life of the post-Reformation Catholics. Reform and counter-reform under Henry, Edward and Mary were transitory. The constructive work of each was immediately undone by their successor. But the work done by Queen Elizabeth, whether by Catholic or Protestant, lasted a long time. There have, of course, been many developments since, but they have proceeded on the lines then laid down. On the Catholic side the work of reorganization began almost immediately after the first crash, though it was only in the middle of the reign that the vitality and permanence of the new measures became evident."

The author begins with the fall of the old Church after the passing of the bills of supremacy and uniformity. The bishops gave an example of magnificent courage and splendid unanimity, although they were a body of very mediocre men, unable to cope with a political genius like Cecil who was supported by the might of the Tudors, and unfettered by any scruple of honor or fairness. The opposition of the laity, on the other hand, was very faint. They raised no protests, organized no resistance, and looked on with little show of disapproval while the clergy were transferred in numbers from one camp to the other. Money, lands and office were the price of apostasy; the new men held all the churches, all public education, all offices. In Chapter II. Father Pollen shows that Pope Paul IV. (1555-1559) did not excommunicate Elizabeth, although his Bull of February 16, 1559, declared that all heretical sovereigns fell from their right by the mere fact of their heresy. The excommunication and deposition of princes who had sinned enormously against God and man, was an outcome, an almost inevitable development, of legislation during those ages when the laws of the Church were most intimately

united, like woof with warp, with the laws of the land. Once the unity of Christendom was broken, the canon law began to suffer eclipse, and its sentences began to be ignored by the ordinary laymen.

This Pope's formation of a league to extirpate heretics is a fable of the Protestant imagination, although writers like Tytler in his *History of Scotland* and Motley in his *Rise of the Dutch Republic* have lent their names to this absurdity.

Pope Pius IV. (1559-1565) by his moderation and his great diplomatic ability, managed to bring the Council of Trent to a conclusion despite the bitterest opposition. He sent two nuncios to Elizabeth, but Parpaglia never got farther than Brussels owing to the opposition of Philip II., and Martinengo was kept out of England by Cecil's fabrication of a "Popish plot" against the crown.

Many historians fail to record that Philip II. of Spain acted as Elizabeth's jealous protector during the first two years of her reign, until she had firmly established her power in England, and had finally driven the French from Scotland. His motive was his intense hatred and fear of France, whose power he had grossly exaggerated. His peace-at-any-price policy was continued all through the first decade of Elizabeth's reign, and the price he had to pay was the license for English piracy at sea. How differently history would have been written had Philip II. possessed the ability of Cecil. As a matter of fact, he was always wavering and undecided, a bad financier, a man absolutely without originality or foresight, and misled for years by his unreasonable and foolish dread of French power and influence. When true statesmanship would have dictated a French alliance and a strong friendship for Mary Stuart, he seemed bewitched by his stupid and infatuated friendship for Elizabeth.

Many fail to realize that Mary Stuart at the height of her popularity—1565—was by no means regarded by English Catholics as the Pope's champion. On the contrary, they considered her a Catholic opportunist. She had governed Scotland through Moray and Lethington, and had she gained the English crown she would most likely have ruled through Cecil and Bacon. If she had conquered Elizabeth, the era of religious liberty might have dawned a few centuries earlier, but she gave no sign of advocating any sudden change either in foreign or domestic policy.

An excellent chapter is devoted to Pope Pius V.'s Bull of Excommunication, February 25, 1570. Many have declared it ill-inspired, for it angered Elizabeth beyond measure, caused bitter

persecution of English Catholics, and drove many hesitating souls out of the Church. But, on the other hand, it taught the world clearly that Elizabeth and her followers were absolutely cut off from the Catholic Church; that to accept and to submit to her was to reject that Church. In a day of doubting, the Bull made clear the iniquity of attending Protestant churches at her command, which nothing hitherto had been able to bring home to the Tudor Catholics, so prone to give up religious liberty at the command of the sovereign.

The story of the Rising of the North is graphically told, and the schemes of Sir Thomas Stukely, Don Juan, and James Fitzgerald to overthrow Elizabeth are detailed at length.

The volume ends with the Catholic revival which began in 1568 with the foundation of the English College at Douay. We have pen portraits of Cardinal Allen, Father Persons, and the martyr, Campion; descriptions of the English colleges of Douay, Rheims, and Rome, and brief accounts of the first labors and writings of the men who kept the faith alive in the darkest days of persecution.

The author has consulted the Spanish dispatches in Madrid and Paris, the Vatican Archives, the French Diplomatic Papers of Fénelon, and de Mauvissière, and the English State Papers at the Record Office.

OPEN GATES TO RUSSIA. By Malcolm W. Davis. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.00.

The Soviet Government, the present keeper of Russia's gate, has begun to bargain with the Allied Powers. Russia needs the manufactured products of the Allied nations and the Allied nations need the raw products of Russia. This, in a sentence, expresses the two sides of the gate that Mr. Davis is writing about. It is hoped that by the time the ice is out of the Neva, the gate will swing open and trade begin to flow back and forth. Just what will Russia require? Just what can she give? Here is a book devoted to answering those momentous questions.

First it was necessary for the author to describe the activities of outside powers in Russia immediately before the gate was shut. The picture is neither edifying nor encouraging. A fast and loose policy, an effort to grab, a blundering misconception of Russia and the Russians seem to have characterized the efforts of all the powers there. Having been driven forth from the country and the gate shut, they expend their fury in either epithets or watchful waiting. Meantime, in the midst of her own chaos still stands the fabric of those idealistic and successful structures—

the Zemstovs, and the coöperative societies. It is really these economic factors with which the nations will have to deal when the gates are opened. These are the great customers.

Then the author begins to enumerate all the things these customers will want. The list runs the gamut from locomotives to needles and pins. Patiently, deliberately and succinctly, he outlines the material requirements of this vast empire. Never was such a market set before the world. During four years of war and two years of internecine strife the larder of necessities has been scraped bare. Russia has to be built again from the bottom up—an appalling bill of goods. And, in return, Russia can offer raw materials.

The only difficulty with this picture is the question as to the reality of these raw materials. The Soviet Government is holding them up as bait before the world. In exchange, they want locomotives, rolling stock and rails, so that these materials can be moved to the markets of the world. A commission of American business men has been sent to find out the real facts. Locomotives cannot be made over night, nor can Russia produce vast stores of raw stuffs on immediate order. Mr. Davis' book, then, is a study of future conditions. It is a résumé of the Russian markets for twenty-five years to come.

Business men who plan to expand their export trade will find these pages a mine of information. The conditions and needs are presented in detail, and valuable suggestions for the conduct of trade with Russia are given.

The final chapters of the book present a pleasant picture of the color of old Russia—the mingled East and West, the maelstrom of peoples and purposes. That is the Russia we dream of. But why should it be necessary for us to change this? A sanitary Russia—yes. Good roads in Russia—by all means, yes. Good schools, good trains, good papers—all these things are required. But if Russia loses her faith in the supernatural, if she barter her living soul for material improvement, she will be worse off than she is today.

In the great work of restocking, restoring, reviving the war-worn Russia, we must be very careful not to let her fall into the same material pit that brought disaster to Germany. Russia must maintain her individuality. We must refrain from making odious comparisons between her form of civilization and ours. The author is prone to make comparisons of this kind. They smack a little of spread-eagle Americanism. Had the author restrained his hand at this point, his book would have been well-nigh perfect.

PENAL LEGISLATION IN THE NEW CODE OF CANON LAW.

By Very Rev. H. A. Ayrinhac, S.S. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$3.00 net.

This work is a brief explanation of the fifth book of the Code, which contains the present legislation on ecclesiastical offences and penalties. The order followed is that of the Code itself, special emphasis being laid upon those canons which are more practical in English-speaking countries.

In nineteen titles of the Code, the author discusses the nature of delinquency and its divisions; the imputability of delinquencies, and their judicial effects; attempted delinquencies; the nature, species, interpretation and application of penalties; superiors having coercive power; persons subject thereto; the remission of penalties; censures in general; particular censures such as excommunication, interdict and suspension; vindictive penalties, penal remedies and penances; delinquencies against faith, religion, and ecclesiastical authorities; against life, property, and morals; the crime of falsehood; delinquencies committed in the administration of the sacraments, and in the conferring of ecclesiastical dignities; and finally the abuse of ecclesiastical power and office.

THE MODERN WORLD. Part I. By Rev. Francis S. Betten, S.J. \$1.40. Part II. By Rev. Francis S. Betten, S.J., and Rev. Alfred K. Kaufmann, S.J. \$1.20. New York: Allyn & Bacon.

The authors of these books give to the term "modern" an unusual and interesting extension. All history is divided into *Ancient Times* and *The Modern World*, but in his arrangement the *Ancient Times* end with Charlemagne, A. D. 800. Of the two books on *The Modern World*, here under review, Part I. treats of the Era of Religious Unity, through its disruption to about A. D. 1650. Part II. covers from that time to the present day. Prefixed to Volume I. of *The Modern World* series is a summary of Ancient History which is an admirable review, as well as an introduction to the study of Modern History. This is distinctively a review and requires previous knowledge for complete understanding. The student is referred to Father Betten's *Ancient World from the Earliest Times to 800*.

The chapters on "Feudalism" and "Life in the Feudal Ages," in the first volume, are worthy of very particular commendation for their succinct statements full of valuable information. The sections on guilds and free cities are also very good. Some of the chapters are less satisfactory, possibly because the events

lack interest; possibly because complex subjects are dealt with too generally as, for instance, the Great Schism.

In Part II. the historian is confronted with a wealth of detail. Chapter XXX. clearly shows the French Revolution as the logical outcome of the absolutism of Louis XIV., while the wars of the preceding century are used to illustrate the chivalry and courtesy of the nations—particularly the Silesian War.

The books impress by their ability, impartiality, ripe judgment and experience. Evidently, they are the work of teachers who have tried out their ideas before offering them to others. There is an excellent analytical table of contents, and helpful section headings, a good bibliography, some enlightening footnotes, but few dates. Many will consider this a merit, as this point has been rather overdone in the past. The maps and the illustrations are extremely suitable and good. That showing Spain at three crises of its story, between 711 and 1492, are the best we have seen in books of this kind. Views are not expressed; facts are left to speak for themselves. They do not speak eloquently for permanent peace.

ROBIN LINNET. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.75.

Mr. Benson's intention is so long delayed in making its appearance that when at last it comes, it fails to score effectively. Its theme is, we take it, the regeneration of a worldly-minded, sensuous woman, Lady Grote, through love for her son, Robin Linnet, and the patriotism which begins to kindle when her boy, a Cambridge undergraduate, "joins up" at the outbreak of War.

This affords opportunities, but they are not fully grasped. The transformation of Lady Grote's character is obscure, thus lacking vitality. We find her unconvincing, both on the low plane of living in which we make her acquaintance, and the higher level she has attained when the story ends. The master touch is missing which should link together the two phases into one living, consistent personality.

The novel is, of course, not without traces of its authorship. Robin is another of the pleasant studies of adolescence of which we have had many at this hand; and there is interest and cleverness in depicting the mental attitude of some German residents in England. But the action moves cumbrously; too much time wasted in irrelevant talk by superfluous characters. This tries the reader's patience, and makes negligible a book which might have been one of Mr. Benson's most successful efforts.

THE DOUGHBOY'S RELIGION. By Judge Ben. B. Lindsey and Harvey O'Higgins. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

Mr. O'Higgins writes the introduction to this collection of essays, and though professing that it is the work of collaboration, asserts that the book contains the message and spirit of Judge Lindsey. The publication, at this date, seems to be an after-thought, since the essays, presumably, were written in the light of contemporary events. The war work of the Y. M. C. A. has already been pronounced a failure in many respects, and yet Judge Lindsey presents his case against it as something new. In the chapter, "A League of Understanding," he appeals for the ratification of the Peace Treaty. And the chapter on "The Junker Faith" might well have been written in 1915. However, the book will have some interest, since it presents the thoughts of a man so well-known as Judge Lindsey.

A COMMENTARY ON THE NEW CODE OF CANON LAW. By Rev. Charles Augustine, O.S.B. Volume V. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50 net.

The fifth volume of Father Augustine's scholarly Commentary of the Code has been published before the fourth, on account of the great practical importance of the matrimonial law in the every day work of the clergy. In a dozen chapters the author treats of matrimony in general, the banns, prohibitive and diriment impediments, matrimonial consent, the form of celebrating marriage, the marriage of conscience, the time and place of marriage ceremonies, the effects of marriage, the separation of married couples, the revalidation of marriage, and second marriage.

The canons from Book IV., treating of matrimonial trials, are added for the sake of convenience, although the author disclaims any intention of correcting the logical order of the Code. These seven chapters will prove of special interest to the diocesan court officials.

IRISH IMPRESSIONS. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.50.

Time was when the announcement of a new book by "G. K. C." stirred readily enough these pulses, but for some years past—since shortly before the War, in fact—Mr. Chesterton has been showing a marked deterioration both as writer and thinker. We want him to give us back the wild freshness of his morning, of those early and precious books, his *Dickens*, his *All Things Considered*, his *Defendant*. But the richest of his gifts, the humor which once upon a time made us boldly rank him

beside W. W. Jacobs, as one of the two greatest living English humorists—even that has hardened into a mechanical formula, and we can see one of his jokes a page off. The Chesterton of *Orthodoxy* and *Heretics* has indeed suffered a war-change. His recent *Short History of England*, however, gave us a glimmer of hope for him which this latest book confirms. There is, however, little that is new or valuable said here about the eternal Irish question, little that has not been said as well or almost as well by others before. But Chesterton, one is glad to see, scorns the footling and dishonest attempts of recent administrators of the country to dodge the plain issue.

This book recounts the author's impressions during a visit he made to help on recruiting in 1918. Now and then one comes upon a phrase that shines out from the page, as when he speaks finely of the "brilliant bitterness" of Dublin as contrasted with the stagnant optimism of Belfast.

NOTHING AND OTHER THINGS. By the Author of *Vices in Virtues*. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.40.

This volume consists of sixteen papers of very light texture, for the whole work is concluded in one hundred pages. They were written the preface tells us, "in bed . . . by a very old invalid, solely for his 'own amusement.'" It would, of course, be unreasonable and unkind to expect a sick man to add notably to our knowledge or instruction. Very few of the papers are real essays—we mean literary or philosophical discourses on the heading selected. And even these few essays never seem really to grapple with their title, but merely gossip about it in the most desultory and perfunctory way. The majority of the papers are character sketches. Unquestionably, the author can sketch vividly, and limn the picture he desires in brief, but telling, strokes. He is evidently a keen satirist and no little of a cynic, and he has long viewed *la comédie humaine* with shrewd, contemptuous eyes.

THE MOUNTAIN SINGER. By Seasmh MacCathmhavil. Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$1.50.

The author of these interesting lyrics—and as they are written in English, it would seem obviously desirable to state at the outset that his name in the vernacular is Joseph Campbell—prefers to call them a "pedlar's pack" of rhymes, because the pedlar's love of wandering, of novelty, of the primitive outdoor things, has gone into them. Published some ten years ago in Dublin, the poems belong distinctly to what was then called the

Celtic Renaissance. But their occasional use of "free" and unrhymed verse, and their sudden fragments of flashing imagery, will serve to show how close that poetic movement was—when it chose to be—to the later developments of the ultra-moderns.

The vividness and the insularity, the brooding fancy and immemorial wisdom of the peasant are of the fibre of these songs—the peasant who feels just a few things with passionate intensity and who is always, always, always an *Irish* peasant. They will not fail to stir and to charm the heart that can sympathetically understand all that is comprehended in the

. . . . voice of the peasant's dream,
The cry of the wind on the wooded hill,
The leap of the fish in the stream.

THE LOVE OF BROTHERS. By Katharine Tynan Hinkson.
New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.75 net.

This story of the concealment of a marriage, and its many distressing results, is composed of the elements which have for a long time served the writers of melodrama. The situations are emotionally intense, and might readily escape from under the control of a hand less competent than Mrs. Hinkson's. Needless to say, her mastery of her material is complete; she shapes it into fresh form, leaving no suggestion of the hackneyed or the improbable. We are taken beneath the surface of circumstance and shown the reactions of human frailties and errors from which the circumstances spring.

It is a serious book, though all ends happily, and there are occasional bits of humor in presenting types of the Irish country people. The characterization is excellent, especially that of "Mrs. Wade," whose fidelity to her promise of secrecy works disaster, and that of Mrs. Comerford, the haughty woman whose violent temper is the real cause of all the trouble.

THE COSSACKS, THEIR HISTORY AND COUNTRY. By W. P. Cresson. New York: Brentano's. \$2.50.

There are three stock legends about the Cossacks. One holds their name to be synonymous with organized cruelty, murderous reaction and unrelenting terror. The second is, that they were the pets of the Tsar. The third—and this seems to be the last word in epithets—that they were stanch upholders of the Orthodox Church.

It is well to keep these legends in mind when reading the pages of this volume by the former secretary of the American

embassy at Petrograd, because any reliable history of the Cossacks will quickly put such legends in their place. Instead of reactionary tribesmen we discover that the Cossacks are a freedom-loving people, who always have been free, and whose dream has been a federal republic in Russia—very much like the government that obtains among themselves. We also discover that making the Cossacks pets was the better part of Tsaristic wisdom. Wild, liberty-loving tribesmen have no middle ground—they are either favorites or foes. And finally we learn that nothing could be truer than the belief that the Cossacks were pillars of Orthodoxy, although, in their time, they have slaughtered and persecuted every other type of believer.

Captain Cresson has set down the Cossack history in a fashion that is readily understood. He begins with the origin of the "Free People" in the steppes of south Russia, where the roving tribes rose in the wake of the receding tide of Mongol invasion. Thence he follows them to that stage of almost monastic militaristic life, the peak of which was the Brotherhood of the Zaporagian Cossacks. For centuries they were the frontiersmen of Russia, enemies of its foes, and enemies of Russia itself until the final submission of the Free Cossacks of the Don to the Tsar. In those early days of 1500 the Cossacks enrolled no less than 65,000 men yearly for the defence of the frontiers. When the frontiers were no longer attacked, these bold horsemen pushed the boundaries eastward and westward until Russia extended from the Baltic to the Pacific, from the White Sea to the Black—one-fifth of the earth's land surface.

It was at this period that the history of the Cossacks began to be crystallized in the names of their leaders—in Yermak, who conquered Siberia, and whose followers later reached the shores of Alaska; in Bogdan, the implacable enemy of Poland, who fought for Cossack rights, secured autonomy of the Ukraine provinces, and finally submitted to the policies of the Tsar Alexis; the hetmans, George Hmelnicky, Samvilovitch, and Razin, who led revolts against the crown's usurpation; and the perfidious Mazeppa, who, for an instant, held the balance of power in the momentous struggle that fixed the supremacy of Russia among the "Powers of the North," and helped precipitate the end of the free Ukraine; and Pougatchev, who set himself up as one of the False Dmitris in the Troublous Times; and finally, Platov, who, among other accomplishments in a checkered career, successfully harried the rear of Napoleon's retreating forces. Mr. Cresson groups the Cossack history about each of these figures—a commendable technique that makes for readability.

The last chapters of the book are devoted to the Cossack government and life before the Revolution, and to their capitals. It is perhaps unfortunate that the author could not include a chapter on what the Cossacks did in the Great War. He is wise, however, in not making too extravagant claims for what they might do in the present Russian situation. They have an enviable record for loyalty and love of freedom. It is only logical to believe that they will continue this record in the face of Bolshevik tyranny.

Students of Russia will appreciate Captain Cresson's volume, because it is, so far, our most reliable account of the Cossacks in English. He has brought within its pages information that hitherto was scattered and difficult to collate, and he has shown, in its presentation, a scholarly viewpoint and a ready pen.

THE SORROWS OF NOMA. By Abraham Mapu. Translated by Joseph Marymount. New York: National Book Publishers. \$1.50 net.

Joseph Marymount of Detroit has translated *Ahavath Zion*, an historical romance of the times of King Hezekiah. Its author, Abraham Mapu, was the first Russian to introduce the novel into Hebrew literature. The story is well told in language borrowed for the most part from the Old Testament, and the manners and customs of the Jewish people are well described.

MEMORIES OF BUFFALO BILL. By His Wife, Louisa F. Cody. In Collaboration With Courtney Ryley Cooper. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50 net.

If we mistake not, these chapters, fourteen in number, made their first appearance serially in one of our popular magazines. The very name, "Buffalo Bill," conjures before the imagination all sorts of stirring incident, for the younger generation as well as for their elders. It is bound up inextricably with the young life of the West, and one looks to it, more perhaps than to any other, for adequate and colorful interpretation.

It may be that the closeness of the author to the scenes of which she writes has marred the perspective. In any case, the present volume very largely fails both in color and adequacy. The first two hundred pages are far too redolent of incident, exclusively, tiresomely, domestic. The reader cannot but wish that more space had been devoted to an account of Colonel Cody's travels with his "show," scarcely less famous than Barnum's. By way of compensation, the concluding chapters exhibit a good deal of dramatic power. Indeed, we have seldom read a story

more pitifully fascinating than that of the massacre at Wounded Knee, as told by the aged Short Bull in his tepce on the blizzard-swept prairie near Pine Ridge. It is worth knowing, for it is history.

GROWTH OF RELIGIOUS AND MORAL IDEAS IN EGYPT. RELIGIOUS AND MORAL IDEAS IN BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA. By Samuel A. B. Mercer, Ph.D., D.D. Milwaukee, Wis.: Morehouse Publishing Co.

This little volume on Egypt from the prolific pen of the erudite professor of Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, is a very complete story on the subject of the idea of God in Egypt, the concept of man, the notions of morality, and the concepts of future life. The author traces the development of the idea of God which Egyptians had at various periods of history. Their ideas developed from a form of anthropomorphism to a more spiritual and elevated conception of God; they probably arrived even at some notion of practical monotheism. Man is a creature of the gods. The psychology of man is most complex, much more so than with the Greeks; the social conditions of the Egyptians were most favorable. Their idea of mediation is associated with the person of the God-manifesting Pharaoh. The priestly sacrifices receive their value from the fact that they are offered up in the name of the king. The king is in fact the only mediator between man and the gods. The Egyptians showed themselves to be a very religious people, free from skepticism in matters of faith, convinced of the obligations which they owed to their gods. No people of antiquity clung more persistently to the idea of the survival of man after bodily death than the Egyptians. For this reason they erected strong and lasting sepulchres; the idea of immortality in all its details developed by degrees in the history of this interesting people. Whilst there is little in the volume that is new, the work, nevertheless, briefly and succinctly furnishes an accurate idea of the most interesting phases of the history of the Egyptians. A bibliography is placed at the end of the interesting volume.

Religious and Moral Ideas in Babylonia and Assyria is another contribution to the author's Biblical and Oriental series. It shows him thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and basing his conclusions upon original sources and texts. In spite of the brevity of the volume, there is offered more than an outline to the reader on the ever interesting topic of the Babylonian and Assyrian peoples. Their idea of God, of the origin, nature and

destiny of man, their notions of morality and mediation are dealt with in a scholarly manner. The work is intended for lay readers, but the scholar will find in the volume a useful and interesting account of the development of religious, social, ethical, eschatological ideas in Assyria and Babylonia. A selected bibliography is added for the readers who wish to pursue the study of the subject in greater details. The chronology in the beginning of the volume furnishes a useful aid to the perusal of the work.

THE CHRONICLES OF AMERICA. Edited by Dr. Allen Johnson, Professor of American History in Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press. Fifty volumes at \$3.50 per volume by the set.

The Sequel of Appomattox, by Walter L. Fleming. Students of the reconstruction epoch will welcome this volume by Professor Fleming, whose intensive studies, *The Documentary History of Reconstruction* and *The Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama*, have given him an unusual mastery of the field. Here we have a clear résumé of the facts of reconstruction, straightforward, sparing no man, yet told without rancor or malice. There is neither a brief for the South nor a prosecution of the North, but an account as detached as human sympathy will permit of the sordid wickedness, flagrant corruption, and partisan tyranny of the radical Republican rule of the defeated "rebel States" during the penal days of their spoliation. It is the story of America at its worst, in its darkest days.

The "Aftermath of the War," a chapter essay, portrays the terrible condition of the seceded States after Lee's surrender, the whites divided and demoralized, the negroes bewildered with liberty and disorder, government in a collapse, accumulated capital dissipated, general bankruptcy, schools and public buildings destroyed, railroads wrecked, roads impassible, machinery, tools, and even household furniture worn out and impossible of replacement. Wealthy planters were reduced to penury and their families to mendicancy. Corruption was rife, cotton-thieves, scallawags and carpet-bag agents stole and speculated in crops and tax-sold lands. Despite all, Southern leaders were anxious to accept the situation and unequivocally fulfill all obligations. Had the North only met the South as Lee did Grant, a sad page of our history would be brighter. If Lincoln had only lived, has been the lament of conservative men on both sides of the Line.

The author outlines Lincoln's plan of reconstruction and Johnson's; the struggle between Johnson and the Congressional

leaders, and finally the actual method by which the South was dragooned back into the Union. Partisan, political influences, intense jealousy of the President's prerogatives, the unkindly personalities of Stevens, Sumner, Wade, Stanton, and Johnson, are quite justly emphasized. Civil Rights Bills, the Freedman's Bureau with its meddlesome agents, the uncompromising Black Codes of Southern legislatures, the rejection of the Fourteenth Amendment, the Stanton-Johnson episode, led to the radical policy of revenge, the rule of the Cromwellian major-generals, the adoption of martial law, and the forcing of negro suffrage at the point of the bayonet. An interesting chapter dwells on the impeachment of Johnson, for whom considerable sympathy is aroused. Valuable hints are given as to the means used to build up a Republican machine in the Solid South. Statistics are quoted to show the financial burden of the corrupt black rule in the Gulf States in scandalously increased appropriations, taxes, bond issues and in huge expenditures and un-concealed graft. Truly, it was a time when "the bottom rail was on the top." No wonder, even Ku Klux Klan irregularities are condoned by historians. With a sigh of relief one finishes the volume, as he sees the exploitation of the South ended by the liberal Republican agitation and the Hayes policy of pacification.

The Red Man's Continent, by Ellsworth Huntington. Professor Huntington, through his association with the Carnegie Institute and Yale University, has traveled widely, carrying on explorations in India, China, Siberia, Turkestan, Mexico, and Central America. His impressions have been printed in several volumes. Hence, Dr. Huntington was particularly well fitted to study geographical environment as modifying American history. As is suggested in the preface, emphasis is placed upon the similarity of form between the Old and the New World, between North and South America, the distribution of indigenous types of vegetation, relation of climate to health and energy, and geographical influence on the life of the various Indian tribes. In a chapter on the "Approaches to America" the author commits himself to the Asiatic origin of the Indians, whom he sees entering this continent by Behring Straits. The chapters on the "Garment of Vegetation" and "The Red Man in America" are by far the most interesting to the man whose inclinations are neither toward geology nor anthropology. Excellent physical and racial charts add to the book's value. The vastness of the Continent strikes one, as he reads of the jungles of Yucatan and the wild forests of Hudson Bay, of the torpid heat of Death Valley and the

icy trails of the Yukon, and of aborigines of a thousand dialects and hundreds of modes of living from that of the Esquimo to the Astec, the Abenaki of Maine or the northern Sioux to the Seminoles of Florida.

The bibliography is disappointingly brief. One is surprised to learn that an account of early Indian life can be written without reference to the Relations of the Jesuits and French adventurers.

The Quaker Colonies, by Sydney G. Fisher. Professor Fisher in this volume on the Quaker Colonies, allots the first seven chapters to Pennsylvania and the last five to the Jerseys, East and West, and Delaware. While the subject matter is fraught with interest, the work as a whole is hardly up to the standard set by the series. Irrelevant material, for one thing, is too frequently incorporated in the text. Again the author occasionally allows his bias to prejudice his judgment. Yet one cannot blame him, for the contribution of the Society of Friends to America is by no means small.

Dr. Fisher in a pleasing narrative tells the story of the Quakers, their origin in seventeenth century Puritanism, rejection of Anglicanism, and persecution in England and the old Colonies. Finding a leader in the idealistic William Penn, who through his close association with the Stuart court was granted proprietary rights over Pennsylvania, the Friends turned to the New World. Religious freedom was found. Like Baltimore a couple of generations earlier, Penn granted toleration to settlers of any Christian persuasion. Free government was granted, the English penal code was modified with capital punishment only for murder and treason, with prisons corrective agencies not dungeons, children were taught trades, and lands were sold in fee simple with a small quit rent. Penn's system made such a wide appeal that, by 1750, Pennsylvania was one of the largest colonies, with both the Germans and Scotch-Irish quite as numerous as the English and Welsh Quakers. Politically, however, the Quakers retained control through their influence over the Germans.

A fascinating chapter depicts life in Philadelphia, the thriving business carried on, the social life, the taverns, coffee houses, and wonderful country seats. The author digressing a little, gives an interesting list of men whom he considers Quakers: Franklin, Rittenhouse the astronomer, Bartram the botanist, Lindley Murray the grammarian, Cadwalader, Generals Green and Mifflin, Benjamin West the painter, John Dickinson of

The Farmers' Letters, Whittier, Cornell, and John Hopkins. A darker chapter deals with the troubles of Penn, his accusation of being a Jesuit in disguise and a Jacobite plotter, his fight to retain the charter, his imprisonment as a debtor, the apostasy of his son to Episcopacy, and the decline of Quaker government. Less interesting, but not less valuable, is the chronicle of the beginnings of New Jersey and the exceedingly brief account of Delaware.

The Fathers of New England, by Charles M. Andrews. The name of Charles M. Andrews of Yale University gives authority to any study of colonial America. No living man has made the field so much his own, by years of the most intensive and minute research. No one will leave behind him more in the way of books, monographs, and bibliographical guides. His is a broad vision, which views the Colonies from their English background, considers their relative place in the scheme of empire, and traces their development, religious, social, economic, political, and constitutional. Endowed with a splendid style, a perspective that makes judgment certain, he can weigh down a volume with the detailed information of his research without losing the readers' interest or overlooking for a moment the main trend of development. Furthermore, and a good test of a volume, many a summarizing sentence or characterization is quotable.

In the "Coming of the Pilgrims," as an explanation of the migrations, England is described as passing into a materialistic period of adventure, commercial strivings, restlessness due to the emancipation from feudalism, desire for land and wealth, and revolt from an established church. "A desire to improve social conditions and to solve the problem of the poor and the vagrant, which had become acute since the dissolution of the monasteries, was arousing the authorities to deal with the pauper and dispose of the criminal in such a way as to yield a profitable service to the kingdom." The Pilgrims, simple but courageous Non-conformists, are described: their persecution, their wanderings, their arrival at Plymouth, the failure of their communistic system, and their establishment of representative government. Dr. Andrews sees "the Pilgrim Fathers stand rather as an emblem of virtue than as a molding force in the life of the nation." The second chapter treats of the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay and the settlements about Boston. The Puritans are portrayed as they were, not as the Cavaliers saw them, nor yet again as perfect as later historians would make them: "The first leaders were exceptional men, possessed of ability and education, and many were

university graduates, who brought with them the books and the habits of the scholar of their day. They were superior to those of the second and third generation in the breadth of their ideas and in the vigor and originality of their convictions." The Puritan commonwealth was never a democracy in the modern sense, revolt was silenced by deportation or exile, theocracy must be accepted, and toleration was only for unquestioning members of the church. Professor Andrews writes: "The franchise was limited to church members which barred five-sixths of the population from voting and holding office; the magistrates insisted on exercising a negative vote on the proceedings of the deputies, because they deemed it necessary to prevent the Colony from degenerating into a mere democracy; and the ministers exercised an influence in purely civil matters that rendered them arbiters in all disputes between magistrates and deputies." Continuing, he says: "The dominance of the clergy tended to the maintenance of an intolerant theocracy, and was offensive to many in Massachusetts, who having fled from Laud's intolerance at home had no desire to submit to an equal intolerance in New England. . . . The Massachusetts system had thus become not a constitutional government fashioned after the best liberal thought in England of that day, but a narrow oligarchy in which the political order was determined according to a rigid interpretation of theology. This excessive concentration of power resulted in driving from the Colony many of its best men." "Only an iron discipline that knew neither charity nor tolerance could have successfully resisted the attacks on the standing order," when leaders like Vane, John Winthrop, Jr., Wheelwright, Roger Williams, Anne Hutchinson, and many another left the confines of the Colony. Thus, the author leads up to his discussion of the foundation of the Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Haven settlements.

The sketch of early New England life is particularly illuminating. While the author appreciates the true greatness of the Puritan and his contribution as a lasting one in non-theological ways, he does not hesitate to strike at the theocratic system, the intolerance, and the oligarchic rule. Himself a New Englander, he is writing history not an eulogy, when he suggests: "By no stretch of the imagination can the political conditions in any of the New England Colonies be called popular or democratic. Government was in the hands of a very few men." Immigrants were from every strata of English society, but only under Williams did they find toleration. Economic motives are stressed as a chief cause of immigration, with the hint that as "hardly a fifth of those in Massachusetts were professed Christians," it is doubt-

ful how far religious motives impelled men to seek the New World. As for toleration, consider the Quakers "scourged in Plymouth, branded in New Haven, flogged at the carts' tail on Long Island, and chained to a wheelbarrow in New York." Other chapters deal with colonial attempts at union, the winning of Charters by Connecticut and Rhode Island, the Indian wars, the royal disciplining of the Bay Colony, and the Andros régime.

Colonial Folkways, by Charles M. Andrews. Professor Andrews here draws a picture of social life, which will prove of immense value to the student of social conditions, and also a background for the student of history and American literature.

Estimates of the population and the proportionate racial numbers are given for the various Colonies on the eve of the Revolution. A description follows of the land holdings, the small freeholds of New England, the feudal manors of New York, Virginia, and Maryland, and the large plantations of Georgia and the Carolinas. Some idea of the size and characteristics of the chief cities is given in another chapter. In an essay on "Habilliments and Habits," attention is called to the early marriages, the unmoral chemise marriages and bundling, large families, early deaths of mothers, high infant mortality, rarity of divorces, expensive funerals, burial of suicides at cross-roads in New England with stakes driven through their bodies, and the scandalous drinking at funerals. The prevalence of unrestricted consumption of liquor and wines by all classes is emphasized. An account of the diet is not overlooked, any more than the lack of amusements in Puritan commonwealths or the too numerous diversions of the Southern and Central Colonies. The intolerance of things Catholic is apparent in the general celebration of Gunpowder or Pope day, and the child's game of "Break the Pope's Neck." An essay on the intellectual life notes the status of learning, the text-books, schools, grammar school foundations, colleges, libraries, and the necessity of foreign training for languages, medicine, and law, while another essay deals with the religious life of the Colonies. The labor problem, ever pressing because of the call of the free lands, was partially met by the ever increasing number of petty convicts and indentured servants. One learns that Irish Catholics were rarely "bought," if German and British Protestants were available, so great was the hostility to their faith. A suggestive chapter on colonial travel, sea distances, and inter-colonial highways concludes this highly interesting volume.

THE BOOK OF GENESIS. By Samuel A. B. Mercer, Ph.D., D.D. Milwaukee, Wis.: Morehouse Publishing Co.

The purpose of the series of studies to which the present volume belongs is "to give to the laity an opportunity to introduce into their daily life a systematic study of Holy Scripture." A similar undertaking on the part of Catholic Scripture scholars would certainly be productive of the best results. The author presents in this volume a systematic study of the Book of Genesis. The introduction is followed by three chapters bearing the titles: "Beginning of the Race," "Patriarchal History," "History of Joseph." Anyone following the outline and the directions given by the author in the study of the first book of the Bible will become thoroughly acquainted with its contents. A large number of questions are offered for further study and consideration in connection with various passages of Genesis. Such topics vary from Darwin's natural selection to the morality of mental reservation. The attempt is made throughout this exegetical work to emphasize the value of the Bible for the modern man, to set forth the permanent actuality of the inspired writings. The author's definition of inspiration is far from satisfactory. A list of reference works is placed at the head of every chapter.

MESLOM'S MESSAGES FROM THE LIFE BEYOND. By Mary McEvilly. New York: Brentano's. \$1.50.

THE TRUTH OF SPIRITUALISM. By "Rita" (Mrs. Desmond Humphreys). Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50.

The author—or should one say amanuensis—of *Meslom's Messages* is an artist who became acquainted with automatic writing while pursuing her studies for grand opera in Paris. Gradually developing good automatism, she became convinced that Meslom, her *soi-disant* "spirit control," had selected her for important work, and she finally gave up all other occupations. That was in 1914. Having come under the influence of Spiritists, she read works of William Stead and Andrew Lang. It was after this that she received for the first time "spiritual messages of a high order."

Meslom reveals himself as an Oriental savant and mystic of the fifteenth century, now endeavoring to teach the truth of immortality through automatists. In an Indian monastery will be found the results of his researches while on earth, containing irrefutable proof of the truth of his teachings, and some day this treasure will be recovered by Miss McEvilly.

In 1917 Miss McEvilly met a lady who had recently lost her son, L——. It is L—— who is thought to be the chief com-

municator, under Meslom's guidance, of the "messages" contained in the present volume.

Meslom teaches the truth of immortality, but he addresses himself only to unbelievers. There is a God, "Who is not person, nor power, nor intelligence, nor love, nor life alone; He is Spirit, and Spirit includes all these." He exists from all eternity, He is of infinite perfection, and He became man in Christ to suffer and atone for the wrongdoings of His children. There is also a Holy Ghost.

Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life. But for the last nineteen centuries men have not understood Him. Hence Meslom's efforts. Man has an imminent knowledge of God which has been obscured by materialism. His business in life is to learn to know God in order to love and to serve Him; love of God and neighbor is the law of life. There is personal sin which is punished, and merit which is rewarded, but there is no hell. To know and love God better we should daily practice meditation, self-denial, and prayer of praise and thanksgiving. Purity and innocence are inestimable virtues. Thus speaks Meslom.

The "messages" have no evidential value whatever—there is not a single test of "identity." There are vastly more verbal expressions than thoughts expressed. Is it not safe to assume that the central element in the treatise, the love of God, is part of the author's conception of Christianity, and that the "messages" simply are subconscious elaborations of her mind? Everything points in that direction.

The Truth of Spiritualism is a book of entirely different character. Mrs. Humphreys begins her treatise on Spiritism, which, by the way, is advertised as "no indictment of any religion or any creed," by denouncing what she terms the Church, and particularly Catholic beliefs and practices, with a virulence and bigotry rare among educated people in our times.

First she attacks the foundations of the Church; its traditions are unreconcilable, and its claims to doctrinal authority is an arrogance which the Church alone can explain. The Bible is an unreliable chronicle which gives a false impression of Christ. We wonder whence Mrs. Humphreys got her true impression. The whole doctrine of the Church is confusing and contradictory, and its interpretation of "vicarious salvation has only proved itself a basis of irreligion." Christianity gives no hope of a future life, no consolation to the dying. The Church's one endeavor is to keep man in subjection to itself.

The Mass is a means of making the soul a plaything for pious

experiments, a subject for priestly autocracy. The ceremonies of the Church do not glorify a Supreme Being, they "merely pander to priestly self-importance, to that man set in a little brief authority whose ecclesiastical antics might well make the angels weep." Religious observance "panders to the lower instincts of vanity, self-gratification, greed, and ambition. . . ."

It would be wearisome to enumerate more of Mrs. Humphreys' grievances against the Church and Christianity. But what is it that she wishes us to substitute for Christian belief? What is this Truth of Spiritualism?

A maze of vague, incoherent, unproven assertions, a jumble of rambling nonsense, of stuffy, sickly sentimental Raymondiana, interspersed with impassioned tirades against Christianity as seen through the spectacles of ignorance, prejudice, and calumny, and hovering above all this the arrogant, self-canonized opinion of Mrs. Humphreys, run amuck among truths beyond its grasp and appreciation, ignorant, irrational, defiant, indecent, and sacrilegious.

EAST BY WEST. By A. J. Morrison. Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Morrison has succeeded in his purpose of surveying the history of civilization through the development of the world's commerce. In a colloquial style he traces with zest the causes which led to the shifting of trade from Babylon and Phoenicia to Greece, Rome, Constantinople, Venice, Bruges, Spain and Portugal, England and America. The methods of transportation, from their crude beginnings in the East to the growth of the merchant marine and the modern network of canals and railroads, are colorfully presented. The second half of the book deals largely with the history of English and American commercial expansion. His record ends with the construction of the Bagdad Railway, and the reopening of the centres of the East to the world's markets.

WOUNDED WORDS. By Cora Berry Whitin. Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$1.00 net.

This is a little volume of charades in rhyme. The author explains that they were originally written in the hope that their "reconstruction" might relieve some weary hours for convalescents wounded during the War. They are now published for the entertainment of those who are endowed with the faculty of guessing, and enjoy its exercise. An ingenious key is furnished by which they may establish the correctness of their interpretations.

THE WORLDLINGS. By Leonard Merrick. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.90.

Some years ago Mr. Leonard Merrick's novel appealed to an appreciative, but comparatively small, circle of readers. It has recently been his singular experience to be re-discovered and to have his works reprinted, each with a eulogistic preface by some literary celebrity. Whether or not the writings deserve all the praise now lavished upon them, their revival is welcome, not only on account of the talent displayed, but also by reason of their freedom from certain objectionable features that disfigure too much of contemporary fiction. The author is absolutely of this sophisticated age, modern in mind and manner; yet though he frequently deals with grave transgressions, he does so without the degrading grossness so often found elsewhere; moreover, there cannot be charged to his account any responsibility for contribution to the chaos produced by putting evil for good and good for evil.

The Worldlings, now republished under its original title, hardly represents Mr. Merrick at his best; nevertheless, it is a readable novel and, in the main, true to its author's form.

LITTLE MOTHER AMERICA. By Helen Fitzgerald Sanders. Boston: The Cornhill Co.

This War novel has for its heroine a mysterious young Belgian refugee who lands in New York alone, unable to recall her name or anything of her past, speaking, at first, only the word, America. Her adventures, her eventual marriage to an American, followed by the establishment of her identity and the return of her memory, make up a story with possibilities that the author has not handled to the best advantage. Interest would have been increased by letting the reader into the secret earlier; as it is, the attention is distracted by speculating on complications that prove to be non-existent. This, with inconsistencies, errors in construction, and the use of a too rhetorical style, militates against effectiveness.

CREATION VERSUS EVOLUTION. By Rev. Philo L. Mills, D.D. Washington, D. C.: The Andrew B. Graham Co. 50 cents.

Trailing clouds of glory did early man come from God, but ere long shades of the prison-house began to close upon the growing race. Physically, mentally, morally, and religiously, primitive man stood upon a plane enormously higher than that of the highest sub-human anthropoids, enormously higher indeed than that of the great bulk of his offspring the modern, uncivilized

"primitive" peoples. Such is the thesis proposed and defended by Reverend Doctor Philo L. Mills in this pamphlet. Father Mills has gathered his evidence not so much from theological as from archæological and anthropological sources, with which he shows wide acquaintance. Even those who may not be willing to accept all of his conclusions, will nevertheless find in this modest brochure, particularly in the third section on moral and religious data, much material and many suggestions that have an interesting bearing on the question of the physical and cultural beginnings of the human race—a subject that has lost none of its witchery since the publication of the *Descent of Man*, and upon which much new light has been shed that was hidden from the eyes of Darwin.

THE Extension Press of Chicago has rendered another service to Catholic art in the *Life of the Blessed Virgin in Pictures*, by Rev. William D. O'Brien (\$1.50). The book presents sixty-three full page reproductions in sepia of the best works of religious art, both ancient and modern, illustrating the life of the Blessed Mother. Each picture is faced by a page of explanatory text. The result is a charming volume, a worthy companion to *Christ's Life in Pictures*, which appeared from the same Press some time since.

A HELPFUL collection of "Daily Thoughts from the Gospel" is entitled *Our Saviour's Own Words*, selected and arranged by Rev. F. J. Remler, C.M. This pocket companion for the busy man is published by the Abbey Student Press, St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas, and sold for 75 cents, 80 cents with postage. Discounts are allowed on quantities.

THE student of French will find a valuable aid in *How to Speak French Like the French* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00. The authors are Marie and Jeanne Yersin, the originators of the "Phono-Rhythmic French Method," which has already been put out in book form by Messrs. Lippincott. The book under review presents that bane of the foreign student, the "Idioms and Current Expressions of the French Language," in concise form yet amply illustrated. It should prove a valuable aid to schools and students.

THE recent volumes of "The Modern Library" (Boni & Live-right, 85 cents each) include *Best American Short Stories*, edited by Alexander Jessup, and *A Modern Book of Criticisms*, excerpts from the critical thought of the times, edited with an introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, PARIS:

La Parousie, by Cardinal Louis Billot, S.J. (9 fr. net). The ambition of all Catholic theologians is to account for the apparent fact that the end of the world is presented in the New Testament as near. The eminent professor of theology in the Gregorian University finds the solution in the nature of prophecy as distinct from history. Prophecy is without perspective. This fact is undeniable in the Old Testament, and instructive for the interpretation of the New. We should not be surprised, therefore, to find the end of the world and the destruction of Jerusalem represented in the New Testament as connected events, portrayed under a single image, which literally refers to the overthrow of the Jewish commonwealth, yet at the same time typifies the final consummation of things. The Scriptural image is a *tableau vivant*, and the mentioning of two events together does not imply by any means that they are as near in time and history as in the singleness of vision which embraces both. Events under the eye of prophecy are not tied together by "simple continuity or chronological simultaneity;" they have a particular quality of connectiveness not found elsewhere, because prophecy has a category all its own; and thus we find in the eschatological Discourse of the Saviour two events simultaneously predicted, two catastrophes of unequal grandeur set forth under the same perspective: the near destruction of Jerusalem and the final consummation of the world. Neither is regarded in itself; both are confusedly presented together; and reason, guided by analogy, is able to overcome what is indistinct to the eye.

Cardinal Billot applies this principle of solution to all the texts of difficulty from St. Matthew to the Apocalypse. A freshness of illustrative analogy pervades the presentation; and though it be invidious to single out any one part more than another, this is especially true of what the Cardinal has to say concerning the famous difficulty in 1 Thess. iv. 13-17, where St. Paul seems to include himself among those destined to survive unto the Parousia. His Eminence expresses the hope that "this modest work will help to enlighten some of good will, dispel the doubts raised by recent controversy, and solve one of the chief difficulties urged by modern criticism against the Gospel." We join heartily in this holy hope. The stronghold attacked is one we may all pray to see laid low, so long has it stood as a threatening salient thrust deep into the Christian battle front.

Les Origines du Dogme de la Trinité (24 fr.) is the fourth edition of the Abbé Jules Lebreton's well-known work on the Blessed Trinity. The first edition appeared in 1909. He has re-written the chapters on the Messianic Hope, the Logos of Philo, and the Trinity in the synoptic Gospels, and added a number of changes here and there in answer to his critics and reviewers. The same publishers announce a brief summary of this scholarly treatise, entitled *Le Dieu Vivant, la révélation de la sainte Trinité dans le Nouveau Testament*.

Geneviève Hennet de Goutel is a delightful sketch by Marthe Amalbert, her friend and fellow-worker in the hospitals of Rumania during the late War. Geneviève de Goutel was a writer and an artist of more than average ability, but gave up her career for a life of social service—first with Marc Sangnier of *Le Sillon* in his great social apostolate, and later on with the wounded soldiers in far-away Ru-

mauia. Father Sertillanges writes a most interesting preface to the volume. (7 fr.)

We also recommend to our readers three helpful volumes of sermons, instructive for the layman, suggestive for the priest, *Instructions d'un Quart d'Heure*, by the Abbé J. Pailler; *Vade-Mecum des Prédicateurs*, by two Missionaries of long and wide experience, and Tome II. of the *Dominicales* (5 fr.) of Abbé Eugène Duplessy, already noticed in these pages. This second volume covers from the Feast of St. Joseph to the Feast of St. Peter.

PIERRE TÉQUI, PARIS:

Je Crois en Jesus Christ, by Abbé Lemoine, the sequel to *Je Crois en Dieu* by the same author, is an equally beautiful book. It is a life of the Saviour explained and meditated. The author runs over the great events from the Annunciation to the Resurrection one by one and, absorbing the infinite richness of the Gospel, comments its ensemble and detail with his heart as well as his mind. There is nothing artificial here, not a page that he has not lived, not a line, not a word which he has not felt. This is the real originality of this work, and the mark that distinguishes it from so many others.

It is also, here and there, a work of science, rich in opulent information, where the apologetic takes an elevation and a depth truly exceptional, a work where the idea is condensed in robust and striking formulas, where conviction and sentiment unite to produce beautiful and powerful effects. We meet with remarks of singular penetration, flashes of light on pages of magnificent plenitude. The brief, compact and rapid glosses of the discourses and the maxims of Christ bring out in strong relief the sweetness and the severity of the evangelical doctrine.

Le Relèvement National, by Monseigneur Gibier, is perhaps the most remarkable book which has come from the pen of the Bishop of Versailles. At the present moment there is no subject more intensely practical than National Reconstruction, and Monseigneur Gibier, whose intellect is so keen and whose judgment so sure, is admirably qualified to treat it. We may judge of the interest of its pages by the eminently suggestive titles of its chapters. First part—Those who cannot uplift us—Les Aveugles—Les Négateurs—Les Sceptiques—Les Sectaires—Les Arrivistes—Les Jouisseurs—Les Corrupteurs—Les Utopistes—Les Insouciantes—Les Timides—Les Découragés—Les Inutiles—Les Routiniers—Les Intransigeants—La Femme inférieure à sa mission. Second part—Those who shall uplift us—Nos morts—Les Saints—Les Apôtres—Les Convaincus—Les Bienveillants—Les Laborieux—Les Adaptes—Les Organiseurs—Les Dirigeants—Les Educateurs—Les Chefs de famille—La Femme chrétienne et française.

LIBRAIRIE VICTOR LECOFFRE, PARIS:

Le Livre de Jérémie, by Rev. Albert Condamin, S.J. (24 fr.), belongs to the collection of Biblical studies undertaken by a number of Catholic Biblical scholars in France. The present volume deals with the prophet Jeremiah and the most critical period of the Jewish people, the Babylonian activity. The author deals in an exhaustive manner with the prophecy of Jeremiah and the many difficult problems it presents. His work is an introduction, a translation and a commentary

of the prophecy of Jeremias. Biblical criticism mutilates this prophecy almost beyond recognition; some critics regard only about one-fifth of the prophecy as authentic. The author of the present volume defends the traditional conservative view: the prophecy is inspired in its entirety, with the sole exception of unimportant, often explanatory, glosses.

The Septuagint version of the prophecy is much shorter than the Hebrew text. The explanation of this discrepancy may, in the opinion of the author, be found in the fact that the Septuagint translator omitted many details and unnecessary repetitions in which the Hebrew abounds. The chronology of the prophecy of Jeremias presents difficulties, not, however, insurmountable. The prophecies were written at different times. When these parts were placed together into one book the prophecies were grouped according to subject matter. Again the chronological disorders may be due, in part, to the different manner in which the Hebrews and Babylonians recorded events of importance. "The prophecies against the nations" probably circulated at first as a separate volume and were eventually placed at the end of the book, whilst, in another revision, they were placed elsewhere. The Messianic hope finds a prominent place in the ministry of Jeremias; the present evils and misfortunes suffered by the people are contrasted with the glory of the coming Kingdom. The author of this work enumerates various interpretations of the famous passage, "a woman shall compass a man," but offers no definite solution beyond the statement that the entire poem is Messianic in character.

A valuable bibliography and a chronological arrangement of the chapters add much to the value of the study of the ministry of the great Prophet of Israel. Throughout the work the traditional conservative position is defended by the author, in opposition to the annihilating destructiveness of radical criticism.

CIA EDITORA "EL DEBATE," HABANA:

Lo que me enseñó la vida (De mi jardín y del cercado ajeno), por David Rubio, O.S.A. Spanish literature does not abound in miniaturists of thoughts; therefore the booklet of Dr. David Rubio, O.S.A., is, for the Spanish speaking world, to some extent a literary novelty. As a writer, his thought covers the whole field of human experience and strikes always a note of originality. His satire finds an easy mark in the national characteristics of other people. While he admires the United States, the practical genius of its people, the freedom granted to the Catholic Church, and the religious organization of American Catholicism, he does not believe in American democracy.

Some of his expressions are not theologically correct, as, for instance, when he says: "The fate of man is to be a slave, as when he lost his innocence he lost his freedom;" and "Great souls are portions of Eternity." Doubtless we must ascribe these lapses to poetic license and exaggeration. They do not impair the merit and beauty of style of a book that commands the attention of thinkers and all lovers of Spanish literature.

Recent Events.

Russia. Fighting of the severest character has continued all through the month between the Polish and Bolshevik armies. Despite

their forced evacuation of Kiev, which occurred on June 12th, the advantage on the whole seems to rest with the Poles. In the South and the region around Kiev the Poles have been forced to retire, but are putting up a stubborn defence. In the North they have been generally successful and have launched against the Bolsheviks, between the Dvina and upper Beresina, a powerful counter-offensive, in the course of which they have wiped out two Bolshevik divisions. There are twenty Bolshevik divisions on the northern front. Militarists consider this the greatest concentration ever brought against the Poles, but the Polish command has assured the people that there is no danger of their breaking through. General Alexis Brusiloff, former Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Armies, is understood to have assumed command of the Bolshevik offensive against Poland.

The Cabinet of the Polish Premier Spulski, which succeeded that of Premier Paderewski on December 15th last, has resigned. The resignation is believed to have been brought about chiefly by opposition to the Government's policy regarding the creation of a buffer state between Poland and Russia.

After the Polish-Bolshevik campaign, the negotiations in London between Gregory Krassin, the Soviet envoy, and the British Premier occupy the foremost place in the Russian news of the past month. The English Government has definitely committed itself to the resumption of trade. Krassin has succeeded in obtaining a promise from the Lenine-Trotsky Government that all the concessions demanded as preliminaries by Lloyd George would be granted. British and Allied prisoners in Russia are to be returned; the Bolsheviks agree not to interfere in the political affairs of other nations; and they promise to assist in every way the reorganization of transportation systems in Russia. Already Krassin has contracted for shipments to Russia of large quantities of medicines, hospital supplies, woollen goods and shoes. He is negotiating also for shipments of tea, coffee, machinery and cotton. Both the French and American Governments look with disfavor on this resumption of trade with the Soviet Government. Italy, however, as a result of recent negotiations, has agreed to

an exchange of merchandise with Russia. Contracts amounting to 100,000,000 Swedish kroners have also been negotiated between Sweden and Bolsheviki Russia. Norway has also informed the Russian Soviet Government of her willingness to resume trade.

Besides the campaign in Poland, the Bolsheviki have engaged in important fighting in other fields. In the middle of May a Bolsheviki army landed from thirteen ships near Enzeli, in Persia, on the Caspian Sea, and forced the British troops stationed there to withdraw. The British retreated to Rehsht, which was also occupied later by the Bolsheviki, who continued their advance, and early in June were reported to have captured Teheran, the Persian capital. This last report, however, is unconfirmed. The results of the Persian invasion have been chiefly two: first, the capture, at Enzeli, of the entire White (Denikin) fleet, consisting of six cruisers and seven transports and a large quantity of war material from the Caucasus; and, second, the exchange of parleys between the Bolsheviki and Mustapha Kemal Pasha, leader of the Turkish Nationalists, resulting in the recognition by the former of the Nationalist Republic. The Persian Government has forwarded a strong protest against these proceedings to the League of Nations.

Meanwhile the Bolsheviki have been less successful in the Crimea, where General Wrangel, Denikin's successor, has reorganized a force of 70,000 men and started a successful offensive. In a recent action he is reported to have captured two ports on the Sea of Azov, together with five thousand prisoners, twenty-seven guns and five armored trains. Denikin's former volunteer army has been disbanded and a new regular army organized under the strictest discipline.

The so-called Far Eastern Republic, with headquarters recently established at Verkhneudinsk, has opened up peace negotiations with the Japanese. The military basis would be the disarmament of the troops of General Semenov, Commander-in-Chief of all the Russian Armies, and the evacuation of Transbaikalia by the Japanese. Harmony appears to reign between the Moscow (Bolsheviki) and Verkhneudinsk and Vladivostok Governments, the Soviet Government having recognized the two latter governments, each of which is claiming independence.

Germany. The election for the first Parliament under the German Constitution took place on June 6th. The result was a smashing defeat for the coalition Government that has been in power. Two

of the three coalition parties, namely, the Democratic and the Majority Socialists, the representatives of moderate principles, suffered severe losses and the consequent gains went to the extremists of the Right and Left. The Independent Socialists gained nearly 2,000,000 votes. The Nationalists and German People's Party gained together about 1,300,000 votes. Including the deputies from plebiscite districts, who retain their National Assembly mandates in the new Reichstag, the latter body will consist of four hundred and sixty members. Although the Majority Socialist-Democratic Centrist bloc still retains a nominal balance of power, the heavy drift to the Right and Left has made a stable government practically impossible.

As a result of the elections, the Cabinet of Premier Braun immediately resigned, and President Ebert requested Chancellor Mueller to form a new ministry. Herr Mueller declined the task, however, owing to the refusal of the Independent Socialists, the second strongest party in the Reichstag, to participate in any but a purely Socialistic government. Thereupon Dr. Rudolf Heinze, a Moderate conservative, endeavored to form a Cabinet, only to renounce the attempt on meeting with opposition from the Majority Socialists. The solution of the difficulty is at present a matter of speculation. What is anticipated is the establishment of the old coalition, with a certain amount of stability given to its precarious majority by a promise of benevolent neutrality from the People's Party. This expedient can be but temporary. Any Government formed will be merely a provisional one to carry on affairs till the Spa Conference is over.

It has been recently announced that the reduction of the German Army to 2,000,000 men has been accomplished in accordance with the Versailles Treaty. A late order issued by President Ebert creates a Provisional Army Advisory Committee to work with the Ministry of Defence, and a similar Navy Advisory Committee. Non-commissioned officers and men will have membership on these committees. The soldiers and sailors will be elected by trustees in different districts. Each committee will organize sub-committees to be convened for a three-day conference in Berlin.

The Ministry of Transport announced toward the end of May that the delivery of 5,000 locomotives to the Entente, in accordance with the Peace Treaty, had been completed. The former Prussian-Hessian railway system now possesses 23,000 locomotives, which is 1,400 more than it had before the War, but only 13,000 locomotives are capable of being used.

Restoration of the Louvain Library was begun in May by

the German Government at a cost of more than 5,000,000 francs gold, in execution of the agreement with Belgium. Restoration of paintings carried off during the War is also proceeding. Up to April 1st, Germany is reported to have restored to France eight billion marks in cash and securities and large quantities of art works, documents and archives, and to Belgium about the same amount.

Because of their participation in the Kapp revolt last March, Admiral von Trotha, ex-Chief of the Admiralty, Rear Admiral von Leventzow, recently Governor of Kiel, and Major von Falkenhäusen, at one time an Assistant Secretary of State, have, with twelve other military and naval officers, been dismissed from service. Their cases have been laid before the Public Prosecutor for further action. Eighty-five cases arising out of the Kapp revolt have so far been disposed of by Government officials.

France.

Early in June the terms of an alliance between France and Belgium were agreed on by representatives of the two countries.

The general lines of the alliance are as follows: Aviation, Engineering, Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry Staffs will choose one delegate each for each country. The alliance will be strictly defensive, and Belgium's liability is excluded in case of French aggression or colonial conflict. The duration of the Treaty, whose purpose is the defence of the Belgian and French frontiers, will be for from five to fifteen years. Belgium agrees to maintain a larger army than before the War and to restore the Antwerp fortifications and others. The alliance, which marks the end of Belgium's guaranteed neutrality in time of peace, has long been expected as the natural outgrowth of the War. It will not include any other nation.

Since these last notes were written, France has completely withdrawn her troops from the occupied German cities, Germany having fulfilled the conditions of the Allies. Marshal Foch occupied Frankfurt, Darmstadt, Hanau, Dieburg, and Hamburg because the Germans, in violation of the Treaty, sent heavy forces into the neutral zone. Those troops having been withdrawn, France evacuated the German cities. There were no disorders during the withdrawal.

Up to May 30th German deliveries of coal to France under the Treaty of Versailles amounted to 4,686,000 tons, according to a recent announcement of the Reparations Commission. Of this total, 405,000 tons were given to Luxemburg. In the same period Italy received 306,000 tons and Belgium 98,000 tons. Germany,

up to the end of May, the announcement shows, also had delivered to France 6,547 horses, 40,720 head of cattle, 67,476 sheep and 7,575 goats. German deliveries to Belgium in this period were 3,116 horses, 43,489 head of cattle, 32,644 sheep, 6,140 goats and 28,339 fowl.

Governmental control of the purchase and distribution of wheat will probably be extended for another year. It is held the economic situation will not yet permit the Government to allow wheat to be sold in the general market, as the price would tend to equal that paid abroad, and so increase the price of bread in France. Winter wheat prospects throughout France are very good, according to reports of the Ministry of Agriculture. It is announced that a good grade of wheat covers approximately 8,500,000 acres. In 1919, a poor year, France raised 173,000,000 bushels of wheat and had to buy 150,000,000 bushels abroad. This year, with 800,000 more acres seeded than last year, the crop is estimated to be at least fifty per cent better, bringing the yield to 260,000,000 bushels.

In May the General Federation of Labor called off the strike it had ordered in support of the railway men's walkout. The motion provided for the immediate resumption of work. The Federation asserted that the hasty presentation in the Chamber of Deputies of the Government's railroad reorganization plan, showed that their action in calling the strike for nationalization of the roads was justified, and that nationalization was demanded by the country. But the general belief is that the strong attitude of the Government and hostile public opinion have, between them, administered a definite defeat to the laborites. In former big French strikes, even if they were unsuccessful, the men have been strong enough to insist on "no dismissals" as one of the conditions of the resumption of work. But in the present strike they were unable to carry even that point.

With regard to the general international situation, the month's record has largely been one of negotiations and half-negotiations, but of no definite decisions. Shortly after the close of the San Remo Conference in May the British and French Premiers met at Hythe, England, to discuss preliminaries for the Spa Conference with the Germans. The chief topic discussed was the matter of the German indemnity. What the French want is, in the very near future, actual cash or its equivalent for what Germany owes, or at least of a good part of the debt. To that end Premier Millerand proposed an international loan, based upon the German debt to the Allies, the bonds of which should be guaranteed by all the Allies. English statesmen appear to

object to guaranteeing this issue, of which England is to receive only twenty-five per cent.

As the Italian Government is discontented with the portion of the German reparations money allotted her, and in addition has protested against the settlement of this question in a private conference between the British and French Premiers without discussion with the other Allies, the meeting of the Supreme Council at Brussels and the conference with the Germans at Spa, originally set for June 21st, have been postponed. It is understood that the general Brussels Conference of the heads of the Allied Governments will be held on July 2d, 3d, and 4th, and this will be followed by discussions with the German representatives on July 5th.

New and substantial credits for the relief and reconstruction of Central European countries, including Austria and Hungary, have been arranged by the Governments of Great Britain, Denmark, Holland, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland. The French Government has asked the Chamber of Deputies for the necessary resources in order that France may participate in the relief plans. The credits are mainly in the form of raw materials and food.

Italy.

Premier Nitti and his Ministry, the third to be formed under his leadership, resigned office on June 9th. Since then former Premier Giolitti has been requested by the King to form a new Cabinet. Premier Nitti's resignation was the outcome, apparently, of a resolution introduced by the Socialist Parliamentary group. This was to the effect that the Government statement on the annulment of the bread decree should not be heard, since the original decree raising the price of bread was a violation of the Parliament's prerogatives. Every party in the House had protested against the decree, which the Government sanctioned to avoid a Government loss of 8,000,000,000 lire through the bread subsidy. The loss next year is expected to amount to 14,000,000,000 lire.

The controversy over the bread decree, however, was merely the culmination of a series of incidents throughout the month, all tending to increase Signor Nitti's unpopularity. One of these was the summary wholesale arrests of Dalmatian residents in Rome, old and young, at dead of night, and the clumsily contrived fiction of a Dalmatian plot to justify the blunder which aroused general indignation. Then, too, when the Premier formed his third Cabinet toward the end of May, he constructed it by sacrificing the best elements of the second Nitti Cabinet in

favor of newcomers who had not the requisite prestige, authority or experience. The chief cause of the Nitti downfall, however, was due to the fact that the recent elections brought into Parliament representatives of the newly organized Popular (Catholic) Party, and the balance of power was held between them and the Socialists. As the programmes of these two parties were diametrically opposed, the Premier's various measures inevitably met the disapproval of one or the other, and he found it impossible to reconcile them.

Signor Giolitti was Premier at the time of Italy's entrance into the War, which he vigorously opposed, and it is anticipated that his foreign policy will include a resumption of full relations with Germany. He is looked on with considerable distrust by Allied statesmen, especially by the French, so much so that the question now is, not whether the French will meet the Germans at Spa, but whether they will even sit with representatives of the Giolitti Government. His Ministry is expected to contain representatives of all the parties of the Left, and probably will be a coalition which will exclude none but the ultra conservatives and the official Socialists. At last accounts he was reported as endeavoring to arrive at an arrangement with the Catholic Party.

The internal situation throughout Italy is giving grave concern. Rioting in widely separated parts of the country, as the result of dissatisfaction with economic conditions, has assumed a serious aspect. The looting of shops in principal cities and clashes between civilians and members of the State police are reported in recent dispatches. Several strikes are in effect and industry is being severely handicapped. General strikes have been declared in Carnia, in the northeastern provinces, in Verona, and in Palermo, and an agricultural strike is in progress in the Province of Bari.

Severe fighting between Italian troops and Albanian insurgents has occurred recently at Avlona, Albania, over which Italy has a mandate. The Albanian forces succeeded in driving the Italian garrisons from the interior of Avlona, and communications with the hinterland by telephone and telegraph have been completely severed. Thus the port is now inaccessible to the Italians except from the sea. Avlona itself was only saved from capture by the Albanians after a furious night battle lasting over four hours. Italian battleships were engaged in the action, and they are reported to have shelled and completely wiped out three villages. At present writing Avlona is in a state of siege and Italian naval reinforcements are being hurried from Brindisi and Taranto.

Early in June Premier Nitti was reported as having made new compromise proposals to Jugo-Slavia, intended to solve the Adriatic question. Because of his subsequent resignation this, of course, has all gone for nothing, and the situation remains the same. D'Annunzio is still in control at Fiume, and has even threatened to make incursions into Jugo-Slav territory in the interior.

Hungary.

After prolonged delays and numerous vain efforts to obtain modification of the Allied terms, Hungary finally signed the Peace Treaty at Versailles on June 4th. Certain provisions of the Treaty have aroused much opposition throughout Hungary ever since their presentation last January, and demands were voiced in every section that the Government refuse to sign the document. Count Albert Apponyi, head of the Hungarian peace delegation, resigned rather than sign what he declared to be "a rag of iniquity."

By the terms of the Treaty, Hungary, which six years ago had an area greater than Italy and a larger population than Spain, is now left with an area hardly twice that of Switzerland and a population less than that of Belgium. Hungary is now smaller than all of her neighbors and rivals, Rumania, Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia, each being more than twice as large, both in area and population. Moreover, whereas before the War Magyars were masters of millions of alien subjects, today many Magyars are under foreign rule. This last was the most objectionable feature of the Treaty in Hungarian eyes. Provisions for holding plebiscites in territory awarded to Jugo-Slavia, Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia, formerly included within Hungarian boundaries, constituted the major demand of the Magyar representatives in their request for the revision of the Treaty.

Though these and other requests were refused by the Allies, the Hungarians draw some hope from the phraseology of the covering note, which is somewhat milder than the notes accompanying the German and Austrian treaties. The covering letter also points out that in the application of the terms a certain amount of latitude will be allowed, and that, in cases where the Allied Commission for Fixing Frontiers finds that obvious injustice has been done, a report on the subject may be addressed to the Council of the League of Nations.

On June 9th, the Hungarian Cabinet, headed by Premier Semeden, Premier and Minister of the Interior, resigned. The Cabinet was formed on March 14th last, and its resignation was

caused by its inability to suppress the White Terror exercised for some months by the "Society for Awakening Hungarians," and by army officers. It will be the task of the new Government to reestablish order and security for all citizens and to prevent the "boycott of Hungary," which has been announced by the International Federation of Trade Unions to start on June 20th, and to be maintained while the White Terror exists.

The decision to proclaim a general boycott on commerce with Hungary, was reached on June 3d by the executive committee of the International Trades Unions and the General Council of the International Federation of Transport Workers, in session at Amsterdam. Communications by rail, sea, port, telegraph and all other means, between Hungary and the outside world, will be cut off, according to the resolutions passed, as a protest against the "persecution of Hungarian workmen by the White Terror." Instructions to this effect have been sent to all unions of transport workers and railway men.

It was reported several months ago that Admiral Horthy, who still continues as Regent of Hungary, had secretly, but officially, offered the Hungarian throne to former Emperor Charles, with the assurance that everything was arranged for the restoration of the Hapsburg monarchy with the consent of the majority of the population. Over half the Hungarian population, especially the peasants, are said to want a return of the monarchy to end the present political chaos. The Allies, however, have declined to permit this solution, and the ex-Emperor is still in residence at Prangins, near Geneva.

Austria. The Austrian Cabinet, headed by Dr. Karl Renner as Chancellor, which has been administering the country's affairs for the greater part of the time since the armistice, resigned office on June 11th. The break came unexpectedly over the Minister of War's decree on army discipline, which question had been raised in the National Assembly by the Christian Socialists. It is believed a new Coalition Cabinet will be formed pending the elections.

It is said that the members of the Left had stood ready for some days to seize the first pretext for a break, feeling that the Christian Socialists were steadily blocking legislation to which the former were pledged. The crisis was hastened by external events, and also by a recent incident at Gratz when gendarmes fired into crowds, who were demonstrating against profiteering in food, and killed twelve people. The Conservative Provincial Government is

charged with blocking an investigation and the punishment of the gendarmes. Moreover, a recent reactionary anti-Semitic demonstration was followed by monarchist agitation. Reports of a strong movement in Tyrol, Salzburg and portions of Upper Austria to join Bavaria and create a Catholic kingdom under Prince Rupprecht, also contributed to the fall of the Government.

An Austrian Commission sent to Belgrade to negotiate for foodstuffs and other supplies, has reported that the Serbs are unwilling to accept in exchange luxuries, which are all that Austria has to offer, nor will the Serbs accept Austrian money.

The most formidable anti-Semitic demonstration which Vienna has witnessed since last autumn occurred on June 9th after a great mass meeting of the German and Austrian ex-Officers' Association combined with other anti-Semitic elements. The assembly took place in Rathaus Square as a protest against the Jewish element in the government and army. The elimination of the Jews was demanded. After inflammatory speeches a great crowd began spontaneous demonstrations through the various boulevards, and a number of persons were maltreated.

According to late dispatches the Allies have proposed to take over the financial administration of Austria to insure her economic recovery, and have agreed to allow Austria to contract a loan for food and other needs which shall have a priority over reparation claims. In return the Reparations Commission will assume direction of Austrian finances. The Entente proposal, which is signed by the French and English members of the Reparations Commission, Vienna section, authorizes the issue of Treasury bonds, for which the public property and all the revenues of Austria will serve as guarantee for all foreign obligations, including war debts and reparations. The Reparations Commission will have control of Austrian finances and will eventually be able to take in hand the imposition of taxes and will assure strict economy in State expenditures. Strong opposition to the proposal is expressed by the newspapers and by the pro-Germans in Austria, as they think this intervention of the Entente will make impossible the success of their movement for annexation to Germany. In political circles, however, the proposal is considered favorably.

June 17, 1920.

With Our Readers.

FOR many months past the Catholic weeklies of the country have endeavored to arouse Catholics to the dangers that threatened Catholic education. There is no more patent fact than that the steadying and saving influence of the nation during these critical days of reconstruction has been the religious education and the consequent practical religious principles fostered by the Catholics of the country. For decades they have not only championed the right and proclaimed the necessity of religious education, but they have given the strongest proof of their belief therein; have shouldered a double taxation and contributed hundreds of millions that their children might receive the education to which by every right of earth and of heaven they were entitled.

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THE fruits of education cannot be fully seen in one individual or group of individuals. They cannot be seen in one generation. Traditions of the race have a tenacious way of holding out against assault. And even when denied, Christian traditions in faith and in morals oftentimes hold sway over the conduct of men and the laws of a nation. The present day must be some hours old before any one can deny that there was a yesterday. And the Christian truth of the ages must be worn threadbare and made no longer attractive before it may be denied.

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MENTAL attitudes must work themselves out before their value for good or their power for evil can become clearly and undeniably apparent. Christianity did not suddenly reform the world. It required centuries for the world to understand: the Church was, during this process, in part conquered by the world. The Faith of Christ is really too much for us: achievement in making it incarnate shows us also how much of beauty is still unattained, what heights of selflessness are still to be reached. Education in Christian truths means at least a more and more spiritual outlook on the world: a more spiritual interpretation of life, less seeking for oneself and for one's own: the surer death of opportunism: the closer brotherly approach to every one of our fellows: an acceptance of the mind, teaching, love, mystery and leadership of Christ.

* * * *

OPPOSED to Christian education is the education that is not Christian. However, it may begin: no matter on what imitating pretexts it may be founded: no matter that it may deceive even the elect, it will in the long run lead to the acceptance of such beliefs, or lack of them, as will mean a departure from the spiritual and from spiritual values and an approach to materialism and self-seeking opportunism.

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CHRIST was a Man of clear intellect. He came to teach the truth and He said that any man who would not accept His truth would not know the way to eternal life. To permit the questioning of Christ's teaching to enter into education, is to make education the protagonist of skepticism. It is the first step, though apparently no line is crossed, on the road to doubt, fear, uncertainty concerning the fundamental sanctities and responsibilities of life. Such education holds the seed of universal destruction. It robs one of direct touch with God. It takes from him the commanding supremacy of Christ. It leads him to be self-centred, and almost persuaded that he should be self-sufficient. The world is narrowed to himself. Authority no longer inspires him; individualism is his only law. The spiritual drifts further away and at last becomes unreal. The sensible and the material win him because they, at least, are certain, tangible, appealing. Law is measured by convenience: opportunism is his creed. The history of the race proves to him that the fittest survive, and they are fittest who make themselves so by surviving. Self-interest is the goal, therefore, not self-sacrifice. If any man, Christian or not, were asked to give an estimate of the world as at present it shows itself in greater and extended issues, tendencies, philosophies and practical conduct, he would undoubtedly describe it as well illustrating what we have just written. Indeed, we might fill these pages with judgments to that effect from widely different sources.

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THE two kinds of education have worked themselves out far enough to show that they are intrinsically antagonistic. *Life*—a journal which will not be charged with over-seriousness—recently quoted the statement of the President of a non-Catholic University and added, “this is a faithful description of a disease generally prevalent.” The statement itself was as follows: “Man’s attention and interest have been increasingly turned to himself, his immediate surroundings and his instant occupation. Having

come to feel himself quite superior to all that has gone before, and being without faith in anything that lies beyond, he has tended to become an extreme egoist. The natural result has been to measure the universe in terms of himself and his present satisfaction."

* * * *

WITH these facts so glaringly evident, with the eternal well-being of so many millions of souls jeopardized, with the future of our country hanging in the balance, the forces of materialism, of secularism are endeavoring to extend the disease and have it eat deeper and deeper into the social structure of the country. That they are so powerful is the best proof of how anti-Christian much of our modern education has been.

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IT certainly behooves every Catholic that has the interest of his Faith at heart to rise from sleep, to keep in touch with and to study these movements, to go out upon the battlefield and not only to pray, but to fight for the rights that are inalienable. We have said "to study" these movements; for they never present themselves under their true colors nor with their real purpose. Materialism never yet had the courage to show its philosophy unclothed. Opportunism would be damned at once if it showed its unmasked countenance.

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WE have no word of attack here against those who are promoting the welfare of the public schools. Public education is a necessity for the welfare of the nation: its schools ought to be of the highest standards, their teachers ought to receive just salaries—higher, than in many cases, they are at present receiving. Our words here are directed against those who are seeking to make public education the sport and spoil of politics, and many of whom are seeking to rob us of the freedom of education, and indirectly, at least, to destroy our parochial schools and our Catholic colleges.

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STUDIED strong efforts have been made of late to federalize education. The first step is to secure the appointment of a federal secretary of education. He is to labor for the standardization of education. But following his apparently innocent lead is the plan to have passed a federal bill that will grant subsidies for general educational purposes to all the States. This, of course, will mean a great retinue of federal officers, inspectors, etc., a golden opportunity for schoolbook publishers who have political

influence with the administration in power: a further centralizing of federal authority, indeed the ultimate control of the thought of the people. Today resounds with cries of self-determination and self-government, yet what is so often on our lips is seldom in our hearts.

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MATERIALISM—the hunger for money, for position, for authority—is the power and incentive back of these measures. To the State belongs the power and responsibility of caring for its schools, and there is no State in the Union that could not, if it honestly tried, provide adequately for its schools and its teachers.

Everyone conversant with the history of such “pork barrel” measures knows that they never achieve an honest beneficial purpose. Public education would suffer irretrievably by their passage into law. The States would cease to increase their own appropriations. The States would shirk their own responsibility. Education would become a matter of barter between the local political party in power and the national party in federal power. Incentive, progress, improvement born of direct responsibility and of State freedom would be done away with, and another serious wound be inflicted on the cardinal principle of our Union’s life—State Rights.

* * * *

BACK of the movement are organizations who know their members will receive, if it be successful, lucrative and honored positions: back of it are those who wish higher salaries for teachers: back of it are many schoolbook publishers. It matters not with them how much the federal taxes, already high, may have to be increased: nor how the people may be further burdened. With its supporters it is a matter of expediency, of opportunism. Not one organization supporting it does so as a matter of principle.

This is the truth no matter how specious their arguments. And their arguments are at times so specious as to deceive some Catholics. Catholics who, for example, live in States where there is legislation inimical to Catholic schools, think it would be better to deal with a federal secretary of education than with their own bigoted legislators. They forget that they would have the latter to deal with in any case, and it is hardly wise not to see that curing a local evil through such means, is injuring not only the Church throughout the country but the national life itself.

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IT is well to proceed on principle instead of expediency even though the latter travels at times faster. The former saves us from dangerous places and guides us happily and successfully. Principle is the voice of God and it knows no accent but that of victory.

The evil sign of this dangerous movement is not its immediate plans but its abandonment of principle, its rank opportunism. It is favored by its supporters because it is a quick, easy way to secure large sums of the public funds. It may be supported by a national political party because the party leaders think it will command a large number of votes. It is a discouraging sign that the spiritual is forgotten: that the dignity of the individual is hardly worth considering and that America is drifting from her ancient and her safe moorings.

THE work done by the Catholic Hospital Association may well be a matter of interest and congratulation not only to all Catholics, but to all who are seriously anxious for the care of the sick. The Association as a happy evidence of its growth and its extended purpose has published the first issue of its official organ, *Hospital Progress*. It comes to us not as an infant, but as an inviting full-grown magazine with thoughtful articles of interest to a wider field of readers than those interested only in hospital technique.

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WE are sure that the reader will be surprised at the splendid results obtained by the union into one Association of the Catholic hospitals of the country: and he will be most surprised when he reads this statement from Dr. Will Mayo, President of the American College of Surgeons: "Half the hospitals in America are under Catholic auspices."

It brings home to us again the truth that we are ignorant of the great work of our own: of the silent labor and untold sacrifices which we hear of and admire as particular instances, without realizing fully their magnitude and their sustaining inspiration.

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HOSPITAL PROGRESS is well named. May it see accomplished all that it aims to achieve, and may its praiseworthy mission be known and supported by Catholics.

It has a very sacred purpose to fulfill. Secular magazines, moving pictures, learned articles in serious magazines are inculcating false, perverted ideas concerning health, the giving and

taking of life. Our belief with regard to these matters insidiously affect our relations with God, with our fellows and our own personal conduct. *Hospital Progress* will do effective work in championing the truth among the medical profession and, let us hope, among the wider public as well.

WITH two articles in this present issue speaking of the unquerably happy spirit of Blessed Thomas More, which this miserable world of today might with great advantage imitate, it is meet that we quote the lines of Francis Thompson, taken from his *To the English Martyrs*.

Ah, happy Fool of Christ, unawed
By familiar sanctities,
You served your Lord at holy ease!
Dear Jester in the Courts of God—
In whose spirit, enchanting yet,
Wisdom and love, together met,
Laughed on each other for content!
That an inward merriment,
An inviolate soul of pleasure,
To your motions taught a measure
All your days; which tyrant king,
Nor bonds, nor any bitter thing
Could embitter or perturb;
No daughter's tears, nor, more acerb,
A daughter's frail declension from
Thy serene example, come
Between thee and thy much content.
Nor could the last sharp argument
Turn thee from thy sweetest folly;
To the keen *accolade* and holy
Thou didst bend low a sprightly knee,
And jest Death out of gravity
As a too sad-visaged friend;
So, jocund, passing to the end
Of Thy laughing martyrdom;
And now from travel art gone home
Where, since gain of thee was given,
Surely there is more mirth in heaven.

WE welcome the appearance of a new French Quarterly, devoted to exploring and tilling the fields of ascetical and mystical theology, so redolent of the choicest blossoms and most substantial fruits of the spiritual life. Its comprehensive title, *Revue d'Ascetique et de Mystique* embraces, of set purpose, the common ground of asceticism and mysticism, disclaiming from

the outset any desire to define and limit and so, possibly, exclude legitimate experiences and aspirations of the spiritual life.

It purports to present the best thought on principles and practice, to extend knowledge of the noblest exponents of asceticism and mysticism, and to keep its readers *au courant*, through a bibliography appended to each issue, with the ablest studies of the day, in book or magazine, which touch in any way the vital questions of spiritual birth and growth.

That it may live and achieve, is our sincere hope.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
Divine Personality and Human Life. By C. C. J. Webb. *The Library of Photius.* Volume I. By J. H. Freese. \$3.75. *Dionysius the Areopagite on the Divine Names and the Mystical Theology.* By C. E. Rolt. \$2.75 net. *Medieval Medicine.* By J. J. Walsh M.D., Ph.D. \$2.75.
- DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:
Westminster Cathedral and its Architect. By W. de L'Hôpital. 2 volumes.
- HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
The Human Costs of the War. By Homer Folks. \$2.25.
- LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
A Short History of the Doctrine of the Atonement. By L. W. Grensted, M.A. \$3.75.
- D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
Don Strong, American. By William Heyliger. \$1.75 net.
- BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:
Albany: The Crisis in Government. By L. Waldman. \$1.50 net. *The Best Psychic Stories.* Edited by J. L. French. \$1.75 net. *Lilult.* By R. Rolland.
- P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Credentials of Christianity. By M. J. Scott, S.J. \$1.50.
- AMERICAN BOOK Co., New York:
Political Economy. By E. J. Burke, S.J.
- BRENTANO'S, New York:
Memories of My Son, Joyce Kilmer. By Annie K. Kilmer. *The Peace Conference Day by Day.* By C. T. Thompson.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Foundation of True Morality. By Rev. T. Slater, S.J. \$1.25 net. *Talks to Nurses.* By H. S. Spalding, S.J. \$1.50 net.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
Negro Migration During the War. By E. J. Scott.
- THE DEVIN-ADAIR Co., New York:
Moods and Memories. By Edmund Leamy. \$2.00 net.
- GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:
The Light Out of the East. By S. R. Crockett. *The Shadow-Show.* By J. H. Curie.
- FREDERICK PUSTET Co., New York:
A Manual of the Ceremonies of Low Mass. Compiled by Rev. L. Kuenzel. \$2.50 net.
- THE FOUR SEAS Co., Boston:
The First Valley. By M. F. Sanborn. \$1.75 net.
- THE CORNHILL Co., Boston:
Born of the Crucible. By Charles C. Cohan. \$1.75 net. *The House of Love.* By W. D. Muse. \$1.25.
- FRIENDS OF UKRAINE, Washington, D. C.:
Inhuman Blockade Strangling a Nation. Ukraine and the Ukrainians. By E. Revyuk. Pamphlets.
- CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE, Washington, D. C.:
American Foreign Policy.
- B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:
The Sacrifice of the Mass. By Rev. J. Henry, C.S.S.R. 15 cents. *The Brazen Serpent.* By Rev. J. A. McClorey, S.J. \$1.50.
- LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Chicago, Ill.:
An Introductory Course in Experimental Psychology. By H. Gruender, S.J. Vol. I. \$1.50 net.
- FRANCISCAN HERALD PRESS, Chicago:
Franciscans and the Protestant Revolution in England. By F. B. Steck, O.F.M. \$2.00.

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NIETZSCHE, TOLSTOY AND THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

BY LEWIS WATT, S.J.



TO have bound up the New Testament along with the Old Testament into one book as 'the Bible'—as 'the Book in Itself'—is perhaps the greatest audacity and sin against the spirit which literary Europe has upon its conscience," wrote the German philosopher, Nietzsche, some thirty years ago, in *Beyond Good and Evil*. For the Old Testament and what he thought to be its ethics he had the greatest admiration; for the teaching of the New Testament, nothing but contempt. "A slave-morality" is the label which he savagely affixed to the system of Christian ethics. It falsifies weakness into merit, impotence which does not retaliate into goodness; not-to-be-able-to-take-revenge it calls not-to-wish-to-take-revenge, perhaps even forgiveness. This is the verdict of his *Genealogy of Morals*. He would have the world reverse its moral values. The ideal type of the future—the Superman—will force the weak and helpless to go to the wall; he will trample on the New Testament, which preconizes cowardice.¹ Christianity teaches a morality fit only for slaves, not for free men, not for the Superman.

The fact that Nietzsche lost his reason for a time and died with the shadow of insanity over him, has not prevented his

¹See *The Antichrist*.

having many disciples, avowed or unavowed. A doctrine so consonant as his with some of the strongest instincts of man, could not fail to prove attractive to many who chafe under the self-restraint imposed by the Gospel. In fact, all history shows that there were many Nietzscheans before Nietzsche. For such anti-Christians the great rock of offence is the Sermon on the Mount, and especially the teaching of Our Lord as to our conduct to those who wrong us. They call it impracticable; they accuse it of setting a premium on moral feebleness; they say it substitutes apathy for energy as the ethical ideal. In a word, it is slave-morality.

Before proceeding to discuss the value of these criticisms, it will be well to set out the chief passages incriminated. The first occurs in the Sermon on the Mount as narrated by St. Matthew (v. 38-41):

You have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; but I say to you not to resist evil: but if one strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him also the other: and if a man will contend with thee in judgment and take away thy coat, let go thy cloak also unto him. And whosoever will force thee one mile, go with him other two.

The second occurs in the Gospel of St. Luke (vi. 27-29), where the Evangelist may be alluding to the Sermon on the Mount or may be referring to some other occasion; we may leave this small point out of discussion, as irrelevant. The passage is as follows:

Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you. Bless them that curse you, and pray for them that calumniate you. And to him that striketh you on the one cheek, offer also the other. And him that taketh away from thee thy cloak, forbid not to take thy coat also.

In these citations there are two points that demand a little elucidation. Why does Our Lord refer to the possibility of being forced to go a mile with someone? And why does He select the particular illustration of coat and cloak? The reason is that oppression in Palestine not unusually took these very forms. Palestine had become a Roman province, and the Romans had taken over from the Persians the custom of

forcibly impressing the services of civilians for the benefit of officials, a custom which gave Simon of Cyrene the privilege of carrying Our Lord's cross. Moreover, the taking of garments by a creditor in payment of a debt was a traditional act of oppression among the Jews.² Our Lord puts His teaching into the form of concrete examples for the benefit of an audience unaccustomed to think in abstract propositions, but we may sum it up by saying that He enjoins not merely non-resistance to wrong-doers, but also the conferring of actual benefits upon them. Nietzsche and those who think with him stigmatize this as slave-morality, exalting cowardice into a virtue.

Here we may introduce upon the scene the romantic and earnest figure of Count Tolstoy. He is poles apart from Nietzsche, no less in character than in attitude to Christianity. For him the teaching of Our Lord is the ultimate rule of life, and however mistaken he was in his interpretation of that teaching, he had at least the courage of his convictions and pressed them to their logical, if subversive, conclusion. "Christ says, Resist not evil. These words were the clue which made all clear to me . . . Christ meant to say, whatever men do to you, bear, suffer, submit: but never resist evil . . . God has given us a commandment which He requires us to obey; He says that only those who keep His commandments shall enter life eternal."³ When Tolstoy says, Never resist, he means exactly what he says—*never*. He has no use for qualifications introduced in the name of social order or national preparedness. He says distinctly that there ought to be no law courts, no army, no navy. If one answers, "Impracticable idealism!" he retorts, "God commanded it; it cannot be impracticable."

At first sight then Nietzsche and Tolstoy seem to be diametrically opposed to each other. The former rejects the teaching of Christ completely: the latter embraces it to the point of fanaticism. If either of them be right, the Catholic Church is wrong, for on the one hand she upholds the Christian ethic as God-given, and on the other she does not impose upon her members the unconditional obligation of non-resistance to evil. But how does she find a *via media* between the Russian count and the German philosopher? Simply by rejecting a fundamental assumption, common to both in spite of

² Cp. Exod. xxii. 26; Deut. xxiv. 13; Job xxii. 6.

³ *What I Believe*.

their apparent diversity, namely that Our Lord's words "Resist not evil" are to be understood as applicable under all circumstances. She permits her theologians to teach the right of self-defence; she blesses the banners of Christian armies and the swords of Christian knights; not only does she approve of courts of criminal and civil law, she has appointed ecclesiastical tribunals of her own. Tolstoy bewails this as a fatal betrayal of her Master; Nietzsche would hail it as a convincing proof of the error of the Sermon on the Mount. What either of them would have said if he had read in Catholic ascetical treatises that it is a point of Christian perfection to love and even expose oneself to injuries, rebuffs and humiliations, we can only guess. Both would probably have accused the Church of inconsistency and of teaching a double standard of ethics. And, indeed, they would be entitled to some explanation of the apparent paradox.

The Catholic Church, of course, is not alone in her refusal to impose an obligation of non-resistance upon Christians. The great majority of Protestants concur with her in this, and find it needful to defend their action in departing from the plain words of the Gospel text. One line of defence is that Our Lord's instructions were intended for the disciples only and not for the multitude: but this cannot be sustained in view of the teaching of the Epistles of St. Paul and St. Peter, which were addressed to ordinary Christians. For example, St. Paul writes to the litigious Corinthians:⁴ "Why do you not rather take wrong? Why do you not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded?" and to the Thessalonians, "See that none render evil for evil."⁵ And St. Peter says: "What glory is it if, committing sin and being buffeted for it, you endure? But if doing well you suffer patiently, this is thankworthy before God."

Some writers have defended Christian resistance on the ground of common sense, but we must be cautious in accepting some of the forms in which this argument is couched by Protestant exegetes. For instance, Dr. Plummer⁶ says: "To interpret [Our Lord's words under discussion] as rules to be kept literally in the cases specified, is to make Our Lord's teaching a laughing-stock to the common sense of the world," and Pro-

⁴ 1 Cor. vi. 7.

⁵ 1 Thess. v. 15.

⁶ *An Exegetical Commentary on St. Matthew*, p. 86.

fessor Votaw in a discussion of the Sermon on the Mount⁷ writes: "Literalism is the perversion of Jesus' method and intent, and is one of the worst enemies of the Gospel, for it holds up the teaching of Jesus to the ridicule of all sane, thinking men." This argument from common sense, which has only too often a bluff way of dispensing with proof, we should regard with caution because it is just the sort of argument that is brought against the Mysteries of our Faith. But this is not to say that no use can be made of it if it is properly framed. Cornelius Jansenius of Ghent, in the eighteenth century, practically employed it when he urged that neither the Divine Wisdom nor the Divine Truth allows us to believe that God could create man a social being, destined to live in civil society, and at the same time command him to wreck society by allowing criminals to have a free hand. The Tolstoyan, however, has his answer ready: he maintains that the best way to convert criminals and other wrong-doers is not to resist them. We may believe this to be nonsense, but not unnaturally the Tolstoyan considers his opinion as good as ours.

Putting aside these two lines of defence then as unsatisfactory, let us state the really clinching argument, which is a commonplace of commentators from the time of St. Augustine to the present day. It is drawn from the conduct of Our Lord and of His Apostles. When Christ was brought for trial before Annas, He was struck upon the cheek by one of the bystanders. If He had meant us to understand His words, "Turn the other cheek," as a precept binding under all circumstances;—He would certainly have offered His other cheek to be struck; but, in point of fact, He remonstrated with the bully: "If I have spoken evil, give testimony of the evil; but if well, why strikest thou Me?"⁸ Again, if He had intended us *never* to resist evil, why do we find Him using violence against the buyers and sellers who desecrated the Temple? Why does He administer severe rebukes to His disciples, to the Pharisees, and (by the mouth of messengers) to Herod? So obvious is the inconsistency between Christ's conduct and an unconditional interpretation of His teaching, that Jewish critics (*e. g.*, Friedlander) accuse Him of violating His own precepts, and the same charge may be brought against the Apostles.

St. Paul instantly protested when he, too, was struck on

⁷ *Hastings's Dictionary of the Bible*, extra volume, p. 29, note. ⁸ John xviii. 23.

the face in the presence of the High Priest, and although he quickly corrected himself, this was not on account of his protest, but because he had unwittingly spoken against one of the princes of the people.⁹ His appeal to Cæsar¹⁰ and his claim to Roman citizenship in order to avoid being scourged, are equally indefensible if Tolstoy be right. And what are we to say of St. Peter's fatal rebuke of Ananias and Saphira?¹¹ What are we to think of the Epistles, full as they are of exhortations intended to resist evil in the Christian communities? Either Christ and the Apostles did not obey the precept of non-resistance or they understood it in a sense quite different from that which Tolstoy gives it. The former alternative has but to be stated to be rejected by a Christian, and it only remains to discuss the true sense of the precept.

There is a clear Catholic tradition upon this question, to the effect that Our Lord's purpose is primarily *to forbid revengefulness*. St. Augustine, for instance,¹² says that the precept of non-resistance is to be understood of *præparatio cordis*, not of *oslentatio operis*; it forbids the taking of revenge, but not the administration of correction, which may indeed be sometimes a duty of charity. St. Thomas agrees with this, saying that Our Lord desired to make it clear that revengefulness was unlawful, and therefore taught that a man ought to be prepared to put up with further injuries when needful.¹³ Elsewhere he distinguishes what is of precept and what of counsel in this matter. He repeats that it is of precept to have one's heart so free from revengefulness that one must always be ready to repay injuries with benefits and to act in accordance with this disposition "when necessity requires:" it is of counsel that we should sometimes so act even when there is no need to do so.¹⁴

Cornelius Jansenius, cited above, puts the question in an even clearer light. He says Our Lord's teaching is of precept in so far as it forbids desire for revenge, and commands the patient bearing of injuries; it is of counsel in so far as it urges us not to demand even legitimate reparation for injuries, so long as there is no danger of thereby giving scandal.¹⁵ Mal-

⁹ Acts xxiii. 2-5.

¹⁰ Acts xxv. 11.

¹¹ Acts v. 1-10.

¹² *De Sermone Domini in Monte*, cap. 19. *Cp. Contra Faustum*, lib. 19.

¹³ 1a., 2æ., qu.cviii. a.lii.

¹⁴ 2a., 2æ., qu.clxxxvi. a.ii.

¹⁵ *Commentarii in Concordiam*, in *loc.*: it is to this work that Knabenbauer refers in his *Commentarius in Matthew*, p. 237.

donatus expresses himself in similar terms. It is of precept, he says, that we are never to seek revenge, even if this involves suffering further wrongs, and that we are to be ever ready to yield our rights whenever the glory of God or the good of our neighbor require this; and when neither the glory of God nor the good of our neighbor require it, still it is of counsel that we should take Our Lord's words as the literal rule of our action for the sake of mortification. From these extracts it will be seen that Catholic tradition lays the chief emphasis on the *spirit* of the Sermon on the Mount and interprets the letter in the light of this. That spirit is one of all-embracing charity, inspiring mercy and forgiveness and prohibiting revengefulness. That many Protestant scholars have arrived at the same conclusions as the Catholic Church in this matter, may be seen from the quotations contained in the article by Professor Votaw, already mentioned,¹⁶ though they lose in lucidity and definiteness by their implicit rejection of the distinction between precepts and counsels.

Having thus done justice to the argument from authority against Tolstoy's views, it may be of interest to see how far it is confirmed by purely rational arguments. In the first place, it is of capital importance to notice that the actions mentioned by Jesus in the passage under consideration have no moral value *in themselves*. This is proved by the fact that they may be good or bad according to the motive which inspires them. To turn the other cheek may proceed from cowardice; to offer goods to a thief, from gentle cynicism; to render double service may sometimes be an effective revenge, as we should admit if a small boy, forced to carry our handbag one mile to the depot, carried it a mile beyond! Now Our Lord does not explicitly mention what our motive is to be, but it is incredible that He should intend it to be a bad one, and equally incredible that He should wish us to act without any motive at all. Consequently, He must have taken it for granted that the conduct He prescribes is to be animated by a good motive.

What that motive was in general is clear when we recollect that His whole purpose in teaching was to instruct us in the supreme law of right-living, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart . . . and thy neighbor as thyself." To this law all divine precepts can be ultimately re-

¹⁶ See also Dr. Gore's *The Sermon on the Mount*.

duced.¹⁷ Hence charity is the general motive which He had in mind when He enjoined non-resistance. This is an *a priori* argument. If one wants an *a posteriori* one to the same effect, he has only to recollect that immediately before saying, "Bless them that curse you," Christ said, "Love your enemies;" and that the same command occurs five verses after the prohibition to resist evil. This *a posteriori* argument proves a little more than the *a priori* one: it shows that Our Lord intends our motive to be charity towards our enemies.

Can we determine this motive still more exactly? Undoubtedly we can, by taking into account the fact that Our Lord is directly concerned with the teaching of the Old Testament: "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."¹⁸ This phrase is to be found in the Books of Exodus (xxi. 23-25), Leviticus (xxiv. 20), and Deuteronomy (xix. 21), as part of what is called the *Lex Talionis*. Space does not permit a discussion of this law here. It is strikingly similar to laws contained in the *Code of Hammurabi* (King of Babylon) and in the Roman Law of the XII. Tables. The object of these laws was to impose a limit upon the penalties exacted of malefactors, to deter criminals by the fear of heavy punishment, and to substitute the rule of law for the blood-feud and private vengeance.¹⁹ The existence of this law does not mean that the Old Testament approved revengefulness; on the contrary, we find inculcated a spirit of forgiveness in Leviticus (xix. 18), Proverbs (xx. 22; xxv. 21), and Lamentations (iii. 30: Revised Version).²⁰ On the other hand, it is incontestable that the *Lex Talionis* sanctions retributive action, which is peculiarly liable to be taken from motives of revenge, and that the law does not contain any provisions tending to exclude such motives.

Inasmuch as the *Lex Talionis*, like all other precepts of the Old Testament and the New, was intended to secure obedience to the supreme precept of love for God and man, it

¹⁷ Matt. xxii. 40.

¹⁸ Matt. v. 38.

¹⁹ An account of the *Lex Talionis* will be found in de Hummelauer's *Exodus*, p. 223. The similar passages in the *Code of Hammurabi* can be seen in *The Oldest Code of Laws in the World*, p. 43, and a discussion of the similarity in *The Relations between the Laws of Babylonia and the Laws of the Hebrew Peoples* (Schweich Lectures, 1912), both these books being by Dr. C. H. W. Johns.

²⁰ On the law of love for enemies in the Old Testament, see Knabenbauer, *op. cit.*, p. 242; Dr. Lukyn William's *Christian Evidences for Jewish People*, vol. II., pp. 20ff.; and (from the Jewish point of view) I. Abrahams' *Studies in Pharisaism* (First Series), pp. 150ff.

was good as far as it went, but it did not go the whole way. It was good as far as it gave effect to the motive of fear in restraint of criminals, and as far as it checked the private vengeance of individuals by defining the just penalty for wrong-doing: it did not go the whole way because it ignored the possibility of retributive action being taken from motives of revenge. Like many other provisions of the Old Law, it was imperfect. Now we have Christ's own authority for saying that He came not to destroy the Old Law, but to perfect it.²¹ How could the *Lex Talionis* be perfected? Clearly by making explicit what was only latent in it, *i. e.*, the unlawfulness of purely vengeful retaliation. Consequently, we have every reason for saying that Our Lord's words, which we have already shown, were intended to enforce the love of enemies, are specially directed against revengefulness, the chief obstacle to that love. And, indeed, what action could run more counter to revengefulness than to place oneself or one's possessions at the disposal of another who has already done one wrong? Certainly it does not infallibly secure the love of enemies, as we have seen: but it goes as far towards doing so as any merely external action can do.

Reason confirmed by authority, therefore, convinces us that the true purpose of Our Lord in bidding us turn the other cheek, etc., was to insist on the law of charity *by forbidding retributive action taken in a spirit of revenge*. But it cannot be denied that there are many instances of wrong-doing in which the sufferer either does not feel the desire for revenge, or suppresses it with the grace of God. This fact contains the clue to the conduct of Our Lord and the Apostles in protesting against wrong-doing. With them, as with many Christians since, there was no question of *vengeful* rebukes, and their action had to be guided by other considerations, which must now be briefly discussed.

In the first place, the law of charity may itself impose an obligation to punish the offender, and Our Lord Himself expressly recognizes this.²² He does not tell us to submit passively to a brother who offends against us, but to rebuke him first privately, then before witnesses, then by an appeal to the Church, and if all this produces no result, "let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." Catholic moral theol-

²¹ Matt. v. 17.

²² Matt. xviii. 15-17.

ogy crystallizes this in the "duty of fraternal correction." This principle is of wide application, and includes the duty of safeguarding the moral and social order. It was in the spirit of charity to God and to men that Christ and the Apostles occasionally rebuked wrong-doers. But this is not all. It must always be kept in mind that Our Lord did not destroy the law of just compensation for injuries. He left us free to vindicate our rights, provided we do not act revengefully. Thus we see that resistance may sometimes be obligatory upon us, sometimes simply lawful without being obligatory, but will always be unlawful if it proceeds from motives of revenge, the determining factor being in every case the law of charity.

There is still a further point to be taken into consideration. Human nature being what it is, revengefulness, as a possible danger in the way of our obeying the precept to love God and man, is ever present with us, and he who has the spirit of charity will be anxious to forearm himself against that which is opposed to it. What better way of doing so can there be than that of rendering benefits to those who wrong him whenever charity itself does not forbid? Such conduct is not of precept, but the law of charity, taught by Christ, counsels it. This gives us the key to the teaching of ascetical writers on the love of suffering and humiliation, though, of course, they strengthen and deepen it by appealing to the example of our suffering Lord Himself. It also explains why Maldonatus tells us we should return good for evil out of love for mortification, since mortification is only a means to an end, *viz.*, the more perfect fulfillment of the law of charity.

To recapitulate briefly these arguments from reason: Our Lord is teaching the love of enemies: in this connection He perfects (but does not abrogate) the *Lex Talionis*. This law permits an injured person to demand just retribution from the wrong-doer, a course of action likely to be followed from motives of revenge: in order to perfect this law, Our Lord commands a line of conduct which is as irreconcilable with revenge as any conduct can be. Since the *raison d'être* of this command is simply to prevent revengeful action, the command was not intended to bind an injured person who desires reparation from motives other than revenge (and not otherwise bad, of course): but the conduct Our Lord prescribes is of counsel whenever the law of charity does not impose a

contrary course of action, since it tends to mortify the human instinct for revenge, an ever-present danger to charity.

It is clear that these principles are as applicable to groups or communities as to individuals. Nations and their rulers may act revengefully just as much as private citizens. Consequently, it is easy to see how untrue are assertions that "Governments cannot be carried on along the lines of the Sermon on the Mount," or that Christ's teaching is impracticable in courts of law. The exact contrary is the truth: for no one has greater need to beware of a revengeful spirit or a clearer duty to vindicate justice than one who is in a position of authority (which is necessarily a position of trusteeship).²³

Tolstoy misunderstood the meaning and purpose of Our Lord's teaching as has been proved. Nietzsche not only misunderstood the true spirit of Christianity as embodied in the Sermon on the Mount, but also misunderstood the spirit of the Old Testament. He thought it sanctioned revenge and violence, whereas it taught forgiveness and charity, though less perfectly than does the Christian law. Whether we are to consider the true Christian doctrine of non-resistance as a slave-morality or not, will depend on the wider question of our views as to the nature of man and his relation to his fellows and to his God. If we believe that the lower appetites of man tend constantly to revolt against the rule of reason, we are compelled to admit the necessity of overcoming many of the instincts which surge within us. Not the least powerful of these instincts is the spontaneous fierce desire to be revenged on those who injure us. The lesson of the Sermon on the Mount is that such a desire must be mastered by behavior directly contrary to its promptings. Nietzsche, on the other hand, would have us obey our impulse in the name of Self-development. Between these ideals of conduct there can be as little compromise as between Government and Anarchy. The question at issue is an ultimate one, inextricably bound up with our whole philosophy of life.

²³ On the applicability of the Sermon on the Mount to States, see St. Augustine's *Epistola 138* (al. 5) *ad Marcellinum*.

A NOBLE URSULINE.

BY DUDLEY G. WOOTEN.



WHEN St. Angela de Merici first gathered the young girls of the village of Desenzano for the purpose of instructing them in the rudiments of Christianity, she little thought that it was the starting point of an organized educational movement destined to bring to so many thousands of her sex the benefits and blessings of Christian piety founded upon Catholic culture. Still less could she have imagined that the great teaching Order of the Ursulines would ultimately rival, in its romantic adventures and heroic sacrifices amid the pioneer hardships of an unknown continent beyond the western ocean, the legendary trials and triumphs of St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins.

It is a far cry from the sixteenth to the twentieth century and a wide journey from the sunny plains of Lombardy to the rugged ranges of Montana and the icy shores of Bering Sea; but the spirit of self-consecration to religious education first evinced at Desenzano and Brescia, four hundred years ago, has bridged the centuries and traversed strange seas and distant lands, suffering much and daring greatly to spread the knowledge of the Truth in remote regions and among savage races, perpetuating, with ever-increasing success, at once the cult of St. Ursula's traditional courage and the practical piety of St. Angela's mediæval mission.

These reflections are prompted and emphasized by the recent death in Seattle of one of the noblest and most notable leaders of the Ursulines in America. Sarah Theresa Dunne, in religion Sister Mary Amadeus, was of Irish parentage, born at

NOTE.—The historical facts contained in this article were gleaned from the writings and records of the Jesuit missionaries of Montana. Many of the personal incidents were furnished the writer by Sister Angela (Lincoln), the constant companion and private secretary of Mother Amadeus for many years. He has a personal familiarity with the Mother's Alaskan work, having first met her in the North, and for several years he enjoyed the privilege of her friendship and confidence. The loss of her papers and records by the burning of the Ursuline Convent at St. Michael's in December, 1918, destroyed forever the invaluable data for an adequate life of this great woman and true religious.

Akron, Ohio, July 2, 1846. Very early she became a boarding pupil in the Ursuline Convent at Cleveland, whence she graduated and entered the novitiate of the Order at Toledo. Here she pronounced her holy vows on August 23, 1864. Like all religious who have attained phenomenal success in their vocation, Sister Amadeus exhibited from childhood an ardent and imaginative vision of her future career. When at school in Cleveland she used to declare to her incredulous playmates that she would one day be a missionary in Alaska, then an unknown and almost mythical outpost of Russian settlement. Her life in the convent was singularly happy and her advancement so marked that upon the death of the foundress she was elected Superior, and was reëlected unanimously, serving with great distinction and usefulness. During her term of office at Toledo she reëstablished the convent at Youngstown and lifted Toledo to the first rank. It was a period of flourishing growth for the Ursulines under her control.

In 1883 there was an urgent call for missionary and educational work among the Indian tribes in the far West. The strife and slaughter of the border wars in Wyoming, Montana, and the Dakotas had desolated and disordered the frontier for a series of years, leaving the Indians sullen and hostile, intractable to the discipline of the Government and unresponsive to the appeals of the missionary priests ordinarily so successful.

In this crisis Bishop Brondel, then Vicar Apostolic of Montana and soon to be Bishop of the diocese of Helena, appealed to his brother bishops in the East for aid and especially for some Sisters to establish schools among the Indians. Bishop Gilmour of Cleveland responded to the Macedonian cry from the Far West by dispatching six Ursuline Sisters of Toledo, who cheerfully accepted the task. Mother Amadeus was in charge of this little company. "I am offering you a Christmas gift of six Ursulines, with the Flower of my Flock at their head," was Bishop Gilmour's message to Bishop Brondel. Father Joseph Eyler volunteered to act as their escort, and they left Toledo early in January, 1884, arriving at Miles City, Montana, on the seventeenth, where they were welcomed by the Bishop and Father Lindensmith, amid the roistering plaudits of a typical crowd of cowboys, cattle kings, gamblers and border ruffians, Indian and white. It was a

friendly greeting, and a hearty one, for the "Lady Blackrobes" were hailed with respect and reverence even by this motley group of frontiersmen.

Mother Amadeus at once took up residence with her nuns in a small cottage, where she founded her first house and school in the West, now a handsome and flourishing Convent. She opened a boarding school for white girls and assumed charge of the parish school, but her destiny and her ardent desires were soon to lead her into the bosom of the wilderness to face the real trials of labor for the redemption of savagery and sloth. The previous year Father Barcelo, S.J., had begun the foundation of a Mission among the Cheyenne on the Tongue River, having built there a rude log shack of three rooms, with dirt floors and the most limited conveniences. Thither went Mother Amadeus with two of her nuns, Rev. Dr. Quigley, and a few soldiers to drive the teams and care for the party. Father Eyler had gone in advance to prepare for their coming. It was a four days' journey through the rugged country, camping at night and blazing their own trail, having to cross the river nine times and with grave risk of disaster. They reached their destination April 2, 1884.

The Sisters found shelter in one room of the log cabin, whose ceiling was so low that they could scarcely enter without stooping, but these heroic women knelt and kissed the threshold, thanking God for the privilege of their apostolate. Then they wrapped themselves in buffalo robes and slept on the ground, while Chief White Bull and his warriors, on the hill across the river, danced the thank-offering to the moon, praising the goddess of the night that she had sent them *Make-Makehona Wikona*—the "Great Holy White Chief Woman," and by that name Mother Amadeus was ever afterwards called among the Cheyenne. This was the beginning of St. Labré's Mission, near the present town of Ashland. The Cheyenne in that region had never seen a Catholic priest until 1883, except the very oldest of them who remembered Father DeSmet's coming in 1856. They were an absolutely untamed tribe, among the bravest and most ruthless of all the western Indians, but withal true and steadfast in their loyalty when once they gave allegiance or extended confidence. From the first Mother Amadeus gained their affection and respect.

It was a heart-breaking struggle, that first year on the

Tongue River. Aside from the actual privations and cruelties of the primitive surroundings, there was a reign of violence and blood along the whole of that frontier, with frequent outbursts of savage vengeance and brutal reprisal. Even the priests succumbed to the ordeal and quit the Mission. But Mother Amadeus never wavered or lost hope. For months at a time she and her two nuns were alone at St. Labré's, without the consolation of the Blessed Sacrament and the Mass, encompassed by the strange and sullen warriors of the tribe and the more terrifying proximity of outlaws of their own race. But no harm came to them, and gradually the wonderful magnetism and winning firmness of the Mother established for her a supremacy over the chiefs and leaders of the Cheyenne that was never lost nor abated. She learned the language and habits of the tribe, familiarized herself with their temperament and racial traits, conciliated their friendship and won their affection, and by a daring challenge to their evil passions and crafty methods she asserted and maintained an almost unbelievable control over their sinister but simple natures.

Her extraordinary sympathy and understanding was the secret of her success among the Indians during her twenty-three years in Montana, and later among the remote and differently conditioned natives of northern Alaska. The Indian women trusted her and relied upon her counsel, the little ones idolized her, the chiefs both feared and revered her, and the tribesmen looked upon her with confidence and friendship. She radiated kindness and a bounty of sympathy and succor, born of no merely human impulse, but on occasion she could be as unyielding and imperious as the haughty chieftains whose wicked tempers she often had to combat. A wealth of practical common sense and a phenomenal capacity for leadership, with an abounding vitality and physical endurance added to the endowments of this astonishing woman.

When Bishop Gilmour sent Mother Amadeus and her five Ursulines to Montana in 1884 he named her Superior of all the houses and schools she might found in the West, which title was confirmed by Bishop Brondel and, at his instance, by the Propaganda at Rome. This imposed upon her a larger duty and responsibility than could be discharged by ministering to the wants of a single tribe. The Cheyenne were her first Indian proselytes and she was fondly attached to them ever

afterwards, as they were to her, but she soon extended her work to the other destitute tribes scattered over the wild and difficult country lying west to the borders of Idaho. That same year she established the Montana novitiate at St. Peter's Mission, with a school for the Blackfeet Indians, who were gathered there. That place was located beyond the centre of the State, west of Great Falls, and at the eastern foot of the Continental Divide. During the years following, up to 1896, she founded no less than twelve flourishing missions, among them: in 1887, a mission near the old Custer Battlefield for the Crow Indians; another the same year for the Grosventres and Assiniboin tribes, in the Little Rockies; in 1890 a kindergarten at St. Ignatius Mission for the four allied tribes—the Flatheads, Pend d'Oreille, Nez Percés and Kootenay; the same year a mission and school for the Piegan, on the Two Medicine River, just east of what is now Glacier National Park; and in 1894, for the benefit of the loyal old Chief Charlot and his people who refused to go over to St. Ignatius, she opened a Mission at Arlee.

St. Ignatius Mission had been established about 1855 in what became the Flatheads' or Jocko Reserve, and it had flourished wonderfully under the ministrations of Fathers Hoecken, Menetrey, Ravalli, and D'Aste. There, too, Mother Amadeus and the Ursulines, as well as other religious, had founded splendid schools with fine buildings and efficient equipment. In his old age Charlot was forcibly removed by the Government to the new Reservation and for a time he was delighted with what he saw at St. Ignatius, for he was ever a fervent Catholic. But the old warrior soon tired of the alien surroundings. It was all too new and the white intruders were crowding into the country too fast. With his band of faithful retainers he drifted back to the banks of the Little Bitter Root and refused to come again to St. Ignatius. It was then that Mother Amadeus, with her quick sense of justice and sympathy and her idealistic concern for the woes and wrongs of this last hero of an ancient, loyal, and God-fearing race, gladdened his heavy heart and brightened his closing years by establishing the mission at Arlee. Here he and his followers could worship in the Faith they had learned from the Black-robés in their youth. It was little deeds like this that endeared her to the Indians wherever she went. This was in 1894, and

Charlot lived until 1910. To the end of his life he was the devoted and unfailing friend of the Mother and her nuns, as his tribe proved themselves to be when she, too, was laid to rest among the mountains they both loved so well.

In 1894 she opened a second mission for the Crow at St. Charles. But in 1896, owing to the malignant influence of the anti-Catholic propaganda as embodied in the A. P. A. and like organizations, the Government withdrew all aid from the Indian mission schools, so that thenceforth Mother Amadeus was compelled to rely solely upon voluntary private contributions of the faithful and of such liberal spirits as appreciated the great work in which she was enlisted. She was not a whit discouraged, but continued to support and expand her foundations for the reclamation and education of those "Wards of the Nation." In 1898 she opened a boarding and parochial school at Anaconda, and throughout the remaining nine years of her apostolate in Montana maintained at full vigor and efficiency all of the Missions and institutions she had built up since coming to the West in 1884.

At the outbreak of the war with Spain, a delegation of Cheyenne chiefs came to the Mission and asked to see her. One of the Sisters sought to learn their purpose, but the spokesman utterly refused to talk to her and made it clear that they wanted to see *Make-Makehona Wikona*; so the Mother was forced to meet them in person. At once the big chief asked of her three things: Would the Spaniards attack the Cheyenne? Would the Mother have an irrigation ditch dug for their lands? Would she give them a big feast or *potlatch*? Promptly and with dignity befitting the importance of these demands, and in the lofty language of the Indian orator, she responded: No, the fame of the brave and unconquerable Cheyenne had spread over the whole world, and no such weak and cowardly race as the Spaniard would dare to challenge them to battle. As for the irrigation ditch, she explained that she had no money or men to do that work for them, but they must appeal to the Great White Father in Washington, who would no doubt comply with such a reasonable request. But she would gladly give them a *potlatch*, and she thereupon ordered that a beef be slaughtered for them, which they ate with relish and joy, celebrating loudly the generosity and wisdom of the "Great Holy White Chief Woman." Again.

when a bloody uprising was imminent among the braves who surrounded one of the Missions, and priests and soldiers alike were unable to avert a threatened tragedy, some one suggested that the Mother should go out and speak to the enraged Indians. She went among them fearlessly and quietly, saying little, but exerting that nameless magnetism of winning kindness and no less winning firmness that was her chief charm, and in a few minutes the turbulent savages were calmed and the danger passed almost before the bewildered missionaries knew what had happened. This was a reminder of her first introduction to the Flatheads at St. Ignatius.

When she made her first appearance on the Reservation and prepared to open a school for the Indians, the Jesuits had grave doubts whether the tribe would permit their children to come to the Sisters. The Indians were called in, and several priests addressed them in their own tongue and in English, explaining who the Ursulines were and what they had come to do for the education and betterment of the young boys and girls. Mother Amadeus was then presented to the chiefs and warriors, who were surrounded by the women and children. She advanced into the silent and expectant crowd. She knew no word of their language and she spoke no word of her own. She simply smiled and shook hands with the older ones and stooped to caress the little ones. It was a tense and extraordinary exhibition of the power of personality. When she had passed among them thus for a few minutes, suddenly the deep but fervent tones of the big chief exclaimed: "The White Mother *has spoken* better than the Blackrobes." Immediately the women crowded around to put their babies in her arms, while the older boys and maidens clung to her gown. That was it—she had spoken to them in a language that they understood better than any words, for it went to their hearts and won their confidence on the moment.

The vast and difficult task which Mother Amadeus essayed in M^ontana was in itself sufficient to have absorbed and satisfied the energy and enthusiasm of an ordinary lifetime, but it seemed only to nourish in her bosom a wider and more daring zeal to spread the Truth to even wilder and more desolate regions of her jurisdiction. In 1902 she suffered a serious injury in a railroad accident and was ever afterwards compelled to walk with a cane, enduring constantly great pain

and discomfort, but that in no wise diminished her activities or lessened her ardor. The first Chapter General of the Ursulines in 1900 elected her to be Provincial Superior for all the northern portion of the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In that year she had visited Rome at the request of Leo XIII., assisting as a leading member of the first General Chapter, and her election followed immediately after. She was five times a delegate to the General Chapter and attended its sessions in Rome, enjoying the personal esteem and approbation of Leo XIII., Pius X., and Benedict XV.

But she was ever looking and longing for a period of service in the Great White North. Its glistening snows, silent spaces, alluring mysticism and primeval vastness had peopled with day-dreams her girlhood in the convent at Cleveland, and the cry of its famishing children, from their prison of ice-bound rivers and lonely wastes of forest and mountain rang ever in her heart. So to Alaska she must eventually go, to complete the programme her dauntless courage and prophetic soul had mapped out from the beginning.

When she was elected Superior of the Northern Province of the United States, in 1900, Mother Amadeus had not been able to gratify her ardent desire to go to the Far North, but in 1905 she secured permission to send three Ursulines to Alaska, their destination being the mouth of the Yukon and adjacent regions. Among them was Sister Dossithée, whose untiring zeal and lovable disposition won the hearts of the Eskimo or Innuits. The three fearless nuns landed at St. Michael's, sailed down the Yukon to Old Fort Hamilton, and thence down the Akulurak to near *Nar-ra-ra-mak*, which in Innuait means "the End of the World." Here, in 1905, they opened the first Ursuline Mission in Alaska, the location being in the Yukon delta, west of the United States Bird Reserve, near to Nunivak Island. This Mission has grown so rapidly and its popularity is now so great that new buildings are needed to house the children who flock to the school.

In 1907 Mother Amadeus realized her long cherished ambition and joined her nuns, bringing with her an additional force, to establish a Mission at or near St. Michael's. She arrived early in the season, before the long Arctic winter had loosened its grasp upon the Alaskan lands and waters. The tundras were still frozen and treacherous, the trails were soft

and impassable, the ice-gorges had not cleared from the swollen streams, and the tossing, stormy seas around the mouth of the mighty Yukon were piled high with grinding floes and glittering bergs. It was a scene of terrible but fascinating tumult. With characteristic determination and fearlessness Mother Amadeus was for going at once to her little colony on the Akulurak, but not the bravest guide among the Eskimo would venture to take her there, so she turned to the founding of the new Mission at St. Michael, which was only imperfectly accomplished by 1908. It should be remembered that all this arduous and expensive missionary effort depended solely on the voluntary contributions of generous lovers of the Church and her heroic Sisterhoods, and it was not the least of Mother Amadeus' gifts that she was able, without importunity, to secure the necessary means for her Alaskan work.

In 1910 the Mother went to Rome to attend the Chapter General of the Ursulines. Her return journey illustrates the forceful, fearless, and indomitable energy with which she pursued her purposes, and the obstacles she had to overcome. In a little more than two months and without an hour's delay or respite she traversed Europe, the Atlantic Ocean, the American continent, the North Pacific around the Aleutian Islands, through Bering Sea to the estuary of the Yukon—over eight thousand miles. This was but an epitome of many similar experiences during her twelve years' effort in the North, varied often by greater perils and sufferings. While navigation from Seattle to southeastern and southwestern Alaska remains uninterrupted the year round, ships cannot penetrate into the districts lying on Bering Sea and at the mouth of the Yukon except during the short summer season. Usually the sailings for Nome and that section begin in May and end in November, and the remainder of the year there is no way to reach that country but by dog-sleds from the coast below or from posts on the Yukon and Tanana, over many hundreds of miles of snow trails through an absolute wilderness. The voyage to this region is always far out in the North Pacific, the stormiest water on the globe in the early and late months of the year, through uncharted depths of treacherous seas, around the western islands of the Aleutian archipelago, by Dutch Harbor and "Unalaska's lonely shore," then into the wind-swept reaches of Bering Sea and Norton and Kotzebue Sounds, where

the stoutest ships are often battered to near destruction by tremendous waves or locked in the deadly jam of floating ice. At any season it is one of the most interesting and inspiring journeys the world affords, but in the fickle months of early summer and late autumn it is a fearsome enterprise. This was the trip Mother Amadeus took, after a European tour of no mean exertion.

When she reached St. Michael's in November she found no preparation had been made for herself and her companions. A deadly epidemic of measles was raging among the natives, carrying off the little ones like flies. She sent some of her nuns at once to a desolate cabin beyond Fort St. Michael for residence, where they were directed to gather and care for the sick and dying. She took up her own abode with one nun at the small frame hotel and began preparations for building the little convent—St. Ursula's by the Sea—which was constructed out of rough boards and tar paper in twenty days. Into it she moved immediately. As one of her companions said to the writer: "It was the sweetest religious home we had ever known, and there was not a cloud on the Mother's countenance, although she had not a cent in her pocket and the bitter cold of a six months' winter had already set in."

By Christmas the natives, young and old, poured into the Mission for education, counsel, nursing and encouragement. It was sixty degrees below zero, the green lumber of the building shrank so that the wind—ninety miles an hour by the anemometer until it blew away—whistled through the walls and tore off the weather paper; several cabins were blown into the sea, and the nuns prayed before the Blessed Sacrament nightly, and frequently all night, that their convent house might not be swept away. The Mother had chosen the coldest corner of the room for her bed, and one night her feet were frozen. They all arose at five o'clock in the morning, and she usually got up earlier, lame and suffering, to make the fires, which afforded scant comfort against the penetrating blasts and paralyzing gloom of the sunless days. They could keep no fires at night, with coal at forty dollars a ton and hard to get at that, besides the winds were so violent it was not safe. Often it was so cold that their benumbed hands could not hold the clothing with which they strove to dress themselves.

When navigation opened in the spring, the Mission boat, *St. Joseph*, came down the Yukon with Father Crimont (now Bishop of Alaska), Fathers Lucchesi and Treca and one other Jesuit. When they reached St. Michael's and visited the little Convent by the Sea, tears came into their eyes as they looked upon the place where Mother Amadeus and her nuns has passed the winter. The Fathers at once insisted that the Mother should go with her companions to the Mission on the Akulurak for the rest of the year, while they would repair the building at St. Michael's and make it habitable for another winter. So they went to join the small company of Sisters who had established the first Ursuline Mission near "the World's End" in 1905.

One of the striking and beautiful talents of Mother Amadeus was her charming literary style. During the last year of her life she issued from the mother house at Seattle a little publication for private distribution, called *Kahlekat*, the Inuit word for *Letter*, being a monthly collection of notes and news of her Alaskan work. From that we quote the following extract, both for its intrinsic charm and wonderfully accurate description of familiar phenomena in the Far North:

Again our stay at St. Ursula's-by-the-Sea was too short. I wrote you on December 9th (1918) how it became the prey of flames. We were not settled down to our long winter rest, when the dreadful influenza rudely awakened us. It fastened its deadly grip on the Eskimo, and the Yukon became a charnel house. The people were sick, starving, for a cruel quarantine cut them off from St. Michael's from December 3d to February 10th. Not even the dogs were allowed to run lest they should carry the germs of infection. Our poor people died in great numbers, especially the young mothers, many of them wandering out of their cabins to die in the snow when the hand of charity was stretched out to rescue them. But even this dark hour was God's hour. The children flocked in numbers to the Mission, where they will drink in Catholicity from the cradle, free from the superstition every Eskimo baby sucks with the mother milk. And so the winter wore on. Nuns and children, by God's mercy, were spared, and the summer came again. The birds began to "tsip! tsip!" long before the mercury rose or the ice went out, and we

listened, enchanted, to the gurgle of running water. This seems the sweetest of all earthly music to the ear weary of the long silence of snow and ice. You wonder at first what the joyous whisper of Nature is, and then suddenly you know—you know that the second chapter of the Alaskan year, the thaw, is at hand. It is inebriating with delight. The birds come North in uncounted millions and the sweet chirp of the white-crowned sparrow, the Alaskan nightingale, begins to pour gladness into the lengthening day, and into the heart of the Northlander. The ptarmigan that has spent the winter with us in robes of snowy white, streaks itself in brown, as the tundra peeps up from beneath the snow and furrows the sides of stately St. Michael. Then do we turn our eyes skyward and wager for the coming of the first goose. Its clanging seems to us the burst of martial music, and all of St. Michael's is out of doors. "The goose! The goose!" as the children follow the band about our city streets. For the goose is the unpaid, the unerring weather prophet. She cannot be mistaken. She is heaven's "First Boat," and oh! Alaskans know what the "first boat" means. How welcome the revenue cutter *Bear*, the dauntless *Victoria*! How gracefully they dip and ride the opening water! Yes, all St. Michael's looks at the goose, rubbing its eyes as one who awakens from a long, hard dream. Behold the auklets on the cliffs, the smile of the barren rocks, the ptarmigan clad in brown, the swans. The cranes circle high in air, the curlew lifts its long legs, the phalarope swings back and forth on its own strange ugly business, and the ducks attract the unerring aim of the Eskimo. As are the dogs in winter, so are the birds in summer, our great delight. Our life is marked by two epochs: the freeze-up with the dogs, the thaw with the migratory birds. Nor spring, nor fall comes to us. The mountains of snow are suddenly swallowed by the thousand mouths of the porous soil, and we begin to listen for the whistle of the boats.

One night at Akulurak, while a storm raged outside and the snow lay deep, an Eskimo messenger arrived with a dispatch from Father Crimont, saying that Mother Amadeus should go as soon as possible to found a house at Valdez. To reach Valdez, on the coast of southwestern Alaska, was a journey of four thousand miles by water, although by air line it was only about seven hundred and fifty miles distant.

Father Crimont's message reached the Akulurak Mission just at the beginning of the Arctic winter, and it was idle to think of complying with his request until the opening of navigation the following season. Mother Amadeus could not start for Valdez until June 6, 1912, and even then the men were afraid to attempt the trip to St. Michael's, owing to the weather. But she was determined to go. The Mother and her Ursuline companion, with a Jesuit brother for engineer and native girl as cook, boarded the little Mission launch *St. Mary*. Father Treca accompanied them, for the Mother would never miss Mass a single day if it could be helped. Following the meanderings of the Akulurak, the tiny gasoline launch reached the Kwispak—an arm of the Yukon—where the waves were too high for safe passage, and they were compelled to turn back. On June 10th they started again and reached Old Fort Hamilton on the Yukon. For a week they lived in the little school-house, the Father and Brother in the church, while the faithful Eskimo kept watch day and night on the roof to signal the boat, which might pass unnoticed, as that was only a flag station for the regular river boats. Finally the boat came, took them to St. Michael's, where they caught the southbound steamer for Seattle, thence the first vessel for Valdez, where they landed on July 22d, eight months after Father Crimont's peremptory request to come "as soon as possible." All things considered, it was a quick trip for Alaska, and his first greeting to Mother Amadeus was: "Already!"

Valdez was a town of considerable importance, being the seat of the Federal Court and of the Alaska Road Commission, with a population of mixed character, but including many refined and genial people. Here Mother Amadeus found an environment more adapted to comfort and ease than she had known in the Akulurak or at St. Michael's, but it is doubtful if she really felt as contented as among her Eskimo wards. She soon established a school, with a large and comfortable building, and the inhabitants of the town welcomed the Sisters as a desirable addition to their institutions of social and educational advancement.

But she still clung to her Innuits in the Bering Sea district and made the long journey to be with them every year. In 1918 she made the trip to St. Michael's for the last time. A storm threw her out of her berth, bruising her severely, and

upon landing she was carried to the military hospital at Fort St. Michael, from which she was taken later by the Sisters to the Convent. On December 9th, when she was confined to bed and the thermometer registered forty degrees below zero, the little building she had erected under such difficulties and loved, perhaps, better than any spot on earth, took fire and in twenty minutes was burned to the ground. There was no water and, of course, the snow was utterly useless for extinguishing the flames. There was no time to save any of the contents and barely time to carry the Mother to the Fathers' house, whence the priest was sent to save the Blessed Sacrament. She never recovered from the shock of these repeated ordeals. On June 22, 1919, she was placed aboard the *Victoria*, a ship in which she had weathered so many storms, and brought to the beautiful home of the Ursulines at Mt. St. Helen's Place in the City of Seattle. Her work in the North was ended, but its infinite and illimitable blessing and benefit will, indeed, never end.

On her last voyage back to Seattle she communicated to Sister Angela her wishes for the future, and she never spoke again except the necessary and casual words of daily intercourse. Each morning she heard Mass and received Holy Communion, and on November 10th she passed to her eternal rest and reward. Gazing upon her countenance, serene in the noble calm of death, one could but recall the tribute of a Protestant stranger, who met her on the way to Alaska: "The Lady whose smile is a benediction, whose benign face mirrors the eternal spirit of the Living God."

Mother Amadeus had always expressed a wish to be buried among her dear Indians in Montana, and as the opening of the Mission at St. Ignatius in 1890 was one of her greatest achievements, it seemed the most fitting place for her tomb. It was there that the noble Salish had first hailed her as "The Mother," and she had gathered their children in her arms. The remains reached St. Augustine the night of November 12th and were carried at once to the Convent chapel. All the next day the Indians came, young and old, and prayed aloud. On the fourteenth, after Low Mass, six stalwart Salish braves lifted the casket and carried it reverently to the Mission church. Requiem High Mass was sung, and then the priests spoke to the Indians in their own tongue and in English. "Come," they said, "Come, Mother, and rest amid the Jesuit missionaries

who revere you; come and rest amid your children who love you; come and rest amid the Flatheads, who are proud to have you." Then the swarthy pall-bearers raised the body once more, while the whole assembled tribe broke out into that most heart-rending, impressive and melancholy strain that can fall on human ears—the Indian warrior's death chant for his fallen comrades. The swelling tones of grief and despair smote the wintry hills and echoed from the icy shores of Lake St. Mary's and reverberated from the snowy ramparts of the Rockies, as they laid her down at the foot of the Mission Cross. It was a funeral befitting her life and labors, and so she sleeps where the noblest religious of Mother Church have slept so often and so long in this western world—in the shadow of the eternal mountains.

A favorite Scriptural passage with Mother Amadeus was contained in the prophet Isaias. She used it in the last number of the little *Kahlekat*, and it furnished the high motive of her life, as it seems the fit epitaph for her tomb:

"Deal thy bread to the hungry, and bring the needy and the harborless into thy house; when thou shalt see one naked, cover him, and despise not thy own flesh. Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy health shall speedily arise, and thy justice shall go before thy face, and the glory of the Lord shall gather thee up. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall hear: thou shalt cry and He shall say, Here I am."

THE ASSUMPTION.

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

ARISE, O Blest One, to the skies that claim thee!
Arise, while to the waiting seraph-host
God's herald-angels Queen of Heaven proclaim thee,
Of earth, and all the night's star-jeweled coast.
Arise, O Flower Supreme of all creation!
Within thine eyes, again, undimmed of woe,
The rapture that at Gabriel's salutation
Illumined them in that April long ago.

More fragrant than all April lilies blowing
In Judah's fields the air about thee now,
As deathless gladness in the act bestowing,
Thy Jesus' lips are pressed upon thy brow.
While on thine ears, divine beyond all other
Words framed by mortal tongue, again there falls
The old earth-loving sweetness of "My Mother!"
Whose echoed transport shakes high Heaven's walls.

Now Light—the Light of Lights all thought transcending—
Enveils thee in its uncreated flame,
As from His thronéd height the Father bending,
Hails thee His Daughter—while with awed acclaim
The wingéd host arrayed in shining legion
Along Heaven's hills, take up the wonder-word,
Until in all that bright, celestial region
No other music save its sound is heard.

And Earth through all her mountains and her waters
Repeats that pæan of triumphant love
That hymns thee blest forever 'mongst her daughters,
The Spouse predestined of the Mystic Dove.
All roads of God, all ways of men are ringing
For joy of this thy blossom-day of days,
While prophet, poet, saint and sage are bringing
To thee the blended tribute of their praise.

THE LYRIC-POLITICO.

BY MARGARET B. DOWNING.



ANY minstrelsy be assigned a rôle in the exciting drama staged quadrennially when the American people exercise their constitutional right of electing their Chief Executive? Persuasive writers have made clear that, under all forms of popular government, the imaginative element must be given a speaking part. There are instances in American political history when the intangible has swept the stage with the fury of the Kansas wind, scattering the leaders with their scenic effects of platforms and principles. Did not three alliterative words, seemingly unrelated to the issues, send the White Plumed Knight crashing to defeat? Was not a lilting tune for William Henry Harrison, standard-bearer of the Whigs, as the smooth round pebbles which David gathered from the brook? In the game of politics as the American people play it, does the lyric aid in shaping results? What is the national interpretation of the subtle phrase, "I care not who makes the laws of the people, if I may sing its songs?"

Writers of history and of those events which are manifestly the handmaidens of Clio, are profuse about battles, sieges, revolutions, rebellions, the march of progress along every avenue, but they wipe their pens with an air of finality when it comes to recording purely emotional events. It must be conceded that this is the safer and wiser procedure, for while it is possible to ascribe victory or defeat to this song or that, to this speech or that, it is exceedingly difficult to produce concrete proof. Dry bones of results speak for themselves when clothed in personal anecdote which is always abundantly used by campaign scribes. However, serious historians, as well as partisan writers, so far unbend as to style the exciting summer of 1840, when the Whigs sang "Old Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico, the "singing campaign." But that inner history which reveals the soul of the nation, the emotions which stir the people in great crises, the humor displayed in satire and caricature, the feeling which breaks forth in song, rarely has a chronicler.

The late Ainsworth Rand Spofford, for many useful years the Librarian of Congress, could extract meanings from the phrase concerning the makers of laws and singers of songs not visible to the naked eye. He held that Americans were fond of using it, especially at Burns and Longfellow celebrations, but they invariably quoted incorrectly and ascribed the sentiment to the Teutons, whereas it originated in a Scotch mind. Citing profound authorities on literature, Mr. Spofford contended that the aphorism first appeared in print about 1737 in the works of Andrew Fletcher, a political economist of Edinburgh and, correctly written, it should run: "I know a very wise man who was so much of Sir Christopher's (Musgrave) mind that he believed if a man were permitted to write all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws." And pointing to Camille Desmoulins and "La Marseillaise," it would seem that Sir Christopher means, that if a man were cunning enough to compose ballads which would inflame the passions of the people, he held their political destinies in the hollow of his hand. Amphion of old reared the walls of Thebes by the magic music of his lute. Any sort of political structure is possible by an adroit use of song.

In the aspect of its recent glorious renaissance, it is a bit painful to reflect what meagre reward the author of the "Star Spangled Banner" received, whilst he could appreciate it. As a literary production, the anthem received high praise, but as material for a national song, its critics were numerous and their complaints are still heard; the words are too involved, the incident recorded is too local, and, supreme objection of all, as a chorus it is all but impossible for a multitude to chant in harmony with the accompaniment. The Democrats made the most of the ode and the Whigs, while admitting that Mr. Key had achieved something original, inspiring and overflowing with elevated patriotic sentiment, complained that if the political party to which the poet belonged had not shown such a niggardly public spirit, the "Star Spangled Banner" would not have been in jeopardy at Fort McHenry or any other place. Mr. Key was politically ambitious and he aided Jackson materially in the Maryland campaign, yet his reward was a lowly one—that of United States Attorney for the District of Columbia. That upstanding figure in Maryland's contribution to

worthy public servants, Chief Justice Roger Taney of the Supreme Court, was the brother-in-law of the poet and his sympathetic councilor. He gathered all the earlier efforts of the author of the "Star Spangled Banner" into book form and offered them for sale. Yet so slight was the interest of the American people in this singer of their most illustrious song, that financially the venture was disastrous and the book is now out of print. He has received posthumous honors, however, and the graceful memorial bridge which spans the Potomac from Georgetown to Arlington bears his name.

In campaign minstrelsy the singers are great unknowns. No one pretends to know anything of the bard who composed the words and music of "Old Tippecanoe," though he may have been poor and improvident and deserved well of the Whigs whom he so greatly aided. Nearly all ballad makers were of this type then, but he won no public office or the fact would be recorded. No doubt exaggerated eloquence and song added to the sum total of human error in the years preceding the Harrison-Tyler campaign, but few traces of them remain. Those which still adorn the song books make one reflect on the care-free, happy days before the libel laws were enacted. In the struggle of Jefferson against the Federalists, party organs published songs with words variant, but substantially telling Thomas or his henchmen "To lie on and lie and lie for pay" and, that combined, they could not invent more against truth than truth could not prove against them. To which Jefferson's caustic editor, Duane, replied, furnishing the keynote of many highly inflammable speeches, that Alexander Hamilton's remarks were always dull and stale, but possibly not, for him, unprofitable. William Billings, one of the first native born American song makers, rushed to the defence of John Adams during this same lively campaign with the ode, which was well known for years afterwards, beginning:

Let tyrants shake their iron rod, and slavery clank her galling
chains,
We fear them not, we trust in God—New England's God forever
reigns.

Every war, in which the country was engaged, brought forth a burst of patriotic songs, and many of them were taken over into the ensuing campaigns. James Monroe was sung

into victory under quatrains set to the air of "Yankee Doodle." Some of them, occasionally heard when enthusiastic naval men have class reunions, are reminiscent of Lake Erie:

John Bull, who for ten years past,
Has been daily growing prouder,
Has got another taste at last
Of Yankee ball and powder.

Yankee sailors have a knack,
Haul away! yeo ho, boys,
Of hauling down the Union Jack
'Gainst any odds you know, boys.

A whole volume of verse was published as a result of the Mexican war, and the whirlwind campaign of 1848 with old "Zach" Taylor against General Cass. Many of these songs and lyric satires, tossed off in moments of intense public excitement, possessed certain poetic merits, which, joined to melody and the needs of the hour, were caught up and sung with rousing enthusiasm. But though we may reverently acknowledge that the voice of the people is the voice of God, no one will grant the people an infallible judgment when it relates to campaign minstrelsy. Many of the lyrics, which wrought unlooked-for political turmoil, were inherently worthless and, having served their purpose, went down to limbo, if not to a lower place in the fate of song. Following presidential elections in chronological sequence from 1860, campaign minstrelsy declines in power. The roaring of stump-speakers had afterwards to be reënforced by the strength of logic and definite promise of political largess. On the whole, it cannot be observed that the lyric has been more than an occasional factor of success in recent years. Bands and strenuous songs figure more conspicuously as mediums to draw a crowd to the meeting, than as a means to confirm party allegiance. Few crowds take the trouble now-a-days to learn new songs, not even when zealous bosses scatter thousands of copies and sometimes are at pains to send vocal instructors in advance. Campaign songs become lighter in texture and sentiment and rarely figure except in anthologies. All the ditties of the last two presidential upheavals may be described as more defunct than the best selling novels of the same period.

Search history in all its forms, and not an instance may be discovered of the American people bestowing any sort of honor on the writer of a song. It may be that song making today is such a remunerative profession, the public would be loath to attract its votaries from the sure and frequent reception of copyright fees to the uncertain and insecure returns from office holding. Song-making has become definitely associated in the American mind with song publishing, and the homeless bard represented in the Stephen J. Foster type has been succeeded by the clever scribe, who dashes off the words and the music all in a breath and has both printed in the rear of his studio. Song writers have been accorded posthumous honors, as poets have been. John Howard Payne was given a stately tomb in the Capital of the land of his birth, though he endured much hardship in making a living in the same beautiful city. Americans purchase liberally of songs and poems which appeal to their philosophy, and that is an argument not to be lightly waived aside. Fifty years ago it would be inconceivable that a man could support life by the writing of poetry. Longfellow, who is supernally the singer of the people, clung to a professor's chair as a firm basis of an income. Emerson never realized more than one thousand dollars a year on the writings which have won him a high place in literature. But in this generation James Whitcomb Riley left a sizeable fortune, yet he followed no other vocation than that of weaver of poetic dreams.

But the singer of a song has occasionally appeared among the national lawmakers and always with exhilarating results. Men who seek honors in the political arena seem to shun association with Pegasus. Richard Henry Wilde, a member of Congress from Atlanta, Georgia, took his seat in 1833. He is among the very few national law-makers who has written a ballad in the strict dictionary meaning—a simple set of verses which, set to music, have been universally sung by the people. Not that Mr. Wilde boasted of this achievement during the eight years he wrote M.C. after his name. Far from it. He kept the fact of his authorship of the dainty ditty, "My Life is Like a Summer Rose," as carefully concealed as though it were a term or two spent in the penitentiary. Only a fortuitous circumstance betrayed his dual life as law-maker and song-maker.

Mr. Wilde came of the race and nation which has given much erratic and poetic genius to the world. The son of a Dublin merchant, he came to this country poor and friendless and, by his own unaided efforts, conquered fate. He secured a fine classical education and, after studying law, entered at once into a lucrative practice. He had the dreamy nature of the Celt and, in his youth, he frankly yielded to poetic tendencies, singing lightsome lays and fervid bits of sentiment. He tried his hand at the great American epic, as fashionable with the bards of that era as the great American novel is at present with the fictionists. His theme, the tragic story of Narveaz Pamfilo, who sailed gayly out of Cadiz with his galleons only to be engulfed in the waters about Florida, centred about the sole survivor of that adventure, one Juan Ortiz, who chanted the lay, "My Life is Like the Summer Rose." Wilde, embittered because his efforts brought no financial return, did not complete the epic, but he evidently thought highly of his lyric, for he sent it to his brother, Captain James Wilde, an officer of the army, who served with Jackson in the Seminole wars. The Captain showed the verses to the lady of his heart and she gave them over to a piratical musician, who seized upon them and, setting them to a tuneful score, soon reaped a fine harvest. Though Wilde's name was given in full as author of the words, he stated later he had not received a copper from the musician, one Charles Thibault of New York. Nor was he pleased at the outcome of his brother's enthusiasm and the intervention of the lady. He wrote Captain Wilde that he "was suffering no small embarrassment from the fact." He had foresworn the Muses and, grimly accepting the material, had chosen a political career and was even then serving in Congress as the champion of the Jacksonian element. He argued reasonably that many miles separated Atlanta from New York and that, in Washington, no one could conceivably associate the fiery and vituperative Southron with the author of a sentimental ditty, sung so effectively by swains and written so frequently in the albums of languishing maids of the period.

But one morning, the New York *Mirror* let fly a stinging quip about a scholarly M.C. from Atlanta who posed as the author of certain popular verses when, in reality, he had purloined the same from a minor Greek poet. For proof the

verses in Greek were appended, an astonishing evidence that literary journals of Gotham, in 1835, printed poems in the graceful tongue of the Hellenes. A furious controversy resulted in which Wilde claimed his discarded child with melodramatic fervor and, at the same time, explained to the editor of the *Mirror* that he had been guilty of the offence of writing verse in his callow youth before he could realize the menace it would prove to his usefulness. Out of the tumult came the confession of Anthony Barclay, a friend of Wilde's, who explained the matter as a practical joke. He had transformed the graceful lyric into good Greek, affixed the minor poet as author, and thus made all the mischief—another amazing revelation of literary ways in the eighteen hundred and thirties. Wilde became so embittered and grew so violent and aggressive that he alienated his supporters, and was finally defeated for nomination in his congressional bailiwick. In several diverting accounts of his political extermination, he places all the blame on the mild and innocent lyric. But contemporaries do not accept this explanation. They show that the Atlanta constituents seemed not to care in the least whether Wilde wrote good or bad poetry, whether he stole it or produced it from his own fertile brain. He had been elected to Congress as a Jackson Democrat, he had quarreled with the Executive, with all the leaders of the party, and was openly hobnobbing with the Whigs.

The author of "My Life is Like a Summer Rose," still to be found in all editions of popular songs, scornfully departed from his adopted country and henceforth lived in Europe. He stands unique in the annals of our national legislature—not that he wrote poetry, for many must plead guilty of similar offences, but that he composed acceptable verse in several languages. Selecting the lovely capital of Tuscany as his home, he indulged in an orgy of song, translating Petrarch and some lovelorn versifiers of the Spanish, Portuguese and French. To these efforts he added some original adaptations. His work which endures and is discussed frequently in the authoritative editions of American sources of literature, is a lengthy and profound study of the poetry, madness and imprisonment of Torquato Tasso and some critical sketches on vanished paintings on the walls of the Bargello in Florence.

There was another lyric, soft, roseate, and airy as the

petals of apple blossoms floating in the zephyr, yet it proved a merciless instrument of destruction for a man who had attained national fame as an orator and a statesman, John Mellen Thurston, Senator from Nebraska from 1895 until 1901. This dainty bit of verse, "I Said to the Rose, O Red, Red Rose," does not appear in albums of song, though a publisher offered the legislative bard a good sized fortune for the privilege of setting it to music. But Thurston exhibited almost Berserker rage when some political rivals, who opposed his second term in the United States Senate, produced damning evidence that he was a poet, that he had published several books of verse but, realizing the effect of these facts on the public when he asked for votes, had secretly withdrawn his effusions. Such a revel of parodies on the "Red, Red Rose" followed these revelations, that the Nebraskan, like the excitable member from Georgia, became unbearably irritable, suspected his best friends of conspiracy against him and wrecked his own career when it seemed most promising. As in the case of Richard Henry Wilde, there were other related causes, but that sweet and soothing song to the rose must be assigned as the dominating agency of disaster.

Yet another time a lyric enters into the legislative chamber, and this in a song which became nationally and internationally famous, and is perhaps better known than any ballad of American origin, with the single exception of "Home, Sweet Home." In the Congress which convened in 1891, a new member from New Jersey was Dr. Thomas Dunn English, the author of "Ben Bolt." Denizens of the National Capital are tuft-hunters ever, and pleasant anticipations filled their minds of a time when the bard would reveal the promptings of the poetic soul. But it was soon whispered that "Ben Bolt" must be suppressed in the presence of Dr. English, as carefully as though it were a physical infirmity, a wart on the nose, a cast in the eye, an impediment of speech. In course of time, the true, sad story was confided to sympathetic tears.

In 1843, while echoes of the Wilde-Barclay-Thibault excitement lingered on the air, young English, given to dashing off verses, was commissioned by a friend in the music publishing business to write a nautical song. Not unnaturally, however, the publisher refused his lay of Sweet Alice, where not a hint of the briny appears except in the last line of the last verse,

"Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale." English, determined to profit by his efforts, composed music and assumed the expense of the printing. But "Ben Bolt" languished in seclusion until one Nelson Kneass, an itinerant genius, of which this period contained many, saw its possibilities. Like Thibault, he felt no scruples in seizing the words, though he changed them at will to his measure and, possessing a sure and saleable knowledge of what the public desired in a ballad, the result was a whirlwind of fame. No one has ever explained why it should be so, but "Sweet Alice" sails the seas of popularity untroubled by the changes which affect the lyric in the general sense. She has been violently denounced as a type of her sex, but her vogue remains. "Ben Bolt" has become a subsidiary title, while "Sweet Alice," especially since its revival by Du Maurier, continues on her shining way. Dr. English never received a penny of the immense royalties gathered from the song. That perhaps might have engendered some of the bitterness which its memories evoked. It was never a safe topic to mention in his presence, and he became virtually a hermit when *Trilby* started the whistlers, organ grinders and the musical housemaids with a new fervor.

The distinguished Secretary of State, John Hay, might be cited as an eminent example in public life of a man who, in his youth, wrote popular ballads and exhibited, in later years, symptoms of regret for such indiscretion. Mr. Hay's literary fame will be secured for posterity by the *Pike County Ballads*, yet he openly resented allusion to them when he occupied the post of American premier. Literary men, in the broad sense, and not as writers of the songs of the people, have been honored in multiplied instances by the American public. The one aspect of the people which Charles Dickens finds to praise in his *American Notes*, is that levee at the White House, when the guests turn coldly from John Tyler and complacent politicians, to lay their homage at the feet of Washington Irving.

As a study of the changing phases of government by party, the lyric presents fascinating and illuminating explanations. Lively songs, pleasing speakers, band music all have their value. But, as no theatrical manager relies on his orchestra, no matter how excellent, to attract continuous crowds to a poor play, so definite promises, reënforced with

some security, are requisite to add to the total of votes. It may be that song no longer dominates the political field as when Harrison led his rollicking followers in 1840, or during the equally vocal campaign of "Old Rough and Ready" Taylor, because the voter is no longer the free agent he was. When a man is organized and bound over securely for this measure and none other, what is the use of his getting worked up over songs or other creatures of the fancy? Minstrelsy is merely a part of the chorus unless, indeed, the woman voter grasps this opportunity to make politics like they were in the fine old days of the "roaring forties."

THE VISITOR.

BY CAROLINE GILTINAN.

DECOROUSLY I followed
When they led me past your door;
A closed door on a hallway—
That, and nothing more.
But my heart was beating wildly
(Though I knew you were away)
At thought of that dear other time
When you had bade me stay.
Love flashed into my finger tips;
I lingered in the hall
And, passing, touched the heavy door—
I touched it—that was all.
But had I dared to open it,
Or dared to breathe your name,
I would have gone within, Beloved,
And waited till you came!

FRANCOIS COPPEE ONCE MORE.

BY JOSEPH J. REILLY, PH.D.



ONE might well wish the delight of having known François Coppée. It would have been a privilege to stroll with him through the poorer quarters of his beloved Paris or to visit him in his modest home as he sat amid his cats and cigarettes, arrayed in his red smoking jacket, chatting vivaciously, eloquent of gesture and of speech. Like Stevenson, always ailing, yet always brave, he lived for years in humble fashion in southern Paris at the end of the poverty-stricken art quarter, never marrying, but owing much to the tender ministrations of his sister. He was a familiar figure on the streets, stoop-shouldered, absorbed in thought, his hands behind his back, and the students who came to know his fame and his ways lovingly nicknamed him "The Master."

Gentle, emotional, winning, he was a welcome figure in society, from which, however, he withdrew more and more as age came on, reluctant to give it even a meagre portion of the few years which remained and in which he hoped to accomplish so much. Born in Paris in 1842 and elected to the French Academy in 1884 in recognition of his work in drama, poetry, and fiction, he lived the quiet life of the born student, a kind of literary anchorite even in the midst of the bustle and whirl of the brilliant cosmopolis. Not that he was oblivious of its powerful appeal; quite the contrary.

The Provençal Daudet came to love Paris and, like the Norman Maupassant, found something irresistible in its spell. But with Coppée, the love of Paris was not an acquirement, however perfect, but a gift like that of the fairies which had been granted at his birth. He knew Paris as Dickens knew London, and to him it was a world in itself, rich in color, thrilling with energy, swarming with life, where eternally virtue threw down the gauntlet to vice, poverty to riches, the things of the spirit to the things of the flesh.

Coppée's concern was with neither the houses of kings in exile nor the haunts of sin and despair. His chief interest was

with the middle class and with the poor, who struggled courageously against the hardships of their lot. Being a poet, he saw more in poverty than the harrowing, more among the bourgeoisie than the commonplace, and he treats both with that "instinctive delicacy" of which he claims for himself the privilege of boasting. Born of a race whose blood was partly bourgeois and partly artistocratic, it is, he says, "owing to his ancestors that he is complex, yet pleased with simple folk; an aristocrat, though one who loves the people." He was no mere provincial to whom the horizon of the universe lies just without the confines of the city. For while he could say: "For me, Paris is my only love," he was blessed with that sympathetic spirit which beholds the brotherhood of all the children of Eve with the vision of an exquisite humanity.

For upward of sixty years before Coppée's star began to blaze upon the horizon, the bourgeoisie had been the object of jibe and insult on the part of nearly every litterateur in France. But with the advent of Coppée came a change. For he gave new and refreshing glimpses of French life, not of the kind which French novelists have persuaded the world to accept as typical, but of a life sane and unsullied, which cherishes the old-fashioned virtue of pure love, devotion, generosity, and duty, in which faith is vital and prayer forever sanctified. A life which puts iron into the blood of France.

It was among the despised bourgeoisie that Coppée found the setting for his *Romance of Youth*, a work of particular interest since, upon his own admission, it was more than casually autobiographical. Both Amedée Violette and his creator belonged to the middle class. Both began to earn their bread in the narrow field of government employment; both studied at the Library of St. Geneviève when their less studious comrades were enjoying convivial leisure. Both were sentimentalists, in whom a sunset, a pretty girl tripping through the park, or the first violets of April awakened strange feelings of joy. Again, Amedée and Coppée were idealists, and for that were compelled to pay the inevitable price. Both achieved fame in a day, but found it only ashes of roses. Finally, both were poets, which is to say that they felt at their hearts the stir of a fancy too divine to be darkened utterly, even though disillusionment cast its shadows when youth, with its romance, had passed forever.

A Romance of Youth does not depend upon dramatic situations, bizarre incidents, or multitudinous characters. Rather it is comparatively brief, its leading characters are few, and it is told with a simplicity of plot and of tone, which is distinctive of Coppée. Amedée Violette, whose pretty mother died of tuberculosis when he was a child and whose father became from grief the victim of absinthe, obtains a meagre livelihood and loves the pretty Maria Gérard—in vain. Now listen to Coppée on Amedée—and himself:

One single consolation remained for him—literary work. He threw himself into it blindly, deadening his sorrow with the fruitful and wonderful opiate of poetry and dreams. He had long ago thrown into the fire his first poems, awkward imitations of favorite authors . . . He returned to truth and simplicity by the longest way, the schoolboy's road. Taste and inclination both induced him to express simply and honestly what he saw before him . . . In those days he lived the most beautiful and perfect hours of his life—those in which the artist, already master of his instrument, having still the abundance and vivacity of youthful sensations, writes the first words that he knows to be good, and writes them with entire disinterestedness, not even thinking that others will see them; working for himself alone and for the sole joy of putting in visible form and spreading abroad his ideas, his thoughts—all his heart.

These words admit us to the secret of Coppée's literary method.

Amedée was not to toil so devotedly without his reward. An actor acquaintance, named Jocquelet, volunteers to recite one of his ballads at a public function, and thus he achieves his first success. It proves to be intoxicatingly sweet. A newspaper editor features him; all Paris talks of the advent of the new poetic star; he becomes a social and a literary lion at a bound. But though fame comes, and subsequently fortune, love is denied. The woman he adores weds a man, who is to Amedée as Hyperion to a satyr. Death leaves her a widow and Amedée marries her, only to find that her tender sympathy is not love and that its richest flower has withered on the grave of her first husband. In the autumn, at dusk, he thinks wistfully of the bright dreams of youth while "over the darkened landscape in the vast pearl-colored sky spreads the melancholy chill which follows the farewell of day."

Coppée's note in this novel is not that of despair. This Amedée, who watches the falling leaves while all is autumn in his heart, will yield to no base despair, but will find "in the intoxication of poetry and dreams" some faint aroma of the lost joy of youth.

In *Henriette* Coppée has handled a difficult theme with delicacy and feeling—too much feeling, indeed, since it approaches perilously near that sentimentalism which was always to be his "beast in the jungle."

Both novels have unquestioned merit. *A Romance of Youth* was crowned by the Academy, and *Henriette* was accepted by its author's admirers as new proof that to his gifts as poet, dramatist, and short-story writer, must be added those of the novelist as well. *A Romance of Youth* is incomparably the better work, and its striking portraits and telling scenes cling to one's memory. Who can easily forget the Gérards—mamma, fat and good-natured; papa with his eternal pipe and his well-paid etchings of the Emperor, whom he hated; Louise, plain and prim, but with a saint's soul; Maria, charming, dainty, made for men's worship. Or poor Madame Violette with the hectic color in her cheeks, fading like a flower each day; her broken-hearted husband, for whom absinthe creates anew the joy of the dead past; the hard-fisted M. Gaufre, the foolish Gustave, the debonair Maurice Roger, the grandiloquent Jockeyet. What a gallery! And, as for scenes, one recalls the presentation of little Amedée at the school of M. Batifol, whose head had such a voluminous bald spot that the child, in terror, compared it to the globe on the top of the desk! Then there is the Café de Séville, with its noisy circle of politicians and litterateurs, who greeted Amedée's first verses with a storm of applause as their glasses rang upon the wine-stained tables. There are unforgettable scenes in the Franco-Prussian war as when the ambulances, crowded with mangled forms, clatter day and night through the streets of the capital. And always there are those touches which mark the keen observer, the sympathetic brother, the ardent poet.

These gifts of Coppée were not confined to his novels. They led him to write some of the finest of French *contes*, in which his gifts as man and writer appear: his sympathy for the poor, his tenderness toward the helpless, his hatred of selfishness and hypocrisy, his poetic fancy, his mastery of his

art. In his eyes the poor were ennobled by a tenderness which survived even amid their misery and showed itself in their love of children, their respect for purity, their attempts at helpfulness, however impotent, toward those more unfortunate than themselves. When the banker, M. Jean Baptiste Godefroy, selfish and money-mad, to whom the poor are less than the dust, distractedly seeks his lost child, he finds him in the hut of a poor fruit vender, who has put him to bed with his own little son. He points out the children to the millionaire, asleep in each other's arms. "I shut up shop," he explains, "and came here with the babies. They had a bite together like friends and then they went to sleep. They look nice, don't they?" Strange emotions stir in M. Godefroy's soul at the sight of the child of luxury and the child of poverty locked in each other's embrace. "Before his eyes was raised a corner of the curtain which hides the life of the poor, so brave in their poverty, so generous among themselves . . . The bank president then made the best stroke of his life—he discovered the heart of an honest man. Yes, Mr. President, you planned to offer a reward to these poor people, and behold! they make you a magnificent present, that of the sweetest, noblest of all feelings—pity."

Desiré Muguet, who ekes out a living for his old mother and himself by engraving the human organs laid bare in dissecting rooms—most disgusting of tasks—falls in love with Mademoiselle Clara, whom he finds copying masterpieces at the Louvre. One day he makes her accept a little engagement ring; but the thought of marriage has soon to be abandoned, for disasters throng upon him: his father dies; his mother is threatened with blindness, and the lovers "have to acknowledge that they are too poor and have too many burdens to marry. So they say farewell like good children, each trying not to see the tears in the other's eyes." Maupassant was a great writer. How incomparably greater he would have been could he have written that last line!

Desiré and Clara do not see each other for ten years. Meanwhile he has had moderate success and can provide his mother with a few comforts. One Christmas Eve, on returning home from midnight Mass at Saint-Séverin, he finds Clara weeping in his mother's arms. She has lost her father two years before, poor child, and has struggled vainly to earn her

bread ever since and now, desperate, remembering "that this is Christmas, the day the God of Charity was born," she comes to ask help from the mother of her former sweetheart. And Coppée is not too coldly the artist to forbid them to be happy.

To the man who wrote this tale the cynical realism of Maupassant is impossible, for in his eyes the world can never be a chaos in which a malign Fate plays havoc with the children of men. It is worth noting, indeed, that the Norman gives us no pictures of children, except such as are as lifeless as dolls. To him, obsessed as he was by the brutal ironies of life, to whom love was nothing but physical passion, childhood with its tender grace, naïve, confiding, helpless, was as remote as the stars. Coppée, even more than Daudet, loved childhood, and felt for it the reverence which innocence inspires in every unsullied heart. Only a lover of children could have written *The Louis d'Or*, in which the gambler, Lucien d'Hem, penniless, dreams that he finds a child sleeping in the snow with a gold coin in its hand, that he steals it and wins a fortune at the gaming table. Then, torn with remorse at the thought of the little one still sleeping in the snow, he rushes out in search of her, only to find her tiny body cold in death. The anguish of that dream wins him forever from gambling, and makes him always tender and charitable toward poor children. Then there is Captain Mercadier, "twenty-six years of service, twenty-two campaigns, and three wounds," who had just retired on a pension which, if frugally managed, will permit him to play the hero at the village inn for life. One day he discovers little Pierette, who has only one sound leg and who slaves for his landlady. He adopts her, for you see he must have someone to mend his linen and sweep his quarters—and perhaps shed a tear one of these days when taps sound for him. Of course, he must give up his visits to the inn, curtail his wine and tobacco and economize to the last sou. But then, what will you? Little Pierette must have something to live on when he is dead.

Who can forget, in *A Cure for Discontent*, the fiery Mataboul, half socialist and half anarchist, "with wild eyes and the face of a brigand of the Abruzzi," who is always launching into tirades against the government, but who becomes transformed from lion to lamb when the death of a sister leaves him sole guardian of an eight-year-old niece? Huge, uncouth

bachelor, he has a tender heart despite his rough ways, and the little^e orphan awakens it to strange emotions never felt before. He leaves the door of his room half open at night so that little Mariette may not be afraid. He takes her to school to the good Sisters each morning, though all his life he has railed against religion. He no longer haunts the cafés in the evening to foregather with tattered malcontents and storm against the government. He did for a time, taking Mariette with him, but she used to fall asleep, *pauvre petite*, so he gave it up, saying simply: "It is my duty." He is eager to get the latest news about the Eastern question, fears trouble in the Balkans, scents a scandal on the Bourse—but he no longer has time to bother with such matters, for he must see to it that Mariette "looks over the rules for the participles."

Here is humor for you and, mingled with it, a tenderness which cannot be too strongly insisted on as one of the abiding qualities of François Coppée. You can almost see the light in his eyes and the smile on his lips as he draws such pictures as these. It is not the smile of superiority, but that of one who thrills to the kiss of a child, who grows wistful as the October winds denude the trees, who is haunted amid the glow and beauty of a dinner party by the weary fingers and tired eyes and broken hearts that have made this luxury possible.

This tender sympathy does not stand alone. With it is a delicate fancy which irradiates such tales as the *Louis d'Or*, *Restitution*, and *The Sabots of Little Wolff*. Little Wolff, returning from midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, gives one of his sabots to a barefoot Child, Whom he sees asleep at the portal of the church. Morning comes to find only little Wolff, of all the children in the village, laden with gifts, and the Curé declares that he beheld a circlet of gold encrusted with gems on the spot where the head of the beggar Child had rested. What can be more tenderly fanciful than this tale of a child's compassion? And who could have written it but one whose heart was unspoiled?

In *Restitution* appears another side of Coppée's fancy. Again it is Christmas Eve and the hard-working Abbé Moulin is summoned into his shabby little parlor to meet an ex-banker and speculator, Renaudel, who had fled to America, made a fortune, and has now returned, his identity unguessed, to intrust the good Abbé with the task of repaying his cred-

itors. The old priest, in a hired cab, sets out on his rounds. He first seeks Louis Dublé, the poet, and finds him, not as he anticipated, lying upon a straw bed in a garret, but in a comfortable studio lined with books. The banker's defalcation, Dublé confesses, had stripped him of his fortune, but it stirred his latent courage till he fought his way into the possession of fame and a competence. "I shall, of course," he says, "accept what is mine, but this fortune makes me no happier except, perhaps, that it gives me the opportunity to help some needy friends."

Mademoiselle La Tournure, a spinster whom Renaudel reduced to penury, has set up a school for little girls, among whom the Abbé finds her, rich in the blessedness of contentment. "Tell Renaudel," she says, "that, thanks to him, I have now a purpose in life and am no longer an old mad woman afflicted with imaginary ailments."

With lightened heart, the Abbé next seeks the architect, Henri Burtal, a blond-haired Hercules, whom the loss of his fortune awoke to the seriousness of life and to the need of making a living at his profession. He is happily married and full of joy at the advent of his first-born child. "You shall have a thousand francs," he cries, "for your poor parishioners." The Abbé's heart answers with *Laus Deo*, for now the man who cuts peat may marry the girl who works in imitation pearls.

The Abbé had one more visit, this time to the Marquis de Capdecamp, a leader in the *beau monde*. He finds the Marquis' stately residence glittering with lights, and the rooms thronged with be-jeweled women and men of fashion, who listen with dull faces to the stupid jests of a professional vaudeville actor. Reflecting on the shamelessness with which the rich are wasting money, the Abbé cannot but feel indignant, thinking of the miseries of his poor. Suddenly he is confronted by the Marquis himself, with grayish beard, and puffy face, his shirt front a Siberia crossed by the black string of an eye glass. Upon learning of Renaudel's restitution, the Marquis bursts into a storm of abuse against the banker. "He compensates his victims," he cries in a fury; "he gives me a million francs. What does he wish me to do with them? Can they help me to redeem my honor?" The man of the world has vanished; he is beating his breast with his trembling hands. Renaudel, he confesses, left him impoverished at a

time when he was beset with creditors; for the sake of money he entered upon a loveless marriage. He has been accepted by the world of fashion, but not by his heroic old soldier cousin, Louis, who starves alone in a garret on his income of three thousand francs, and cooks his meals himself in order to give some money to deserving poverty.

"My dear Abbé," adds the Marquis in a broken voice, "the only thing that would be agreeable to me, which all the millions cannot give me back, is a clasp of the hand from my cousin, Louis." In silence the old priest leaves the house and returns to his little rectory with the receipts for Renaudel. Then, left alone, he dreams a few minutes in his old armchair. "He was no pessimist—he was certain now that glory, health, love, honor were not to be got with money. And he intended to thank God for them when saying his midnight Mass."

Few stories are more typical of Coppée than this, in which the conception and its working out are delightfully blended of the real and the fanciful. Who has not wished that the scales of the blind goddess might weigh out such rewards and punishments in things mundane as the exquisite adequacy of heaven can accomplish? Coppée has let his imagination play about the thought, and made his theme the blessedness of poverty when accepted with courage. When Opportunity, in the guise of Poverty ennobled, knocked upon the door of the Marquis de Capdecamp and found him too mean to play his part, she overwhelmed him at Renaudel's restitution with the irony of having bartered his soul for naught.

The moral element, which is conspicuous in this story, is not unusual with Coppée. It appears again in *A Cure for Discontent*, in which Alberic Mesnard, a poor government clerk, who wins five hundred thousand francs as a lottery prize, learns that the panacea may not be found in wealth. The fast living, which has followed in the wake of his sudden wealth, leaves him dispirited from fatigue and disgust, and he learns at last that doing and living for others are the only true means of escaping *ennui*. There was, as you see, something of the preacher in this poet, Coppée. But the part was not unbecoming. For, in Matthew Arnold's fine phrase, he saw life steadily and saw it whole, knowing its temptations, its failures, its moments of exultation, its hours of sadness, its grim struggles for spiritual triumph.

It must be conceded that Coppée's point of view is not always as sound as in those tales which we have discussed. He strikes a false note in *A Voluntary Death*, in which Louis Miraz hastens his end by daily imprudences that he may escape the invalid years which will consume his meagre estate and leave his wife and daughter penniless. Equally false is *The Commendable Crime*, in which a man accedes to a friend's pleading and takes his life in order that his insurance may save his family from want. Again, in *An Accident*, Coppée flutters to the alluring candle only to singe his wings anew. A mason confesses that he has pushed a fellow workman from a high scaffolding to his death, advancing the defence that the murdered man was squandering on drink the money which belonged to his wife and son. These tales are not to be laid to a distorted ethical sense, for Coppée was essentially sound. Rather they are due to his prime defect, sentimentalism, whose path is always beset with danger, for bathos is ever ready to destroy its finest effects, and common sense threatens them with a burst of laughter. It is true that the confirmed sentimentalist (Coppée, thank heaven, was not that) achieves an occasional masterpiece, but more often he begets those paper-covered horrors which formerly crowded the newsstands at railroad stations. Coppée runs close to the danger line in *Henriette* and *The Foster Sister*; in *An Accident*, *A Voluntary Death*, and *A Commendable Crime*, he crosses it.

It would be unfair, however, to Coppée to lay too much stress upon this weakness. His lapses are not frequent, nor do they occur in those works in which he displayed his most brilliant gifts. Sentimentalism could never claim him wholly because he was endowed with the potent correctives of humor and irony. Where can one discover a humor more delectable than in *My Friend Meurtrier*? Outside of Daudet's Tartaron no more pure-blooded descendant of the *miles gloriosus* can be found in modern French literature than this blond giant, Meurtrier, with his loud voice, his loud manner, his loud clothes, who recounts each Monday morning his Homeric exploits of the preceding day! The humor of the story is none the less delightful because seasoned with Gallic irony. Who but Coppée would have presented as Meurtrier's foil, not another man, a wife, or a mistress, but that dearest and most tender of beings, an old mother? One may fail to recall many

of Coppée's tales, slight and delicate as they are, but the figure of Meurtrier, with his huge form and bristling beard, swathed in an apron and serving coffee to "Mamma" is unforgettable.

When he chooses to be ironic, Coppée can stab with the swift certainty of Maupassant. But between the aims of the two men is a world of difference. Coppée's irony was directed against the selfish and the vicious, who turn life's modicum of happiness into poison. Maupassant struck at the very roots of life, which, a purposeless and long disease, filled him with cynical disgust. Such an attitude was impossible to Coppée. Brought up in a Catholic household as he was, he never entirely lost a serene trust in an omnipotent Love which rules the world. In the disillusionment, which he pictures life as bringing to Amedée Violette, there is no bitterness, but only a wistful regret, and Coppée, standing with his hero in the autumn twilight, seeks forgetfulness in poetry and dreams. Maupassant, on that autumn evening, would have sought release from the "momentous *ennui* of living," either in the indulgence of the senses, or, if that should fail, in suicide. In him vision and sentiment had no touch of the divine, and the cry of the carnal sounded ever in his ears. Small wonder that the years brought him neither peace nor contentment, but only shipwreck of mind and body, while to Coppée they gave safe harborage in the faith of his childhood and, with a knowledge of the blessing of suffering, a peace beyond price.

But Coppée's irony is not always gentle, any more than the wrath of One Who drove the money-changers from the Temple. In *The Two Clowns* his indignation is visited upon those parasites of political life who batten on the blind confidence of the multitude. Against such barterers of truth and honor he plies the lash, his face tense and his eyes flashing. The tale recounts the antics of a circus clown with whitened cheeks and silly grin, whose slap-stick farce "seemed a drunken echo of the laughter of Molière." This vulgar scene, staged to evoke a guffaw from the groundlings, brings only tears to a tremulous old woman, who has come by chance to the circus tent, and with shame beholds her own son in the toothless clown. Can this be he, who was once the beautiful baby of whom she was so proud, and whom she "made the neighbors admire when he was so small that he rolled naked on her knee, holding his little foot in his hand?" Coppée, who

has a heart for sentiment, reflects on all this. "The adventure," he says, "made a lively impression on me. I thought often of it, and after that, when I saw before my eyes some wretched and degraded creature . . . in the flare of a gas jet, some drunken idler leaning on the bar of a café and bending his bloated face over his glass of absinthe, I have thought, 'Is it possible that this being can ever have been a little child?'"

Some time later, there occurs a sensational sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, at which "a ministerial candidate, formerly in the opposition, proposed to strike a blow at some liberty, which he had formerly demanded with virulence and force." He is going to play the traitor but, in parliamentary language, "to accomplish a change of face." The great moment arrives and the orator arises in his place with bold eye and protruding lips, as if enlarged by the abuse of words. He overwhelms the assembly with his important air and his megaphonic rhetoric, while affecting a majestic indifference to the outburst of denunciation from his former colleagues. The memory of the indignant Coppée reverts to the circus clown—his meaningless patter, his indifference to blows. The speech is done; there is a roar of applause; the politician, like the other mountebank, has won the groundlings. On making his way disgustedly from the chamber, Coppée catches sight of an elderly lady with a radiant face; she is the mother of the orator and smiles her pride. Alas! had she reflected, "she would have felt regret, she too, for the time when her boy was very small, and rolled naked on her knee, holding his little foot in his hand."

It is Coppée, the dramatist, who sets off mountebank and politician, audience and audience, mother and mother, in such effective contrast, and it is Coppée, the poet, who beholds their deadly similarity. The tale leaves in the mind none of the bitterness which Maupassant, or even Daudet, would have given it, but rather a sense of regret that relative values in life should be so shamelessly misconceived.

Bitterness and pessimism, indeed, had no place in Coppée's attitude towards life. Men are not all sordid of soul, and indeed even among the wretched and unfortunate the spark of a generous heroism often flames into life. It was with this truth in mind that Coppée wrote his masterpiece, *The Substitute*. Every reader will recall poor Jean François

Leturc, the little, ragged street arab, with the mop of yellow hair, who is sent to the reform school at ten and whose criminal record lengthens with appalling swiftness as he grows to manhood! Under a new name, he fights his way to honorable employment, but takes upon himself the guilt of his comrade, the weak Savinien, rather than see him driven for a first offence into the *inferno*, which had seared his own soul.

In this brief tale we have at their best the salient qualities of Coppée, artist and man of heart. Here are his sympathy for the poor and wretched; his belief, as firm as that of Bret Harte, in the ultimate nobility of the world's very derelicts; a vision to which life's cruelties arise from no vileness of humanity but from the injustice or cowardice or wrong-doing of individuals; the moral touch which made him see in men and women something more than material for his art; his confidence in the regenerating power of childhood's innocence; his sentiment, glowing and invincible, before which cynicism withers and pessimism has no place. And always his art is sure, from the incisive first sentence till the final pathetic one. It holds the mirror of reality up to a world in which, despite its cruelty, the spirit of sacrifice achieves ever new and transcendent victories. And, as for the falsehood by which Jean François assumed his comrade's guilt, haply a brother angel to him whose tears effaced the oath of Uncle Toby, withheld an accusing pen from the name Leturc.

Eleven years have passed since François Coppée died. But the charm of the man is still a fragrant memory, and his best work retains its power of appeal undiminished. Paul Bourget's pronouncement made at his death deserves to be recalled: "French by birth, he was more profoundly French, more closely and intimately French by the quality of his art. His work was natural, just, precise, perfectly finished." With equal truth, he might have added that his soul was the soul of a poet, his heart that of a lover of humanity, to whose serene and unspoiled fancy more truth is often vouchsafed than to the Goncourts, the Zolas, and the Maupassants.

THE QUAKING ASPEN TREE.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

Why tremble so, broad Aspen tree?
Why shake thy leaves ne'er ceasing?
At rest thou never seem'st to be,
For when the air is still and clear,
Or when the nipping gale, increasing,
Shakes from thy boughs soft twilight's tear,
Thou tremblest still, broad Aspen tree,
And never tranquil seem'st to be.—Anon.



THE botanist has a simple explanation for the extreme sensitiveness of the aspen's "rainy-sounding silver leaves;" he says it is due to the flattened leaf stalk, which is set contra-wise to the surface of the leaf, making a combination which renders the foliage so susceptible to the slightest movement of air that the very name *aspen* has become a synonym for *quaking*, *shivering*, *tremulous*. It has been so used by Keats in *Hyperion*: "While his beard shook horrid with such aspen-malady."

But to poet and peasant alike, this peculiarity has seemed a challenge to the constructive imagination, until *Populus tremula* has become a popular subject of literary comment and legendary lore. In poetical lines will be found such descriptions as "rustling aspens heard from side to side" (Wordsworth); "the many-twinkling leaves of aspen tall" (James Thomson); "a restless, rustling canopy" (Scott); "the aspen's scattered leaves gray-glittering on the moveless twig" (Southey); "aspen leaves that wave without a wind" (John Leyden); "the aspen which flutters all its dangling leaves as though beating with myriad pulses" (A. B. Street); "timorous aspens which tremble when all else is still" (Bliss Carman); "the aspen's fluttering frivolous twitter" (Henry Taylor), and

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

—Lowell, "*The Singing Leaves*."

On the other hand, when the poets wish to imply perfect peace, they find a most fitting way of expressing it by saying: "The aspen's leaves are scarce astir" (Lowell); "and e'en the aspen's hoary leaf makes no unusual stir" (Hood); or, "there doth the twinkling aspen's foliage sleep" (Wordsworth).

William Tennant, in describing a bagpipe competition, tells how "his every finger to its place assigned, moved quiv'ring like the leaf of aspen tree," which is a paraphrase, perhaps, of Shakespeare's reference to lily hands, which "tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute" (*Titus Andronicus*). James Hogg has used the figure with good effect when he has the recipient of a letter say: "My mind's the aspen of the vale, in ceaseless waving motion." Ernest McGaffey, that enthusiastic poet angler, fondly describes a favorite rod "with pliant tip that wavers like some shivering aspen slim and strong." Thomas Campbell well understands the nature of the tree, if not of affection, when he sings: "Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver, then bind love to last forever," which is rivaled by the well-known lines in *Marmion*:

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made.

Naturally, the aspen has been made symbolical of fear, or of lamentation. Still another meaning assigned to it in floral language is *scandal*, from an old saying which affirmed that its leaves were made from the tongues of malicious gossippers, a thought put into rhyme in 1622:

The quaking aspen, light and thin,
To the air quick passage gives;
 Resembling still
 The trembling ill
Of tongues of womankind;
 Which never rest,
 But still are prest
To wave with every wind.—*P. Hannay.*

In the *Færie Queen*, Spencer refers to one use of the tree: "The aspine, good for staves;" it once had a place in medicine, because from its constant trembling, it was considered a sure cure for the ague, palsy, and other such restless affections.

In Russia, aspen twigs are laid on a supposed witch's grave, to keep the restless sorcerer from wandering abroad. As a weather prophet, it is valued, according to Alice Cary's "The leaves of the aspen are blowing down—a sign of fair weather, they say."

As to the origin of this tremulous motion, poets and peasants do not agree with science. Bayard Taylor says in *Kilimanjaro*:

There in the wondering airs of the Tropics
Shivers the aspen, still dreaming of the cold.

William Browne, in *Britannia's Pastorals*, ascribes it to the tree's having witnessed the pursuit of a nymph by a wolf:

An asp, who thought him stout, could not dissemble,
But showed his-fear, and yet is seen to tremble.

But folk-lore ascribes this habit to the tree's association with the life of Christ:

Once as our Saviour walked with men below,
His path of mercy through a forest lay,
And mark how all the drooping branches show
What homage best a silent tree may pay.
Only the aspen stood erect and free,
Scorning to join the voiceless worship pure,
But see! He casts one look upon the tree,
Struck to the heart, she trembles forevermore.

—Anon.

One legend informs us that as the Holy Family took their flight, they came into a thickly wooded forest, when, on their approach, all the trees, with the exception of the aspen, paid reverential homage. The disrespectful arrogance of the tree did not escape the notice of the Holy Child, but at His glance its leaves began to tremble and have done so ever since. Another version places the event on the evening of the betrayal:

By Kedron I stood, and the bright beaming eye
I viewed of the pitying Power;
Each tree bowed its head, as the Saviour passed by,
But I deigned not my proud head to lower.
Then sounded a sigh from the Saviour's breast,
And I quaked, for that sigh through me darted:
"Quake so till I come!" said the voice of the Blest;
My repose then forever departed.

—Bernhard Severin Ingemann, "The Aspen."

The Russian peasants state that the tree trembles with horror and wrath because Judas hanged himself from its branches. They say: "The aspen is an accursed tree, which trembles without even a breath of wind."

The folk-lore of many different peoples agree that the aspen is the tree from which the Cross was made, which explains its gloomy shivering recollections:

Ah, tremble, tremble, Aspen tree,
I need not ask thee why thou shakest,
For if, as holy legend saith,
On thee the Saviour bled to death,
No wonder, Aspen, that thou quakest,
And till the judgment all assemble,
Thy leaves, accursed, shall wail and tremble.

—Anon, "*The Legend of the Aspen.*"

In Syria, this tree is called *Khashafa*, meaning "to be agitated," and in Lithuania it is *Drebulle*, a word intimately connected with our word "tremble," and which it means. The people of these two countries concur with the general belief that the Cross was made of aspen, and that the trembling of the leaves is a proof that the tree was so employed:

On the morrow stood she trembling,
At the awful weight she bore,
When the sun in midnight blackness
Darkened on Judea's shore.

—Anon, "*The Legend of the Aspen.*"

Far off in highland wilds 'tis said,
(But truth now laughs at fancy's lore),
That of this tree the Cross was made,
Which erst the Lord of glory bore,
And of that deed its leaves confess,
E'er since a troubled consciousness.

—Anon, "*The Aspen.*"

A MAGICIAN OF GLOBES.

BY LESLIE MOORE.



O Paul he was a Magician. To those not possessed of the magic spectacles of childhood he was merely a rather dirty old man. At the moment, he was sitting on his machine in the market square, a machine somewhat reminiscent of that of a knife grinder. The square, flanked on three sides by old-fashioned houses and a few shops, and on the fourth by a new red brick church, was bathed in June sunshine.

Paul stood in the sunshine watching the Magician. While the Magician worked he sang, in a cracked old voice, a song of his own composition :

Air balloons pink, air balloons blue,
Air balloons yellow and gold,
Air balloons light as thistledown,
How many d'ye think I have sold?

Millions presented itself to Paul's mind as a possible reply to the query, since every summer, his brief life could recollect, had seen the old Magician in the square.

Fascinating it was to watch the making of the shining globes. First, some small piece of substance, almost indistinguishable in color, was attached to the nozzle of the bellows, which were worked by a foot treadle. Slowly the bellows sighed and expanded and sighed again, breathing life, it would seem, into the queer little piece of stuff on its nozzle. And slowly, slowly the great shining globe grew, pink, blue, and yellow, or gold if you preferred to call it so. Paul always called it gold. Then came a conjuring trick with a bit of string round the nozzle of the bellows, a veritable Magician's trick, and the shining globe was detached. Another and longer piece of string was fastened to the first piece, and there was the great light ball ready for the eager purchaser.

Only Paul never was a purchaser, and that for the simple reason that he never possessed a penny. Possibly, it never dawned upon his grave student father to look upon pennies

and small boys in conjunction one with the other. Anyhow he never gave Paul one. Therefore, Paul remained a mere fascinated on-looker, entirely unenvious. He took the fact of his own penury as a matter of course, as he took other not altogether agreeable incidents of his short life.

At the moment there were no purchasers at hand. The square was deserted save for two or three idling grown-ups, and a busy young curate, who had just emerged from the red brick church, to all of whom air balloons were matters of no faintest interest.

The latest creation, a great gold ball, had just had a long piece of string attached.

"What do you think of it?" the Magician was making abrupt address to Paul.

"It is wonderful." Paul's heart was in his voice and eyes.

"Yet a prick and it's done for, like our dreams, eh?"

"Oh, but no one *would* prick it." Paul was intensely earnest.

"Humph," grunted the Magician. "You wouldn't and, maybe, I wouldn't, but there's others as'll do it for ye. That's what the world's for. Cheery place, the world."

"I'd not *let* anybody prick mine." Paul was emphatic.

"Wouldn't ye? Well, do you know what would happen if you didn't?"

"No."

"It would shrivel. You'd *see* it shrivel slowly and die. I know that, but youth doesn't and cries when the bubble is pricked. Happy for those for whom it is pricked. They believe that but for that they could have kept it always. Pricking's kinder than shriveling."

Paul shivered a little in the sunshine.

"Must they always shrivel?" he demanded. There was a quaver in the query.

"Mine have," said the Magician briefly.

"Oh, but," Paul saw a radiant light ahead, "you can always make new ones."

The Magician laughed, a short laugh like a dog's bark.

"This kind, not the kind I used to make, not the kind youth makes. So an old man makes these, and sells 'em to the children. And when they're pricked, the children cry, and, if they've got a penny, come running back for new ones, new

ones the dirty old man has made. I know what folk call me." He shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't call you that," said Paul stoutly. And then he got very red.

"What do *you* call me then?" queried the old man curiously.

But Paul had turned shy.

"Tell me," persisted the old man.

Paul shook his head.

The old man balanced the golden globe in the palm of his horny hand. "Tell me, and I'll give you this."

"Oh!" Paul was breathless.

"But you must tell me first."

"I'll—I'll whisper," said Paul. He came close.

"Ho, ho, ho." It was a long drawn out chuckle. "And so I'm a magician, am I? Well, there's your ball. Maybe, it'll bring magic to you. Who knows, who knows. But don't see it shrivel, mind."

"Mine won't," Paul was confident.

"Then someone will prick it."

"I shan't let them." Paul's lips were folded in a firm line.

The Magician looked at him.

"You won't be able to help it," he said. "Someone always pricks your ball. That's fate."

Paul looked at the Magician. A cloud had fallen in the clear eyes.

"Or the ball will shrivel and die. Die, don't forget that. Die like our dreams, our hopes, our beliefs."

Paul sighed. He turned slowly from the Magician, walking across the square, a thin, dark-eyed little boy with a golden ball floating from a piece of string.

Paul turned into the highroad, the ball floating gently before him on its string. His eyes were fixed upon it. The sunlight shining through its transparency made it wonderful to behold.

He did not see the hedges on either side of the road, nor the wild roses swaying in the soft breeze, nor even notice the song birds in the branches, or the larks caroling in the blue dome overhead. His whole soul was absorbed in his possession. Now and again market women passed him with baskets

on their arms. They all smiled at the small absorbed boy. A man passed with a great wagon and a cart horse. He grinned at Paul, but Paul did not see him either, and presently the road was deserted, a long straight white ribbon of a road, running on between the hedges.

Paul began singing softly to himself as he had heard the Magician sing. Like the Magician, he made up his own words, but he fitted the words to a little tune he had once heard:

Golden ball in the sunshine,
Golden ball in the light,
Where are you going to take me,
Oh, golden ball so bright.
Will you take to the fairies,
Will you take me to the streams,
The little streams, whose music
Comes to me in my dreams?
Will you float with me in the water,
The wonderful water brown,
The wonderful magic water
Flowing away from the town,
Away from the town and the people,
Among the fields and the trees,
Where *wonderful* things can happen?
Oh, golden ball, take me, please.

Paul sang his little song over and over again as he walked along the road. He did not know he was singing it, nor that he was making up the words. He was merely giving unconscious voice to the thoughts that were in his mind. His heart was singing far louder than his voice, which was so soft a little croon that it did not in the least disturb the feathered songsters in the hedges. He was so lost in his own blissful thoughts that he did not realize that his hold upon the string had slackened. A capricious little puff of wind springing suddenly up took it unresisting from his fingers, too late for him to tighten his grasp.

Dismayed, Paul came back to the present to see the golden ball floating on ahead of him, the string dangling just out of reach. He set off to run, but the wind was having a frolic on its own account. Having gained possession of Paul's treasure it had no mind to let it out of its keeping. A stronger and more tantalizing little puff lifted the ball higher, and carried

it over the hedge. Paul stared. Tears were fast rising to the surface. A wicket gate in the hedge brought renewed hope, however. He ran through it to see the ball floating over the daisy covered grass. On the other side of the field—a small field—was a gray stone building. The ball was floating rapidly towards it.

And still Paul ran, hot and panting, and still the breeze carried the golden ball ahead at its capricious will. Once he was within an ace of seizing the dangling string, he all but had it in his grasp, when, hey presto, "Not this time," laughed the breeze, and puffed a little harder. The ball was close to the gray building now, within a yard or so of an open doorway. Let it once float inside and it was captured. Another and still stronger puff of wind caught the ball, not to drive it through the doorway as Paul had fondly hoped, but to send it forcibly against a thorn tree growing by the door.

Where was the ball? It had vanished.

Dismayed, Paul stared at the tree. There was the string dangling, but no ball was to be seen. Paul seized the string. A gentle tug, and it was his own property. Fastened to one end of it was a small piece of dark skin-like substance. Not "someone," but the thorn tree had pricked the ball. With the realization came the tears, scalding drops coursing down Paul's cheeks.

"And when they're pricked the children cry." Paul heard again the Magician's mocking voice.

He shouldn't see Paul cry. Choking back his tears, he plunged into the shelter of the shadowed porch.

Dazzled by the light he had left, for the first moment or so he could see little in the half sombre light within. Only the stained glass windows, brilliant by reason of the sunshine without, told him that he was in a church. Someone was playing on an organ. Too overcome by the loss of his ball to have heard the music before, the full soft strains now came clearly to Paul's ears.

He looked around. His eyes losing the dazzled sensation, he saw an altar in front of him, an altar decorated with white flowers. High up on it he saw the gleam of a brass Crucifix. A lighted red lamp hung from the rafters of the roof. Here and there statues stood against the walls, flowers at their base. Paul stared. Here was a church very different from the dull,

prosaic building which saw his reluctant presence on Sunday mornings. It was a pleasure even to be inside this church. It held the most delightful sense of peace and friendliness. Paul found himself again looking at the altar. Something about it and that hanging red lamp attracted him strangely, though he did not in the least know why.

And still the music of the organ throbbed and pulsed through the building, though there was no sign of the hidden musician.

Paul set off on a tour of inspection. Turning towards the door by which he had entered, he saw a gallery above it, and in the gallery he caught the gleam of organ pipes. There was the organ, and there, in consequence, the hidden musician. But how to reach him? That was the question. Nothing for it but to reconnoitre. A little door and a winding stair soon brought the solution of his query. A moment later Paul was clambering breathlessly up the stairs. The long string, with the fragments of his ball attached, was still clasped in his small, hot hand.

A man was sitting at the organ. He had his back to Paul. He was dressed in the oddest fashion. He wore a queer brown dress with a curious kind of hood at the back, and a thick white cord was tied round his waist. No matter the dress at the moment, however; it was the music which was absorbing Paul's mind. Softly he crept closer to listen. If the player at the organ heard the soft footfall, he certainly never dreamed that it denoted the presence of a stranger, and an odd little stranger at that. But quite possibly he was too lost in his music to have heard anything.

For ten minutes Paul was an entranced and unperceived listener. Then the musician took his hands from the keys.

"Oh, please don't stop," said Paul.

Father Antony turned round.

"And where did you come from?" he asked amazed.

Paul pointed towards the stairs.

"From down there," he said, and seemed to consider it an all sufficient answer.

Father Antony looked at him. His eyes were twinkling. And then those same twinkling eyes saw the unmistakable traces of recent tears. Now when tears are seen on the cheeks of a person of about seven years old, and that person is un-

questionably in an amiable mood, it is fairly safe to conjecture that some bodily injury has caused their appearance.

"Had you hurt yourself?" asked Father Antony sympathetically. Paul colored. He had forgotten his tell-tale eyes.

"N—No," he stammered.

Father Antony regretted the query. It had evidently caused embarrassment. Paul did not regret it, however. He read understanding in the kindly eyes looking at him.

"It was the ball," he said. He held out the piece of string for inspection.

Father Antony looked at it. All the same his comprehension of the matter was not much farther advanced.

Paul proceeded to explain. He explained from the beginning, an explanation which embraced a remarkably accurate account of his conversation with the Magician.

"'Tisn't 'xactly only the broken ball," said Paul as he ended, his voice wavering a little, "it's knowing they always *will* get broken or shrivel, like what he said."

Father Antony understood. It was not merely the individual misfortune, but the parable underlying it which had depressed the child's soul. Unable to explain how or why, the Magician's philosophy, in its pessimistic garb, had come home to him with his own loss.

Father Antony looked curiously at him.

"Shall I play to you again?" he asked.

"Oh, please," said Paul.

And so for half an hour and more Father Antony played. Paul, wide-eyed, on a bench near him. Now and again Father Antony sang in a low mellow baritone, Latin and English verses, the former incomprehensible to Paul. One little English verse, however, haunted him. It was the refrain of a Christmas carol. It was odd to sing it with the June sunshine ablaze without. But Father Antony thought that Paul would like it. He was right. Paul did like it. The four lines kept repeating themselves in his head. He couldn't remember the others.

Come, come, come to the Manger,
Children come to the children's King,
Sing, sing chorus of Angels,
Songs of glory to Bethlehem's King.

It was the gayest, happiest little song.

Father Antony turned round from the organ. Paul's eyes were shining, and his cheeks very hot.

"Do you like it?" asked Father Antony.

"Most 'normously," said Paul, his heart in his voice.

"Which do you like best, the music or the golden ball?"

"Oh, the music!" Paul was in no two minds about that.

"Well then, see," Father Antony was smiling, for all that his voice was earnest, "the ball brought you to the music. You wouldn't have found it if the ball hadn't broken. It will always be like that. When something we love breaks we will always find something better, if only we keep our eyes open to see it, our ears open to hear it."

Paul nodded. That at least was perfectly comprehensible in the light of recent events.

"And now," said Father Antony, "I must go to my work, and you must go home."

Together they went down the little winding stair. For a moment Father Antony knelt in the aisle, his hand on the child's shoulder. Then he led the way into the sunshine.

"You know your way home?" he asked.

"'Course I do," smiled Paul. Then he looked down at his own hand. "I left the broken ball up there."

Years afterwards Father Antony remembered the words. At the moment he merely said:

"Do you want it?"

"No, thank you," said Paul, "it was quite smashed."

And those words, too, Father Antony remembered.

"Good-bye, then," he said.

"Good-bye," echoed Paul. And then he bethought him of his manners. "And thank you. I've enjoyed myself very much, thank you, and I'll come again soon."

Father Antony laughed.

"If your people will let you," he said.

"Oh," said Paul, "there's only father and 'Liza,' and they don't mind a bit s' long as I aren't in the way." He was totally unconscious that there was anything pathetic about the statement.

Father Antony watched him walking off across the grass. The words of the carol were still ringing in Paul's head.

The Magician had not left the square. He saw Paul coming towards him. No golden ball was floating from the string.

"So it got pricked," said the Magician.

"But I found the music instead," said Paul.

"Humph," said the Magician.

"When something we love breaks we always find something better. *He* said so," announced Paul.

"Humph," said the Magician again.

"The organ can't break," nodded Paul, "and I am going to hear him play on it again very soon.

"Humph," said the Magician a third time.

But, unfortunately, Paul did not hear the organ again very soon. He arrived home to find boxes packed up. A change to another town, necessitated by the offer of a new post to his student father, came about the following day. It had been arranged for over a month; only Paul, naturally, had not been consulted on the matter.

Paul Carmichael was sitting in front of the fire. He was still dark eyed and thin, but the small boy had grown into a tall young man.

Paul was radiantly happy. Now when a young man of four and twenty is radiantly happy, in fact superbly happy, it is usually pretty safe to conjecture that he is in love. Paul was no exception to this rule. Moreover, she loved him. There was the wonderful knowledge, which had been singing in his heart for the last three months, glorifying the golden days of autumn, tingling through his veins with the December frosts. Of course, she was unutterably too good for him. What dear, wholesome boy does not believe that fact with regard to his beloved? Nevertheless from the pedestal, upon which he had placed her, she had condescended to bend to him, kneeling a suppliant at her feet.

There had been a sharp pang of disappointment some few days previously when he learnt that she was spending Christmas with a sister in Norfolk, instead of at her home in London. But then she had said:

"I think sisters ought to be together at this season, Paul dear; and orphans, as Hester and I are, make a special bond between us. Aunt Lydia will not miss me, because she has so many old friends."

"But I shall miss you," Paul had said, unable to keep the disappointment out of his voice.

"Isn't it just a little selfish to emphasize that fact, when—when I am doing my duty, Paul?" she had asked gently, with the far-away look in her eyes which always made Paul feel that he was in the presence of a saint.

Paul had been instantly remorseful, crying "*mea culpa*" from a very genuine heart. He was a selfish beast, he always was a selfish beast, thinking of no one but himself. A statement which his friends would have greeted with tender derision, but then, of course, his friends did not know him one-half nor yet one-quarter so well as his beloved knew him.

"Besides, Paul dear," had come the further gentle reminder, "it is not as though I could tell her *why* I would like to stay in town. We have agreed, haven't we, that it is far wiser not to make our engagement public till we see some real prospect of getting married?"

They had so agreed, or rather, Paul had so agreed after the desirability of the matter had been pointed out to him by Mildred in one of her grave, tender speeches, the far-away look deepening in her eyes as she spoke. He had even felt, the selfish beast he was so ready to call himself, that disappointment had here again fought hard against her tender wisdom. Of course it was wisdom. A young man, who had inherited but a slender income of eighty pounds a year from his father, must certainly not dream of matrimony till he had at least quadrupled that sum, a matter not too swiftly done in the writer's profession, despite the fact that his first book had raised him to the initial rung in that ladder called fame.

At all events she had returned that morning, and the last evening of the old year would see them meeting at her aunt's house in Chelsea. Small wonder that the hours which must elapse till that meeting, found Paul radiantly happy.

He looked at a photograph on his mantelpiece, a large photograph of a girl in a white frock, and with beautifully arranged hair. A psychologist might have found food for thought in the pictured face, but Paul was not a psychologist. He accepted his fellowmen and women at their own value. It was only when that value fell a little bit below his preconceived notions of what it ought to be, that he began to search for the jewels he was certain they were hiding from him. A vase of flowers stood on either side of the photograph. Daily fresh flowers at the shrine of his beloved was part of Paul's ritual.

Somewhere down the street he heard the sound of the postman's knock. Today the sound did not set his heart a-beating. No need to think of letters with tonight's meeting in prospect. All the same there was a letter for him. Five minutes later the landlady entered with the missive on a tray.

The sight of the handwriting caused a quick throb at Paul's heart. The letter was utterly unexpected. It couldn't herald a postponement of their meeting? Of course not. It would only hold a brief fore-welcome of that evening's joy.

Paul broke the seal and drew out the contents. For a few moments he sat staring at the delicately written lines. His mind was entirely unable to grasp their meaning. From them he stared at the photograph on the mantelpiece, and then back at the letter in his hand.

She couldn't mean it! Those written words swimming and dancing before his eyes could not be true! Plain enough English, all the same.

My dear Paul: I am afraid that this letter will come as somewhat of a shock to you, but I feel sure that you will understand that I am acting for the best. It was partly the feeling that I must have a few days for quiet thought that sent me to Hester's this Christmas.

You see, Paul, I feel we have been too precipitate. You know how I hate to give pain. If it had not been for that I would have told you my misgivings earlier, I would have shown you how imprudent it was of us to have become secretly engaged. Long engagements are so unwise. They invariably lead to a little of the freshness of love dying, that fresh love which should be the chief beauty in the life of a newly married couple.

I could not bear to appear to doubt your love, knowing the steadfastness of my own nature. But, Paul, men are different from women. The very ardor by which you carried me off my feet has warned me that a fiercely burning flame soon dies down.

Don't hurt me, suffering too much at what I say. If you had been a little less persistent, a little more thoughtful in your love for me, you should have seen the unwisdom of the step we took. I saw it, but dreaded to give pain. Now I see, that for your sake, I ought to have given that pain, that I must give it now, though the pain is more mine than yours, since it is I who am the executioner.

Paul, we must break our engagement. We must both be free. I say this lest you should still feel yourself quixotically bound to me. I will not let you feel yourself tied. Free, you will do infinitely better work. Your art, rather than the thought of making money, must be the driving power to your pen. Therefore, you are absolutely free.

This, Paul, is my irrevocable decision.

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,

MILDRED BRENNING.

Of course, I shall not expect you this evening. I will explain to my aunt.

Paul stared at the written lines. His face had gone as white and almost as immobile as a dead face. Only his dark eyes burnt, living, in the white mask. What had he done? What had he said to have called forth such a letter? Of course, the whole thing was a monstrous misunderstanding, one which a few words, a brief explanation, could set right.

He got to his feet, flinging the letter into the fire. It must be destroyed at once. The whole incident must be forgotten, buried in oblivion after ten minutes talk together. A moment later saw Paul in the street, walking rapidly in the direction of the Chelsea Embankment. Later he could return and dress for the Old Year dinner of ceremony.

Coming to the house in Cheyne Walk, he was just about to mount the steps when a big man let himself out of the front door, slamming it behind him.

"Hullo, Carmichael," he said cheerfully.

Paul knew him—a wealthy man of leisure, and a frequent visitor at the house.

"Just going back to dress," explained Laurence Fenton. "Congratulate me, old man, I'm the happiest fellow on earth. Miss Brenning and I are engaged."

Paul stared at him.

"Miss Brenning and you are engaged," echoed Paul tonelessly.

"Oh, Lord!" Laurence's cheerful face was a study. "She told me to keep it quiet for three months. Girls are so odd about these things. Don't repeat what I've said to anyone, will you, old man?"

"Oh, no," said Paul quietly.

"I fancied once that you were going to try your chance

in that direction," said Laurence, "and as you had been first in the field I stood aside for you. But Mildred told me that you were only excellent friends and nothing more. She mentioned the fact quite casually. We've both been spending Christmas at her sister's house in Norfolk. When she said that, I thought I might try my luck, and here I am the happiest man on earth. She's miles too good for me and all that sort of thing, you know." The honest fellow's face was beaming.

Paul smiled oddly.

"Good luck to you," he said.

"Thanks. Going in there now?"

"No," said Paul. "It's too late."

"Lost sight of the time same as I have, eh? Well, I must make a rush for it if I am to get back punctually in my war paint for the dinner tonight. Can't be late for that, you know. So long."

"So long," echoed Paul mechanically.

He turned on to the Embankment like a man in a dream. He hadn't the faintest notion where he walked, nor how long he walked. In reality, it was little more than an hour. He had struck into the streets after the first ten minutes. Cabs, motors and buses passed him, the two former with evening decked occupants bright and cheerful, all ready for the coming welcome to the New Year.

"The Old Year is dying," said Paul to himself. "Everything dies."

It was the first connected sentence his brain had formed since he had turned away from the house in Cheyne Walk. Somehow it brought reality home to him. He came to a halt, looking up to see to what street his mechanical walking had brought him.

He had paused outside a big building. The sound of an organ playing came to him from within. The air struck some old cord of memory, and then came the words to the music. Paul heard them clearly:

Come, come, come to the Manger,
Children come to the children's King,
Sing, sing, chorus of Angels
Songs of glory to Bethlehem's King.

Age-old memories, long forgotten, clutched at Paul's heart.

"And when they're pricked, the children cry."

The mocking voice seemed to be speaking the words in his ear. Mechanically Paul turned into the building. Benediction had just been given, though that fact was unrealized by Paul. He saw only that a service of some kind had come to an end.

Little groups of people were moving up to a cave-like structure on the right of the high altar, while still the gay, happy music of carol sounded through the church.

The long forgotten words fell again and again on Paul's ears.

He followed in the wake of two or three people to see what the odd cave-like structure denoted.

Father Antony was playing on his beloved organ. He had forgotten his surroundings. A not unusual occurrence with Father Antony when music had him under its spell.

The sound of a step on the stairs brought him back to the present. For a moment or so he did not turn round, but continued to the end of the passage he was playing. The last chords struck, he looked up to see a tall, dark young man standing near him.

"The golden air ball has been broken," said Paul quietly.

For one moment, and perhaps not unnaturally, Father Antony thought that the young man before him was suffering from slight mental derangement. And then suddenly, memory leaping the intervening years, he was back at a June morning, seeing a small boy standing where the man now stood.

"Did you come to leave the fragments up here?" asked Father Antony.

"Then you remember me?" queried Paul.

"I remember you," said Father Antony.

"The music compensated the child for the shattered toy," said Paul quietly. "Is there any compensation for a shattered faith?"

Father Antony rested his hands softly on the ivory keys.

"Suppose I hear the story," he said.

So up in that quiet place, with only Father Antony and the silent organ for audience, Paul told his tale. He told it very

simply, laying no blame at any door, mentioning no names. Somehow there seemed no breach of confidence, no disloyalty, in telling the story to this calm-faced Friar. His very remoteness from the busy world without, the very remoteness of the quiet church itself, seemed to enshroud the telling in a cloak of confidence.

"And in that other church," ended Paul, "your words came back to me: 'When something we love breaks we will always find something better, if only we keep our eyes open to see it, our ears open to hear it.' I could see and hear nothing, and so I came back to find you."

Father Antony had faced right round now. He was not looking at Paul, but at the curtained Tabernacle on the altar at the far end of the church.

"I think," he said thoughtfully, "that you came back to find Someone Else."

An old man was crossing a daisy covered field. He had no notion what had taken him through the wicket gate which led into the field, unless it was to find some shelter from the rays of the August sun, which was beating pitilessly down upon the white roadway beyond the field.

The old man was very tired. In his left hand he grasped a string which held a great bunch of colored air balloons, blue, pink, and yellow. In his right hand he grasped a stick, which supported his feeble steps.

At the further side of the field there was a big building. A thorn tree near the doorway threw a cool inviting shadow upon the grass. Here at least was shade where he might sit down and rest.

Coming near the building he saw a young Friar just about to enter the porch. The Friar turned and looked at the old man.

"Air balloons," said the Friar smiling, an odd whimsical smile.

"Fragile as our dreams," said the old man.

"Then you still make them?" asked Father Francis.

"I am too old to make either now," said the old man, flashing a look at his questioner from under his shaggy eyebrows. "I gave up the dreams long ago. Now the balloons have given

up me. Too rheumatic to work the treadle of the machine. Another younger fellow makes them, and I carry them around to sell."

"Ah," said Father Francis.

"And the children buy 'em because they're pretty," laughed the old man, a hoarse laugh like the croaking of a frog. "And when they're pricked the children cry."

Father Francis smiled.

"But when something you love breaks, you always find something better," he said.

The old man peered at him, half startled.

"The child said that," he muttered. "I've never forgotten, though I wanted to."

"Come into the church and rest," said Father Francis. "It is cool in there."

"I've not been inside a church for fifty years, for all that I'm a Catholic, or ought to be," said the old man.

"I know that," said Father Francis.

"How do you know that?" asked the old man, peering at him again.

"Maybe I know more than you think," was the smiling response. "But come into the church now."

"It's too late," said the old man.

"It is never too late," replied Father Francis.

Mechanically the old man dropped his bundle of air balloons in the porch, and followed the young Friar into the quiet coolness of the building. Awkwardly, unaccustomedly, his finger sought the holy water stoup near the door. Fifty years since he had made the Sign of the Cross, fifty years since he had bent his knee to Christ in the Tabernacle. He did both now.

"Rest a while," said Father Francis. "I will come back later."

For half an hour and more the old man sat in the shadowed church. There was no one to see the working of his throat, there was no one to see the clenching of his gnarled old hands. At last he got up, and went haltingly to the Sanctuary rail. Stiffly he knelt down.

Father Francis saw him there when he returned. The old man heard his footstep in the doorway, and rising, came to join him.

"It's too late," said the old man, but there was the faintest hint of query in the words.

"It is never too late," said Father Francis once again.

The old man bent to take up his colored balls. Then he sat down suddenly on the stone seat in the porch. Father Francis sat down beside him.

"It's odd," said the old man, "that of all the bad things I've done in my life one thing should come back to me more clearly than all. And yet most people would say it wasn't much of a wrong what I said."

"Perhaps it was not," said Father Francis.

"It haunts me," said the old man. "'He that shall scandalize one of these little ones,' you know the rest. I wanted to kill the faith that looked at me out of a child's eyes. Maybe I didn't kill it, but I wanted to. I can see him now walking away with his air balloon and his dreams. The balloon broke, but his faith didn't, at least not then. He came back, and said to me what you said a while ago."

Father Francis was looking through the doorway of the church.

"You didn't destroy that child's faith," he said. "Whatever faith that child had then, it was led on to something far better, far greater. He was led by the golden ball you gave him."

The old man stared at him.

"I was the child," said Father Francis.

Two great tears welled up in the old man's eyes, and rolled down his cheeks.

For a few moments neither spoke. Then—

"It's the millstone gone from my neck," said the old man. "Maybe it was foolishness, but I always felt it hanging there."

"And now it has gone, you know it is not too late," said Father Francis.

"For what?" said the old man half gruffly.

"To restore the shattered dreams of youth," said Father Francis smiling.

The old man was silent. At last he looked up, an odd humorous twinkle in his bleared old eyes.

"So the little boy whose golden ball got pricked is a priest, Father?"

"He is," smiled Father Francis.

"And the man who once dreamed dreams, who once fancied he was going to set the Thames on fire, fell down the ladder of his ambitions till he came to making air balloons."

"A Magician of Globes," said the young Friar.

The old man chuckled.

"I remember, I remember," he said. "And you got the golden ball for giving away the name. It's better magic you could work for me, eh, Father?"

Father Francis smiled. The old man looked at him.

"Are you ready to work that magic for me, Father? To bring back the dreams of youth to a soiled old soul?"

"I am," said Father Francis.

"Now?" asked the old man.

"At once, if you will," was the quiet response.

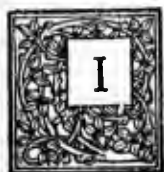
The old man got up stiffly from the stone bench. He looked at the great bunch of colored balls towards which a little shaft of sunlight was creeping.

"Afterwards I'll give 'em to the children," he said, "and maybe your philosophy with them."

And so the old man and the young Friar passed again into the cool shadows of the quiet church, while the sunlight, shifting yet more into the stone porch, fell full upon the colored globes—blue, pink, and shining gold.

HANDS ACROSS ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL.

BY JOHN BARNES.



IRELAND and England have been called the Sister Islands. Nature, it seems, intended them to be such. It is no stretch of fancy to believe that Providence designed that the bonds should be closer still in the order of grace. The first link of the chain—the largest, the strongest, and of the purest metal—is the great Apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick himself. Roman by extraction, as befits one that was to spread the faith that knows no distinction of Jew or Gentile, Celt or Saxon, he was Briton, as appears from the best account, by the accident of birth, and Irish by election. However great the debt of Hibernia to Britannia for her great Apostle, it was soon repaid with usury in the swarm of missionaries that crossed the channel and made the faith in England blossom like the rose.

Then came the long centuries of a common faith, followed by the centuries, fewer in number but more striking to the eye of an historian, of a common share in martyrdom, pillage, imprisonment and exile. How it has fared since then, it is not for us, nor is this the place, to balance the accounts in the ledger between the Church in England and the Church in Ireland. And after all, it is poor work to be higgling and haggling about who has been more generous with a few paltry pence out of the thousand pounds, which they both have received gratis from the Giver of every good gift. But surely no one that loves the faith, which once made England Merry England, can look back to the “eve of Catholic emancipation” or the “dawn of the Catholic revival,” or, to take something more recent, ponder upon the present condition of the English Catholic schools, without a feeling of gratitude for what Irish Catholics have done for the Church in England.

In a previous article in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* we pointed out that there is an abundance of literature to show there are Englishmen capable of doing justice to Ireland, and able to express their views in a manner which compels the attention of the world. Here we aim to show the harmony of

thought between two men dear to Catholics all the world over—the great Cardinal Newman, an ardent Englishman, and the amiable Aubrey De Vere, an Irishman by birth and predilection.

The seven years just after the turn of the century, during which Newman held the Rectorship of the Irish University, gave him an opportunity of forming, at first hand, some opinions about England's troublesome neighbor—an opportunity which would not be lost upon one of his active intelligence and shrewd powers of observation. We do not find him, however, betraying any of the impatience with which some of his countrymen have rushed home from a foreign land—Dickens, for instance, from America or Italy, or Thackeray from Ireland itself—to amuse or irritate better instructed readers with their superficially formed impressions. The year 1866 furnishes us with a letter of his to R. W. Church, which contains a remark about Ireland as strong as any that has come down to us, but he drops it only incidentally and as illustrating other matters, particularly the ignorance in which the English are kept by their newspapers, above all by the *Times*. But it is not until the early eighties, when Gladstone's Home Rule Bills were agitating all England, that we find him inclined to express himself, and then only in some confidential letters. For Newman was, as he says himself, "no politician." He did, indeed, on one occasion, write a political tract, which is a proof of what he could do if he chose, on a matter of public interest; but it was a fixed habit of his to hold aloof from the game of politics.

How far he carried this is seen in the well-known instance of the shock he caused by his reply to some question about Cardinal Manning's temperance agitation, "that he did not know whether there were too many saloons in England or not," which, properly interpreted, was no sign of flippancy, but rather of what has just been mentioned, his reluctance to express an opinion on a subject which he had not carefully considered. So the few remarks which he lets fall on the subject of Ireland are not to be regarded as the off-hand sayings of one who is ready to express his views on anything and everything. On the contrary they drop from him as the ripe fruit of experience and reflection. Brief as they are, they are enough to make us regret that the great Cardinal did not give

us a formal treatise. For they show that then Ireland would have received the benefit of his rare gift of going to the heart of a matter in controversy.

Writing at a time when the land was filled with noisy clamor, he displays the philosophic temper by standing still to distinguish between the *ardor civium prava jubentium* and the voice of reason. And all the more weight is given to his words when he shows himself here, as elsewhere, English to the core, and manifests a consciousness that the course which justice dictates is not the one to which his feelings incline him. This is only what was to be expected of one who raised his voice in protest against the frivolous repetition of Cowper's line: "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still." Thus, in a letter to his nephew, Mr. J. R. Mozley, bearing the date of October 24, 1881, he says: "I am no politician. I have long thought that the Irish would gain Home Rule in some shape.

. . . But I am no advocate for such issue, rather it seems to me a blow on the power of England as serious as it is retributive."¹

Only a few days before he had written to the same correspondent in a strain which, while it lets us see something of the ground on which he judged the political separation of the two islands to be a matter of time, likewise shows him far more enlightened than those politicians who, even in our own day, succeed in blinding themselves to the real issues at stake. Blind, indeed, must be that politician who thinks to appease Ireland's hunger for her national ideals with the promise of a full dinner pail.

"Cromwell, and others," he says, "have by their conduct to the Irish, burned into the national heart a deep hatred of England, and, if the population perseveres, the sentiment of patriotism and the latent sense of historical wrongs will hinder even the more rational, and calm judging, the most friendly to England, from separating themselves from their countrymen." A truly illuminating gloss on the conduct of those, thanks to whose bungling the Irish people are united as they never were united before. He then adds a trait as familiar to all that have had Irish neighbors as it is to the Irish themselves: "They are abundantly warmhearted and friendly to individual Englishmen, of that I have clear experience in my

¹ Ward's *Newman*, II., p. 518.

own case, but what I believe, though I have no large experience to appeal to, is, that there is not one Anglophilist in the nation."²

When Newman says that he doubts the existence of "one Anglophilist in the nation," he leads us to believe that his shadow must never have darkened the purlieus of Dublin Castle. Most of us with less favorable opportunities for study have met Irishmen more Anglophile than the English themselves. The Ireland that would be satisfactory to the ruling classes is one that has absorbed the spirit of Dublin Castle. The attempt to bring this about—to make an Englishman out of an Irishman—has been productive of untold misery in the past, and it will continue to produce vexation of spirit until England either gives over the attempt, or, as Cardinal Newman seems to think not impossible, has at last exterminated the native race.

On this subject some remarks made during the War before an Oxford audience are worth quoting. Though the lecturer makes no mention of Ireland, it is hard to see how either he or his hearers could fail to think of her at a time when the eyes of the world were upon her. What he says is none the less apposite, because it would have been neither uttered nor listened to in reference to Ireland. "Speaking for my own side, I should be surprised to learn that as a race the Scots are less proud of their nationality and its heroes, or less attached to their historical memories, than they ever were at any period in the past. I believe they are only more intensely Scottish, as a rule, than they formerly were. The truth is this. The more intense is the spirit of nationalism in its highest and best form, the more powerful is the appreciation of the wider Imperial patriotism. In the fostering of that Imperial patriotism the worst possible course would be to discourage and try to extirpate the national idiosyncracies, and to aim at a dead level of universal similarity to one general type. The truest Scotsman, the most characteristic and typical Englishman, is the best and most patriotic citizen of the Empire. Each may find it difficult to appreciate the other."³

What looks like an important omission, even in the few desultory remarks thrown out by Newman, is his failure to

² *Ibid.*, p. 517.

³ Sir W. M. Ramsay, Romanes lecture, *The Imperial Peace. (Dante's Ideal)*, p. 20.

touch upon the religious aspects of the problem. In this, however, he shows himself the experienced master of fence, too wary to be thrown off his guard. There was a time when the religious question was cast upon the flames of political strife and made them leap up with intenser fury. But that day has passed. The original cause of the strife, as Newman discerned, is to be found in the Union. "As to Ireland, judging by what I saw in Ireland twenty years ago, the question between the countries is not one of land or property, but of *union*."⁴ It was during the centuries between the Second and the Eighth Henry, when, not only in England and Ireland, but throughout all Europe, there was a common faith, that the two most deadly strokes at the nationality of Ireland were aimed—the Statutes of Kilkenny and the Poynings Act—the former devised for the express purpose of erecting an artificial barrier between the invaders and the native population ("a war on babes," as it is called by Ireland's poet), the latter, the means by which Ireland was stripped of autonomy. This was restored for a short space during a moment of panic, only to be snatched away again when she was perfidiously robbed of her Parliament.

And so during Newman's stay in Ireland he had his eyes opened to a point of view which is itself a sufficient refutation of the fallacy that lies in the analogy (first proposed, I believe, by ex-President Taft, whom some of his friends are grieved to see in such company) between Ireland in the Empire and the Confederate States in the Union. Newman's words, in the letter to his nephew, already quoted, are these:

"Observe, Gladstone the other day at Leeds complained of the little support given him by the middle class and gentry in Ireland. I think it was at the time of the Fenian rising that the *Times* had an article to the same effect. Gladstone seemed to think them cowards: no, they are patriots. I knew, when in Ireland, one of the leaders of the Smith O'Brien movement in 1848; his boast was that from Henry II.'s time the people had *never* (italics Newman's) condoned the English occupation. They had by a succession of risings, from then till now, protested against it."⁵

In a letter to Father Hopkins of six years later date, he comes back to the same idea in stronger language: "There is

⁴ Italics Newman's, *loc. cit.*, p. 517.

⁵ *Loc. cit.* II., p. 517.

one consideration, however, which you omit. The Irish Patriots hold that they never have yielded themselves to the sway of England, and therefore never have been under her laws, and never have been rebels. This does not diminish the force of your picture, but it suggests that there is no help, no remedy. If I were an Irishman, I should be (in heart) a rebel. Moreover, to clench the difficulty the Irish character and tastes are very different from the English."⁶

On such grounds as these extracts furnish, it may fairly be claimed for Newman that he shows himself ready to live up to an ideal that looks more beautiful in a literary theory than in the practice of English politicians—the ideal of fair play. Had he, at the turning point of his life, embarked with Gladstone upon a career of politics, we should probably know him now as one of those few of her great statesmen who have realized this ideal in a world of imperfections by taking as the motto of their lives *fiat justitia ruat coelum*.

When justice is at last done to Ireland, as surely some day it must be, it will not be through the good offices of those who are pouring armored cars into Inisfail and darkening her skies with Fokers and exploding bombs in the cottages of her peasants; but because events have made it "politic to be just." For it holds of justice as of truth—"the eternal years of God are hers." About the politicians Newman once expressed his opinion in a sermon of his Protestant days. It comes to the lines of Wordsworth:

Earth is sick,
And Heaven is weary, of the hollow words
Which States and Kingdoms utter when they talk
Of truth and justice.⁷

Let us turn now to the representative of another view, to Newman's close friend and ardent admirer, Aubrey De Vere. The two men, much as they had in common, were cast in different molds. Love is not the word to express Newman's feelings towards Ireland. Rather we have seen him triumphing over his feelings to render Ireland her due. But Aubrey De Vere loved Ireland passionately. After the Church, into whose fold he was led by following the bent of his noble nature, Ireland forms the staple of his poetry. Those who reflect that

⁶ *Loc. cit.* il., p. 527.

⁷ *Excursion* v. 378-382.

poets sometimes drop their shield upon the battlefield and run home to write patriotic odes, and that lover's vows are often only sighs of wind may think lightly of this. But Aubrey's hand went with his heart, and his purse was in his hand. Had he never written a verse, every one that loves Ireland and knows the story of his beautiful life, would love Aubrey De Vere. It was not his poetry that won for him the attachment of the peasantry, among whom he passed his days. They loved him as the Irish heart knows how to love in return for affection and generosity.

Beneath the repulsive exterior where the rags and squalor were all that Carlyle could see through the scales of his insular prejudice, the poet's eye discerned a spiritual beauty that charmed him to admiration. Thus he writes, in 1846, in a letter to a friend during the famine period: "In this part of the country there is little *except want* to contend with; but some of the scenes which I have witnessed in the wilder parts of the country are desolate indeed. In one day I have sat within nearly eighty mud hovels, without windows or chimneys—the roof so low that you could not (in some cases) stand upright, and within and around a mass of squalidness and filth. Many a trait of native goodness, or even refinement, I have noticed in such an abode—many a countenance I have marked traced with the characters of goodness, long endurance, and piety, though seen dimly through a veil not only of pallor and smoke, but one worn by the blasts and rain of many an adverse year. And in the midst of these horrors I have seen such strange gleams of humor, and heard many a sad tale told with gay indifference. I told you just now that life seems to me a lighter and more fleeting thing than ever; and yet no less true is it, that I have never before been half so deeply impressed with the duty of doing what in us lies to lighten its load to the thousands who surround us, and whom, directly or indirectly, we may benefit, if only we take the trouble of going among them, sympathizing with them, and understanding them. I am sure that the poor are on the whole the best. In all those homes of misery I never heard an impatient murmur."⁸

The daily scenes before his eyes of virtue in the midst of squalor, and contentment in the midst of cruel suffering,

⁸ Letter to Mrs. Villiers, in Ward's *Aubrey De Vere, A Memoir*, p. 121.

melted into the image of a glorified Erin, before which he fell on his knees in worship. What though the world looked on with indifference or scorn, the angels were admiring unseen, and the judgments of men are not the judgments of God. In his *Recollections* there is a striking passage which brings this out well: "I often call to mind a sermon preached in Limerick by Father Faber of the Oratory, who had been passing some days at Tervoe, one in which he dwelt much on the past of Ireland, and much on her future. 'Do not imagine,' he said, 'that Ireland will ever be a nation with a splendid political or a prosperous commercial career, like those of Genoa or Venice of old. It is no material obstacle, no historical accident that stands in her way. It is a holier greatness, a more exalted destiny, that forbids a lower one. Ireland's vocation is, as it has ever been, an Apostolic one. She may be true to it, or she may be false to it; but if she forgets it or discards it, she will meet with success in no other forever. As at the time of her only real greatness—her missionary greatness—the heathen are her inheritance: let her remember that first, and then all she needs besides will be "added unto her."' I remember the looks, some of amusement, and some of displeasure, which were exchanged by many persons in that church as he spoke; but I remember also that when the preacher was taking his departure, many of the humbler class rushed forward and kissed the hem of his garment. They, at least, made no mistake as to his meaning, though they had never heard him say, 'Those who travel in Ireland have one great joy. They cannot but see that the great majority of the poor are living in the grace of God.'"⁹

Again in those prefaces which he had the un-Browning-like habit of prefixing to his works to tell their poetic purpose, he takes the same view with a wider horizon of space and time. For instance in the preface to *Inisfail*: "The chief aim of *Inisfail* was to indicate that sole point of view from which Irish history possesses a meaning. One great vocation has been guaranteed to Ireland by many great qualifications, and by many great disqualifications. When Religion and Missionary Enterprise ruled the Irish Heart and Hand, Ireland reached the chief greatness she has known within historic times, and the only greatness which has lasted. When the

same Heart and Hand return to the same task, Ireland will reap the full harvest of her sorrowful centuries. She will then also inherit both a Greatness and a Happiness, perhaps such as is tendered to her along among the Nations."¹⁰

Nevertheless all his admiration for Ireland's courage in bearing the Cross, did not make him forget the injustice of those by whose cruelty a field was offered for the exercise of Irish virtue. Indeed, on one occasion, his zeal carried him so far that he took up his pen for the task, alien to his nature, of writing a political tract. This pamphlet would repay a glance on its own account, did space allow. To show that it was not written in vain, a brief citation or two from the expressions of opinion, which it elicited, will be the best proof.

"No one can sympathize more than I do," wrote John Stuart Mill, "in the feeling that pervades your book, that England is not entitled to throw the first stone at Ireland, being, so far as that expression can be used of a nation, guilty of all the guilt as well as all the suffering and folly of Ireland. I have always strenuously urged the same doctrine in all I have ever written or said about Irish affairs, which is not a little in quantity at least."¹¹ "I see no solution now but self-government for Ireland, imperial matters being reserved," was the comment of Matthew Arnold.¹² But no one expressed himself more strongly than Sir James Stephens, who wrote as follows: "The real cause of the calamities of Ireland is the want, not the excess, of the belligerent character and qualities among the Celtic race . . . If the Irish had resisted your ancestors half as gallantly as my ancestors, the Scotch, wrestled against Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts, England would have become just, humane, and liberal, in the only way in which nations ever acquire these virtues—that is by being well beaten into them. . . . May God guide, sustain, and help you in the strenuous use of those opportunities for mitigating the very wretchedest condition into which any nation, within the precincts of the civilized world, has ever yet been brought, since the subversion of the Roman Empire."¹³ One jarring note was caused by Carlyle, who answered with a sneer, and improved the opportunity to preach his favorite doctrine of the right of might.¹⁴

¹⁰ Page xxxii.¹¹ *Loc. cit.*, p. 132.¹² *Ibid.*, p. 350.¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 135.¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 134.

These two writers have been chosen as the spokesmen, to whom Catholics the world over will be most ready to listen, of two views, both of which express the truth, neither of which can leave the other out of account, and in the harmonious combination of which must rest, under Providence, the hopes of Ireland's future.

In the tenor of Aubrey De Vere's remarks we hear a voice coming from the warm magnanimous heart of the Catholic poet; and he has with him the heart of every Catholic in saying that Erin has chosen well between the world and Christ, and that consequently she has produced something more venerable in her hedge-schoolmasters than an Oxford or a Cambridge Don, and nobler types of heroism in a Plunkett and a Sarsfield and an O'Connell than a Cecil or a Marlborough or a Disraeli. And so it is impossible to condemn Aubrey De Vere's view outright, because it has in it so much truth of history and so much of the spirit of Irish faith. But if pushed too far it refutes itself by a *reductio ad absurdum*. That patience is a virtue is no reason why a statesman should seek for a people opportunities of suffering. Thus the first Christians would have stayed in their catacombs, the Crusaders would have left the Sepulchre in the hands of the infidel, Catholics today would be handing over the weak things of the world to be the sport of the Superman. The anomaly has been stated by no one more clearly or strongly than by Aubrey himself, in a letter of 1868 to Charles Spring Rice: "Now he (Gladstone) knows that twenty years ago all the Liberals in England maintained with Macaulay and Arnold that all the civilized world could show nothing more absurdly unjust, and nothing more unwise and un-Christian, than the religious supremacy of a small and modern minority, in the midst of an ancient Catholic nation like Ireland."¹⁵

No higher blessing can be wished for Ireland than that she should suffer as long as such is the will of Heaven; but she would be working against, not with, Providence, if she refused to raise an arm to shelter herself from injustice and cruelty.

¹⁵ In Ward, *loc. cit.*, p. 289.

BY A WESTERN SHORE.

BY J. F. SCOFIELD.



IT is not easy to believe that this still, almost land-locked, expanse of sea is indeed the rolling Atlantic. Over the one glimpse of open water the sun is dipping down in a splendor of gold and crimson that fades towards the zenith into primrose and palest green. Westward rise the great peaks of Rum, and the high line of Eigg, ending in its curved and pointed "Seuir." Far beyond them, and invisible, lies the mighty breakwater of the Long Islands—the chain of isles from Barra to the Butt of Lewis—against which even on the calmest summer day the surge breaks with a roar as it meets the rocks. There is nothing but three thousand miles of restless sea between those rocks and the barren coast of Northern Labrador. Away to the north stretches the Sound of Sleat and the massed peaks of the "Coolins" in Skye.

There is a strange magic about every western shore, as if some spell, all beneficent but with a touch of sadness, were laid upon it; and nowhere can this be more strongly felt than among these Highland locks and sounds. Given an unclouded horizon, the sunset is a daily ritual of unutterable splendor. And when the winding shore, clothed here and there to its very edge in oak and rowan, hazel and fir, lies at last in shadow, the huge peaks of Moidart, away to the southeast, are still glowing with intensest purple, still splendid with the glory of the departed day. The breeze from the northwest, laden with the mingled sweetness of sea and heather, is like a draught of wine, and bears upon it the secular joy of mere existence—the sense of how good it is simply to *be*, and to drink in all these enchanted wonders.

Until comparatively recent years but few strangers had discovered this western coastline of Inverness-shire. Even the West Highland Railway has not entirely removed its blessed isolation. The changes, small as they are, which have been brought about by the "opening up" of the country, do not commend themselves to all the inhabitants. It is no doubt of some

advantage to be within a few hours of the turmoil of Glasgow, and to be able to send your fish to Billingsgate in one day. But an old Highlander expressed the judgment of a good many besides himself when he said: "Oh, aye, it wass a fine country before the railway came."

They are a fine race, these Western Highlanders, and perhaps nowhere is the Celtic stock seen to more advantage than in the strip of country that includes Glenfinnan, Moidart, Arisaig, and Morar. Every crofter gives you the impression of being a gentleman in his own right; independence of character, self-respect, unfailing courtesy, and a gentleness that has no touch of weakness, make him a delightful companion. Stranger and Sassenach though you may be, these good people will give you the most warm and disinterested welcome when once they realize that you esteem and care for them. And when you have become their friend, even of a few weeks' standing, they will open out to you delightfully. There is nothing "dour" about them. The true Highlander has no "side" or bluster, though he has plenty of his own sort of pride. With an inborn keen humor, not apparent at first acquaintance, perhaps, he can take down the conceit of the loud-voiced and self-satisfied Anglo-Saxon. An unsuccessful (and unskillful) sportsman once complained loudly of his bad luck to a keeper not a hundred miles from Moidart and assigned it, quite unwarrantably, to the absence of deer in a certain forest. Donald complacently rejoined: "Oh, there was certainly a deer here a year ago, and a chentleman from London, he would stalk it every day; but no doubt the beast iss tired and hass gone away."

Historically and traditionally, the Jacobite has it all his own way here. The whole countryside is full of memories of the Prince who, but for the ill-advised retreat from Derby, might well have reigned in after years as King Charles III. of Great Britain and Ireland. On the shore of Loch-nan-Uamh (the Lock of the Caves), three miles from Arisaig, he landed on June 25, 1745, and hence, in the following year, he sailed again for France. At Borrodale House, hard by, he is said to have lain both in the first flush of his hope and when he was wandering, a fugitive with a price upon his head, after the butchery of Culloden. At Kinlochmoidart the avenue is pointed out where he paced for hours meditating his cam-

paign that was to bring back his countrymen to their old loyalty. The monument by Loch Shiel marks the spot where he unfurled the Royal Standard. Glen Bleasdale, by Arisaig, was the scene of part of his broken-hearted wanderings; and by the beach of Loch-nan-Uamh is a cave where he lay hid waiting for the French frigate to bear him back to exile.

Wheeling my cycle one day up a stiff hill in company with a member of His Majesty's Postal Service, the talk turned on Prince Charlie and the '45. "It wass a pity," he said, "the Stuarts did not seem to make very good rulers—maybe it might not have been so good for the country if he had won. But," he added with a ring of unalterable conviction, "King James wass the King for all that—oh aye, he wass the King."

The conversion of thousands of square miles of country into "valuable sporting estates" has caused distress unspeakable, and has drained the Highlands of much of its best asset. Men are really more valuable than stags; and men like these Highlanders are worth indefinitely more than some land-owners and their millionaire shooting tenants. It is only fair to remember, at the same time, that much forest land consists of mountain-tops totally incapable of cultivation. But no one can deny that the Highlands did and could still support a far larger population than at present exists, and that the depopulation has been almost entirely the result of selfish avarice.

There is no poverty, as we understand the word in cities, in this particular stretch of country, except such as is purely accidental, such as the result of long-continued sickness. The little crofts appear to provide a fair livelihood to their tenants who, in many cases, hold them from generation to generation. In one parish an excellent association, of which the parish priest is a chief organizer, provides a distributing centre for poultry, eggs, etc. The crofters certainly are the right men for a generous scheme of peasant ownership.

In the first half of the last century this, like many other Highland districts, was noted for the manufacture, in defiance of the Excise Laws, of the national liquor. Many an illicit still flourished in remote farmhouses and among the hillside heather. The wet and stormy climate during a good part of the year does not tend to produce teetotalers, but there is little evidence of any excess. The story is told of a farmer who, in the early years of the nineteenth century, suddenly found

his distilling operations interrupted by a small posse of preventive men; he was a man of immense physical strength, and being convinced that he was morally innocent of all evil-doing, he put the excise officers to flight with a few well-directed swings of his brawny arms. It was evident that the disturbers of his peace would shortly return in overwhelming force, so he effectually concealed his "worm" and other appliances, and in a few hours was on his way to France, where he lived for long and eventually embraced the ecclesiastical state. He finally returned to his own country, and by many years of devoted work on the Highland Mission proved himself as capable in the shepherding of souls as he had been in the rearing of cattle and the distilling of the national beverage.

Centuries of persecution of the most relentless, and at the same time of the meanest, kind have not availed to change the religion of these Highland folk. The apostasy never came the length of "Blessed Morar," where, until provision was made for outsiders brought by the railway, there was not a place of worship that was not of the Ancient Faith. The occasional insignificant-looking Presbyterian church has about as much to do with the life of the people as a whole, as an Anglican Church in Connemara or a Methodist temple in Rome. The small Protestant minority live in all friendliness with their Catholic neighbors.

The handful of "Wee Frees" (the cult is limited to a few families) seem to have succeeded by their theological, and occasionally personal, violence in throwing the sympathies of the ministers and people of the Established Church far more on the Catholic side than might otherwise have been the case. These "Wee Frees"—the remnant of the Free Church of 1843, which indignantly refused to follow the majority in the fusion between their denomination and that of the United Presbyterians in 1900—are a quaint handful. In spite of their wild ways there is something almost heroic in the persistence with which they held on to a lost and dismally uninteresting cause. In one village, where the minister had "gone into the Union," his small flock, on the following Sunday, assaulted the poor man, stripped him of his gown and I know not what else, and made a bonfire of his apparel, of the church harmonium and hymn books, thus relieving their overcharged feelings. I had the fact from the neighboring Established minister.

The practical Catholicity of the Highland faithful is magnificent in its stability. It is intensely conservative, and such efforts as that of our late Holy Father, Pius X., to lead Catholics to frequent and daily Communion, require a long time before they become effectual. This is, however, partly due to the vast extent of the parishes. Besides, the luxuries, as distinct from the necessities, of Catholic worship are not, as yet, greatly in evidence. But the essential Catholic loyalty and devotion of the people is beyond mistake, and commands deepest admiration and reverence. For generations the lack of native clergy was supplied as far as possible by priests from Ireland, who came over from the Sister Isle and, disguised as shepherds with plaid across their shoulders and a faithful sheep-dog at their heels, went from village to village, over pathless moors and often perilous seas, to give the Sacraments of Life, and sustain and console the scattered flocks of the Divine Shepherd.

This is one of the innumerable and unforgettable blessings that we, in Great Britain, owe to the Church across the Irish Channel. We, by our Government, have done all we could to hurt and harm; and our brothers from Erin have, in sweetest revenge, heaped upon our undeserving heads the coals of the fire of Divine Charity. So they held the fort for the Highland priests who, at the earliest possible moment, resumed the charge of their faithful children. Their names form a roll splendid with heroism and devotion.

Distances have no terror for the Highlander. The people come miles on foot to church and to lay in their week's provisions (whatever their own crofts do not provide), at the one "store" in the *clachan*. Schoolboys and schoolgirls think nothing of two or three miles to and from school, barefooted, except in the depth of winter. To go barefoot is, of course, no sign of poverty with these Highland folk, but of due regard to comfort, health, and economy. Although shy as young colts at first, these lads and lassies make charming friends. It is impossible not to recognize in their innocence and kindliness the fruit of the Faith their fathers would not barter. In its strength they are growing up to witness, in their turn, to the Truth by loyalty to Church and Country.

One trifling recollection is a symbol of their whole character. A few minutes' talk on a sea-girt road, brought about

by a request for information as to the local geography, led to an acquaintance with two children, about fourteen and twelve years old. When we said good-bye, one of the girls silently, and with a shy smile, put a piece of white heather in my hand. From end to end of the Highlands that gift has one meaning: "Good luck!" From these "Children of the Mist" the greeting is almost a benediction.

THE SOURCE.

BY CAPTAIN HARRY LEE,

Of the Red Cross.

My faith in you
Is like my faith in God,
For well I know
That God in you abides.
How can I fear
But that you will be strong
Whatever chance or change
Your life betides.

When I have seen
Your calm eyes melt and fill,
I've known He whispered words
I could not hear,
And when you spoke,
I knew the Sacred Source.
God dwells in you,
Then never need I fear.

I've seen the stars
From God's blue heaven shine,
I've seen the daisies
Shining from His sod.
And then I've thought of you.
My faith in you
Is like my faith in God.

THE LOYALIST.

BY JAMES FRANCIS BARRETT.

CHAPTER VII.



IN the front of the meeting hall stood a small platform, surmounted by a table surrounded by chairs. Several men were seated there, interested in a conversation, somewhat subdued in its tone and manner. The chairs, settees, and benches throughout the room were being filled by the so-called volunteers, who entered and took their places with an air of wonder and indecision. Already two-thirds of the seats were taken and every face turned and re-turned to the door at every footstep.

The small door to the side was of course barred; but in response to the slightest knock, it was opened by an attendant, assigned for that purpose. Names were asked, and the cards of admission were collected with a certain formality before the aspirant gained admittance. There was no introduction, no hurry, no excitement.

"What's your name?" the man at the door was heard to say to one who had tapped for admittance.

"Cadwalader," was the reply. "James Cadwalader."

"Got your card?"

There was no response, only the production of a small white card.

A strong, athletic individual, clad in a checked shirt and a red flannel jacket, a leathern apron, and a pair of yellow buckskin breeches, entered and stood for a moment looking about the hall. His eyes fell upon the group gathered around the table at the forward end of the room. Two of them he recognized, Colonel Clifton and John Anderson, the latter with his back to the audience. There were many familiar faces in the chairs throughout the room, some of whom he knew had expected him, and accordingly had given him a slight recognition. Slowly, and in a manifestly indifferent manner, he made his way to the front row of chairs, where he seated himself, and listened sharply to the little group conversing upon the platform until he had satisfied himself that there was nothing of importance under discussion.

The room was filling rapidly. Some wore the appearance of contentment and composure; some laughed and talked in a purely disinterested and indifferent manner; others looked the picture

of unrest and dissatisfaction, and wore a scowl of disappointment and defeat. These latter Stephen recognized at once and hurriedly made an estimate of their number. Not a voice was raised above a whisper. Drama was in the air.

The guard at the door advanced to the front of the hall to announce to Mr. Anderson that the full quota was present. Whereupon the latter arose from his chair and swept with his gaze the entire room which the dim light of the torches only partly revealed. Satisfied with his scrutiny, however, he turned and again conferred with his associates, who nodded their heads in acceptance of his suggestion. They then sat back in their chairs, while he came to the centre of the platform and awaited the cessation of the hum which had now become audible.

"Let me begin by taking further assurance of your number," he said, "for which purpose I shall call the roll of names to which I respectfully ask you to respond."

Then followed the reading of the roll-call to which each man, at the mention of his name, signified his presence in the room. Stephen's heart fluttered as he replied boldly to the name of "James Cadwalader."

There were eight names to which no reply was given. These very likely would come later, or perhaps they had reconsidered their action and had decided not to come at all. Those present numbered eighty-six, Stephen learned from the count.

"I shall take this opportunity of distributing among you the papers of enlistment that you may read the terms of agreement, and these I shall ask you to sign at the close of this meeting."

As Anderson finished this sentence, he passed to several aids, a bundle of papers which they promptly dealt out to the members of the proposed company. He then proceeded:

"You have assembled this evening, my dear friends and co-religionists, to translate into definite action the convictions by which you have been impelled to undertake this important business. Our presence means that we are ready to put into deeds the inspirations which have always dominated our minds. It means that we are about to make a final thrust for our religious convictions, and prove that we are worthy descendants of the men who established in this land freedom of religious worship, and bequeathed it to us as a priceless heritage."

This Anderson is a clever fellow, thought Stephen, and a fluent talker. Already his eloquence had brought quiet to the room, and caused those who were fumbling with the papers to let them fall motionless in their laps. But what a knave! Here

he was deliberately playing upon the sympathies of his audience in the rôle of a Catholic.

"We have signified our intention of taking this momentous step, because we are of the undivided opinion that our rights have been attained, and having been attained, there remains no further cause for martial strife. No longer do grounds of contention between us and the mother country exist. Our bill of rights has been read abroad and honored, and overtures of conciliation have already been made. The object for which we linked our forces with the rebel standard, the happiness, the supreme happiness of our country, has been gained. We no longer desire open warfare.

"The idea of an American Parliament, with its members of American birth, is a welcome one. It is a fitting, worthy ambition. We are confident that we are capable, at this juncture, of enacting our own laws and of giving them the proper sanction. We are capable of raising our own taxes. We are worthy of conducting our own commerce in every part of the civilized globe as free citizens of the British Empire. And we are convinced that we should enjoy for this purpose the blessings of good government, not necessarily self-government, and that we should be sustained by all the power requisite to uphold it, as befits free and independent children bonded together in a concert of purpose.

"This we desire; this, of course. But we seek also that freedom in matters of religious worship without which no nation can attain to any degree of greatness. Under a government conducted solely and independently by the Colonists we know that such a consummation would be impossible. I need not remind you of the deplorable state of affairs which obtained previous to the opening of hostilities. I need not recall to your minds the anti-Catholic declaration of the Continental Congresses. I need not recall to you the machinations of John Jay, or the manifest antipathy of the Adams, or the Hamiltons, or the Paines. I need not recall to you how the vaunted defenders of American liberties and freedom expressed their supreme detestation of Catholics and all things Catholic, and how they were determined that the nightmare of Popery should never hold sway over these free and independent Colonies as it does even now in Canada. I need not recall how the Colonies, with the sole exception of this colony of Pennsylvania, debarred the free and legitimate exercise of your religion within their bounds, and restricted its public ceremonies; how you were restricted by oaths required by law, even here in Pennsylvania, which you could not take had you

been so successful as to be chosen to office. I need not remind you of these truths. You already know them. It would be idle to repeat them."

"This man is exceedingly dangerous," muttered Stephen, "and exceedingly well-informed." He jotted down several notes on the reverse of his paper.

"We have been displeased with the conduct of the war, immeasurably so. And we have lost all faith in the good will of our fellow colonists, in matters religious as well as in matters political. They have refused to treat with the ministers of conciliation. We are about to join our forces to those of the mother country in order that we may render our own poverty-stricken land an everlasting service. We are destined to take our places among a band of true and genuine patriots, who have, above all things else, the welfare of their own land at heart, and we are about to commit ourselves to this course together with our fortunes and our lives. Since our people are blinded by the avarice and the prejudice of their leaders, we shall take into our own hands the decision and the fortunes of this war, trusting that our cause may be heard at the bar of history when strict judgment shall be meted out. We have broken with our people in the hope that the dawn of better days may break through the clouds that now overshadow us,"

He paused, for a moment, to study the temper of his audience. There was no sound, and so he continued.

"It is the glory of the British soldier that he is the defender, not the destroyer, of the civil and the religious rights of the people. Witness the tolerant care of your mother country in the bestowal of religious liberties to the inhabitants of our once oppressed neighbor, Canada. The Quebec Act was the greatest concession ever granted in the history of the British Parliament, and it secured for the Canadians the freedom of that worship so dear and so precious to them. So great was the tolerance granted to the Catholics of the North, that your fellow colonists flew to arms lest a similar concession be made here. It was the last straw that broke the bonds of unity. For, henceforth, it was decreed that only a complete and independent separation from the British Parliament could secure to the people the practice of the Protestant faith.

"Now we come to the real purpose of this organization. We are about to pledge ourselves to the restoration of our faith through the ultimate triumph of the British arms. Nobody outside of America believes that she can ever make good her claims of independence. No one has ever taken seriously her attempt at

self-government. France, alone, actuated by that ancient hatred for England, inspired by the lust of conquest and the greed of spoliation, has sent her ships to our aid. But has she furnished the Colonies with a superior force of arms? Has she rendered herself liable for any independence? Your mother country alone has made this benign offer to you, and it is to her alone that you can look and be assured of any reconciliation and peace.

"Victory, once assured, will establish peace and everlasting happiness. Victory, now made possible only by the force of arms, will assure us toleration in religious matters. And why not? This fratricidal strife should not occasion any personal hatred. England is not our foe, but our mother in arms against whom we have conceived an unjust grievance. Let us lay aside our guns for the olive. Since our fellow-citizens will not accept just terms of conciliation, let us compel them to do so by the strength of our arms.

"Tomorrow we embark for New York at the place of landing indicated on the papers of enlistment. There we shall be incorporated into a regiment of a thousand men. The recruiting there has met with unlooked-for success. Colonel Clifton reports that the ranks already are filled. Your admission alone is awaited, and the ship which will bear you down the waters of the Susquehanna tomorrow will carry a message of cheer to those who have already intrusted themselves, their destinies, their all to the realization of our common hope.

"You will now take the oath of allegiance to the government of His Majesty, which I shall administer to you in a body. Tomorrow at the hour of eight I shall meet you at the pier of embarkation. I shall be glad to accompany you to reveal to you my interest in your behalf. Only with a united front can we hope for success, and to this purpose we have dedicated our lives and our fortunes. I shall ask you to rise to a man, with your right arm upraised, to take the oath of allegiance to your King."

The spell that held them broke and the bustle began. A mumble filled the room, followed by moments of animated discussion. Neighbor spoke to neighbor in terms of approval or plied him with questions menacing and entreating. Anderson maintained his composure to allow them to settle again into a period of quietude before the administration of the oath. At length Stephen arose as if to question, and was given permission to speak by the chairman, Mr. Anderson.

"What immunity does His Majesty's Government guarantee to us after the war?"

"The usual guarantee will, of course, be made," Anderson replied.

"Does that mean that we shall be reëstablished in the goodwill of our fellow-citizens?" Stephen again inquired.

"Unquestionably. When the Colonists see the immense benefits which they have acquired, they will readily condone all wrongs."

Intense interest was already manifest throughout the room. Faces were eagerly bent forward lest a word be lost.

"Such considerations are irrelevant to our purpose," dismissed Anderson with a wave of the hand.

"It is of vital consequence to us, however. We must return to our people to live with them, and we cannot live in an atmosphere of hatred. Who knows that our lives may not be placed in jeopardy! My question deals with this. Will any provision be made against such a contingency?"

"It is too early to discuss the final settlement, but you have my assurance that suitable protection will be given."

"Your assurance?" repeated Stephen. "What amount of assurance may you offer to us, you who, admittedly, are one of ourselves?"

"I consider that an impertinent question, sir, and in no way connected with the business before us."

"It is of vital concern to us, I should say; and I for one am desirous of knowing more about this affair before yielding my consent."

"You have signed your papers of enlistment already, I believe. There is no further course then for you to pursue."

There was a rustle among the seats. Some had begun to realize their fate; some had realized it from the start, but were powerless to prevent it. Two or three faces turned a shade paler, and they had become profoundly silent. The others, too, held their tongues to await the result of the controversy. For here was a matter of vital concern to all. Up to now very few deserters, especially among the Catholics, had been discovered among the American forces. They had heard of an individual or two surrendering himself to the enemy, or of whole families going over to the other side in order to retain their possessions and lands. But a mutiny was another matter altogether. What if they failed and the Colonists gained their independence!

"I suppose we are powerless," admitted Stephen in a low tone of voice as he watched the effect of his words on the gathering. "We are confronted," he continued, "with the dilemma of estrangement no matter what side gains."

"England can't lose," interrupted Colonel Clifton, who heretofore had been seated, an attentive observer. "And with victory comes the establishment of the will of the conqueror. Care will be taken that there shall be adequate reparation."

"Very good!" answered Stephen. "Now together with that privilege of immunity, can we be assured of the extension of the Quebec Act? Has England so decreed?"

"Not yet," Anderson admitted, "but that extension or one equal to it will be made one of the conditions of peace."

"We are sure of that, then?"

"Well, we are not sure, but it is only logical to infer such a condescension will be made."

"I don't agree with you, I am sorry to say, for the English Parliament may be of another mind when peace and victory have been established."

"You are interrupting the meeting. Please let us continue with our business," Anderson sharply reproved him.

"I speak for my fellow-citizens here," said Stephen as he turned toward them with an appealing gesture, "and I maintain that it is our privilege to know certain matters before we transfer our allegiance."

It was now plain to the company that Anderson was worried. His white, thin lips were firmly compressed as the wrath in his heart blazed within him. He was aghast at the blow. It had come from a quarter wholly unexpected. That this fellow in these shabby clothes should be gifted with a freedom of speech such as to confound him when he thought his plans realized to the letter, was astounding. Why, he might sway the minds of the entire assembly! Better to silence him at once, or better still banish him from the hall than to cope with the possibility of losing the entire multitude.

"You have interrupted this meeting more than I care to have you, sir. If you will kindly allow me to proceed with the business before the house I shall consider it a favor."

"I ask my fellow-citizens here," shouted Stephen by way of reply, "if you or any man possesses the right to deprive us of free speech, especially at a time as momentous as this. I ask you, my friends, if I may continue?"

"Yes! Go on! We will hear you—!" were the several acclamations from the throng.

Anderson heard it with perceptible confusion. He fumbled nervously with his fingers, wholly ignorant of what to say.

"Let me ask, then," said Stephen, "if the idea of independence is wholly exclusive of religious toleration. Why are we, a

mere handful of men, about to pledge ourselves to the accomplishment by force of arms what already is accomplished in our very midst? Freedom of religious worship is already assured. The several actions of the Colonial governing bodies lend us that assurance. England can do no more for us than already has been done; and what has been done by the Colonies will be guaranteed by the elective body of the people in the days of independence. I am fearful of the hazards that will accompany this enlistment. Give me leave to address you on this topic that you may understand my troubled state of mind. I appeal to you. Give me leave to talk."

Whether it was the spontaneous sound issuing from the ranks of those already initiated into the secret, or whether a chord already attuned in the hearts and minds of the entire assembly had been marvelously struck by him, there was a reverberation of approval throughout the room in answer to Stephen's plea. So unanimous was the demonstration that Anderson took alarm. The air of democracy revealed itself in their instinctive enthusiasm. And while nothing might result from Stephen's rambling remarks, still it would afford them consolation that their side of the question had been aired. To a man they voiced their approval of the privilege which had been begged.

"Ay! Speech! Take the floor!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"I have no desire to make a speech," Stephen began, "but I have asked for this privilege of addressing you because we are moving through critical times, and because there are serious decisions to be made this evening which it is neither right nor possible for us to make without a full consideration of the state of affairs. I have devoted much serious thought to this subject. I have labored to arrive at a just conclusion, and it is in that spirit that I would speak. I feel, too, that I have an inalienable right as a free-born citizen to express my views freely and publicly, as befits a loyal adherent of the principles which we are now defending with our blood. And first among those principles is that which guarantees representation in all matters that are of vital concern to us."

He had not left his chair, but continued to talk from his place beside it, turning, however, somewhat in the direction of his audience. Silence reigned throughout the room and every face was turned full upon him.

"I, too, had accepted the terms of enlistment on the plea of the acquisition of our rights, so admirably exposed to us by our

good friend, Mr. Anderson. As I pondered the matter, however, I seriously questioned whether this were the proper time for the employment of such methods. What assurance have we—if indeed assurance be needed—that this is not another trick of the enemy? Bear with me, please, while I unfold to you my thoughts.

“Our leader and our guide in these matters, Mr. Anderson, has told us that this business of recruiting has been a great success. But did he tell us of the sinister methods often resorted to, of the many threats exercised over a great number of us, of the debts relieved, of the intimidation employed? He declared with manifest satisfaction that the recruiting in the city of New York had been marvelous in its results, yet he did not explain to our satisfaction the reason which impelled the leaders of this revolt to seek members from the neighboring cities to help swell the ranks; nor did he tell of the means made use of to secure that marvelous number in the city of all cities, where such recruiting would be most successful because of the present British occupation. Furthermore, he failed to tell us that he himself is not a Catholic, or that his true name is not Anderson, or of his history previous to his appearance in this city. Neither did he tell us that Lieutenant-Colonel Clifton, while a Philadelphia Catholic, is a British subject, having accepted British allegiance on the capture of the city a year ago last September. There are many items of importance which were not revealed to us. Shall I continue? I have an abundance of facts to disclose to you, if you give me leave.”

So favorable had been the impression produced by the speech of Anderson that Stephen felt apprehensive lest his own criticism and contradiction would not be accepted as true. And so he paused to learn if possible the nature of his reception.

“Yes! . . . We want to hear them! . . . Tell us more! . . .”

There was a wild outburst of approval, followed by a generous handclapping. In the confusion, Stephen observed Anderson, together with Colonel Clifton, leave their places on the platform and take seats on the side of the room.

“It is quite true that we have no quarrel with the English people. We have no quarrel with their king or the framers of their laws. It is equally true that the governments of Great Britain and the United Colonies have become involved in a military struggle, a struggle to the death; nevertheless we would be the last to imply that there exists any essential antagonism of interests of purposes between the two peoples. We are not engaged in a contest between Englishmen and Americans, but between

two antagonistic principles of government, each of which has its advocates and its opponents among us who sit here, among those who live with us in our own country, among those who reside in far-off England. The contest is a political contest, the ancient contest between the Whig and the Tory principles of government, the contest of Chatham and North, and Richmond, Rockingham and Burke transferred to this side of the Atlantic. The political liberty to which we have dedicated ourselves is no product of our imaginations; our forefathers of the seventeenth century brought it to our shores and now we naturally refuse to surrender it. It is the principle for which we are contending—the principles that these United Colonies are and of a right ought to be free and independent States; and in all matters else we are loyal foster children of His Majesty the King, as loyal and as interested a people in the welfare of the mother country as the most devoted subject of the crown residing in the city of London.

“War was inevitable. This has been known for some time; but there has been no lack of cordiality between the people of the United Kingdom and the people of the United Colonies. We are opposed to certain principles of statecraft, to the principle of taxation without representation, to the same degree as are the Whigs of our mother country. We cherish the warmest sentiments of love and admiration for the English people, and we are ready to become their brothers in arms at any future date for the defence of those very ideals which we now are trying to establish—the blessings of democracy; but we abominate autocracy and will have none of it. In this regard we may be said to have disinfected our anger, but never to have diluted it.”

The Tory element moved about in their seats, and Stephen suspected for a moment that he was being treated with an air of disdain. He shifted his point of view suddenly.

“To say that the Catholic people of this country is dissatisfied with the conduct of the war is begging the question, and brands them with a stigma which they wholly undeserve. We admit for the sake of argument that our early Colonists may have proved themselves somewhat intolerant and perhaps rendered conditions of life disagreeable to us; still gold must be tried by the fire. We grow vigorous under storms of persecution. And while it is true that the American Congress of 1774 protested against the legislature of Great Britain establishing a ‘religion fraught with impious tenets,’ yet it is equally true that the Congress of 1776 resolved to protect ‘all foreigners in the free exercise of their respective religions.’ The past has been buried by this; the future lies before us.

"We do not grieve on that account. Rather are we proud of our adhesion to the cause of independence, and you yourselves are no less proud of your own efforts in this regard. The Commander-in-Chief is warmly disposed towards the Catholic element, not alone in the army, but among the citizenry. His own body-guard is composed of men, more than thirty of whom bear Catholic names. One of his aides, Colonel Fitzgerald, is a Catholic. His Captain and Commander of the Navy, nominated and appointed by himself, is a Catholic, John Barry. We are appreciative of the services of our General, and we are ready to render ourselves worthy of the esteem and the respect in which we are held by him as was evidenced by his abolition of the celebration of Guy Fawkes Day, so detestable to us.

"I repeat this to impress upon you that this is not the time for religious controversy or for nicely calculating the scope and the extent of our service. The temper of the times requires unity of action and definition of purpose. Our people respect us. Whatever restrictions were lodged against us in the past have been broken down now before the battering ram of public opinion. The guarantees for the future given by our own brethren, that we shall be permitted the free and unrestricted exercise of our religious observances as well as the right to worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences, are of more enduring texture than the flimsy promises of the enemy. Our noble and generous ally, France, already had procured for us that respect and recognition so indispensable to our safety and, contrary to the opinion already expressed here tonight, has sent us six thousand men, the first installment of an army of at least twelve thousand trained soldiers, destined to be put directly under General Washington's command. Together with these she has already furnished Congress with large sums of money to enable us to carry on the war. The dawn of a brighter day is now breaking over the horizon, and in the east the sun of justice and of toleration and of liberty may be seen breaking through the low-lying clouds of oppression, prejudice and tyranny which have so long obscured it. In our history there has been no coward, no Tory, no traitor of our faith. We are still Loyalists; but of different type. That precious and historic document of July 4, 1776, definitely and for all time absolved us from all allegiance to the British Crown. By nature, then, we have become citizens of a new government, a government instituted by and subject to the peoples of these free and independent States. Henceforth, Loyalty is for us synonymous with the best interests of our own country."

He paused.

The sigh throughout the room was distinctly audible as he ended his paragraph with a rhetorical pause. He caught the sound on the instant and understood its meaning as the orator, holding his audience in breathless intensity, allows them to drop suddenly that he may appreciate his control of their feelings. Their pent up energy gives way to an abrupt relaxation followed by a slight movement of the body or an intermittent cough. From these unconscious indications, Stephen knew that he had held their interest and he did not intend that they should be allowed to compose themselves until he had finished. He began at once on the evidence of the plot.

"The members of this proposed company before whom I have the privilege of speaking, have been the victims of a gigantic plot, a plot that found its origin in the headquarters of the British Army at New York City. It was for this purpose that John Anderson came to Philadelphia. He has carried on communication with the enemy almost without interruption. Because the work of recruiting in the city of the enemy was a failure it was decreed that the city of Philadelphia, as the most Tory of the American cities, be called upon for the requisite number. Of the progress here, you already know. Of the multifarious means employed, you yourselves can bear excellent witness. Of the ultimate success of the venture you are now about to decide.

"The Military Governor, General Arnold, was early initiated into the scheme. For a long time he has borne a fierce grudge against Congress, and he hoped that the several Catholic members of the body might be induced to forsake the American cause. They sought Father Farmer, our good pastor, as chaplain of the regiment, but he refused with delicacy and tact. Indeed were it not for the hostile state of the public mind, a campaign of violence would have been resorted to; but Arnold felt the pulse of dislike throbbing in the heart of the community and very wisely refrained from increasing its fervor. All possible aid was furnished by him, however, in a secret manner. His counsel was generously given. Many of your names were supplied by him together with an estimate of your financial standing, your worth in the community, your political tendencies, the strength of your religious convictions. And what a comparatively simple matter it was for one thus equipped to accomplish such marvelous and satisfactory results.

"I repeat, then, General Arnold is strongly prejudiced against us. It is an open secret that Catholic soldiers have fared ill at his hands. Tories and Jews compose his retinue, but no Catholics. I am not critical in this respect, for I observe that he is enjoying

but a personal privilege. But I allude to the fact at this moment to assure you that this scheme of forming a regiment of Roman Catholic Volunteers is directed solely to subvert the good relations already existing between us and our brethren in arms. The promises made bore no hope of fulfillment. The guarantees of immunity deserve no consideration. The Quebec Act, and for this I might say in passing that we are duly grateful, was never to be extended. In view of these observations, I ask you: are you willing to continue with this nefarious business? Are you?"

"No!" was the interruption. The outburst was riotous. "Arrest the traitor! . . . I move we adjourn! . . ."

Stephen held out his hands in supplication to beseech them to hear him further.

"Please, gentlemen! Just one more word," he pleaded.

They stood still on their feet and listened.

"Has it occurred to you, let me ask, that the vessel which has been engaged to transport you to the city of New York is named the *Isis*, a sloop well-known to sea-faring men of this city? She is owned by Philadelphia citizens and manned by a local crew. Does not this strike you as remarkably strange and significant—that a vessel of this character should clear this port and enter the port of the enemy without flying the enemy's flag? Think of it, gentlemen! An American vessel with an American crew employed by the enemy, and chartered to aid and abet the enemy's cause."

They resumed their seats to give their undivided attention to this new topic of interest. Some sat alert, only partly on the chair, some sat forward with their chins resting in the palms of their hands. So absorbed were they in the question of the vessel that no other thought gave them any concern. The side door opened and closed. Yet no one seemed to notice the occurrence; even Stephen had failed to observe it.

"As a matter of fact," he continued, "the ship has not been chartered by the enemy. She is about to clear this port and enter the port of the enemy by virtue of a pass issued through General Arnold . . . Please, just a moment, until I conclude," he exclaimed, holding out his hand with a restraining gesture. "This matter has heretofore been a close secret, but it is necessary now that the truth should be known. To issue a pass for such an errand is a violation of the American Articles of War, and for this offence I now formally charge Major-General Benedict Arnold with treason."

"The traitor! . . . Court-martial him! . . ." shouted several voices.

"I charge him with being unfaithful to his trust. He made use of our wagons to transport the property of the enemy at a time when the lines of communication of the enemy were no farther distant than Egg Harbor. He has allowed many of our people to enter and leave the lines of the enemy. He has illegally concerned himself over the profits of a privateer. He has imposed or at any rate has given his sanction to the imposition of menial offices upon the sons of freedom who are now serving in the militia as was the case with young Matlack, as you will remember. And he has of late improperly granted a pass for a vessel to clear for the port of the enemy. I desire to make these charges publicly in order that you may know that my criticisms are not without foundation. I have in view your welfare alone."

"Ay! . . . We believe you! . . . Let us adjourn!"

"Let me ask Mr. Anderson one or two questions. If they can be answered to your satisfaction we shall accept his overtures. On the other hand, let us dispense once and for all with this nefarious business and frustrate this insidious conspiracy so that we may devote our energies to the task before us which alone matters—that of overcoming the enemy.

"First: Who has financed the organization, equipment, transportation of this regiment of Roman Catholic Volunteers?"

"Second: From what source or sources originated the various methods of blackmail?"

"Third: Who first suggested the coöperation of General Arnold?"

"Fourth: What pressure was brought to bear in the obtaining of the passport for the vessel to clear port?"

But there was no Anderson to give answer. It was found that he, Colonel Clifton and several members of the party, had disappeared from the room. No one remembered seeing them take their departure, yet it was observed that they had left the platform in the course of Stephen's speech to take seats on the further side of the hall, near the door. This might have opened and closed several times during Stephen's speech, especially at the time when the aisles were crowded towards the close of the address, and little or no attention would have been paid to it. Very likely Anderson had taken advantage of such an opportunity to make an escape.

It was a very different room now. The remarkable quiet had now given way to a precipitous uproar nearly approaching a riot. Men surged about one another and about Stephen in an endeavor to learn the details of the plot. Groups separated them-

selves from other equally detached groups, all absorbed, however, in the same topic. Voices, formerly hushed, now became vociferous. The walls reverberated with the tumultuous confusion.

"What dupes!" one was remarking to his neighbor. "How easily were we led by his smooth talk!"

"We were misguided in our motives of allegiance. We might have sensed a trick of the enemy," was the reply.

"Let us win the war, first," shouted a third.

"Ay! Freedom first; then religious liberty."

"Who is he?" another asked. "It cannot be Cadwalader."

"No," answered the neighbor. "This was pre-arranged. He borrowed Cadwalader's card to come here."

"I always told you Arnold was no good," sounded a great voice. "He'd sell us to the devil if he could get paid for it. I suppose he'll go to New York sure."

"Let him. Wish he was out of here."

"Say!" one asked Stephen rather abruptly. "How did you get all this straight?"

"I interested myself the moment the scheme took root. I assured myself that all was not as it should be, and I took pains to verify my suspicions," was the grave reply.

"I know, but how did ye get 'em?"

"By following every move this Anderson made. I tracked him even to Mount Pleasant."

"And got beforehand with Arnold?"

"I overheard the major portion of the conversation."

"Pardon me?" asked another individual, neater in appearance than the majority, and evidently of more education, "but have I not seen you before?"

"Perhaps you have," laughed Stephen.

"Where?"

"I could not begin to imagine."

"Where do you live? In town?"

"For the present, yes."

"Who are you?"

"Can't you see? Just one of you."

"Never saw you in those clothes before. If I am not greatly mistaken you are the one who came to the Coffee House one day with Matt. Allison."

"Yes," admitted Stephen, "I am the same."

"How did you come by those clothes?"

"Borrowed them."

"In disguise, eh?"

"It was necessary to simulate a disguise. Otherwise I could

never have gained admittance here. I learned that Jim Cadwalader had been impressed into the company and I arranged to come in his place."

"Oh!"

"You took a mighty big risk."

"It was necessary. But I knew that there was but one way of playing this game, and that was to defeat them openly at their own game. I had to depend, of course, upon the temper of the crowd. All might be lost or won at one throw of the dice. I worded my remarks to that effect and I won."

"What did you say your name was?"

"I did not say what it was," Stephen exchanged in good-natured repartée, "but since you ask, it is Meagher."

"Captain Meagher?"

Stephen smiled.

It must have been fully half-past nine when the meeting broke up with the departure of Stephen. He had lingered long enough to assure himself that the company was of a mind far different from that which had brought them together. They would go forth wiser men. But they knew that the people of the city could be moved quickly to indignation. How were they to explain their conduct? They resolved to lay the story with all its details before the bar of public opinion, and allow that tribunal to discriminate between the shades of guilt.

Anderson, of course, had fled. That in itself was a confession and a point in their favor. It was plain to their minds that they had been victimized by the clever machinations of this man. If there had been any lack of unity of opinion concerning the righteousness of the project before, there was no divided opinion now. They knew what they were about to do, and they made all possible haste to put their thought into execution.

The ancient antipathy against the Military Governor was but intensified. Rumor would spread the charges to be published against him, of that they would take proper care. It was enough that they had been deluded by Anderson, but to be mere pawns in the hands of Arnold was more than they could stand. Too long had he been tolerated with his Tory wife and her manner of living and now was an opportunity. Their path of duty was outlined before them.

Thoroughly satisfied with his evening's work, Stephen turned down the street whistling softly to himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

New Books.

CURRENT SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL FORCES. Edited by Lionel D. Edie, Associate Professor of History and Politics, Colgate University. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.50 net.

It has become a commonplace that the desire for social and industrial reforms has greatly increased, both in breadth and intensity, since the Great War. Simultaneously and inevitably have grown social dissatisfaction, unrest, and criticism of the present order. But the theories and proposals of reform and the expressions of unrest exhibit a bewildering variety. They comprise almost countless gradations from the wild and destructive assertions and projects of the Communist to the relatively conservative demands of the orthodox trade unionist or the cautious granger. In the present volume the attempt is made to present a great variety of statements by men who, for the most part, can properly be designated liberals. A few Socialists are represented, and the names of John D. Rockefeller and E. H. Gary are also found, but these do not take from the collection its general character of moderation.

The selections are arranged under nine headings: Forces of Disturbance; Potentialities of Production; The Price System; The Direction of Industry; The Funds of Reorganization; The Power and Policy of Organized Labor; Proposed Plans of Action; Industrial Doctrines in Defence of the Status Quo and The Possibilities of Social Service. All these topics are subdivided, some of them very minutely. For example, "Proposed Plans of Action" has no less than twenty-seven subordinate topics, treated by as many writers.

The editor informs us in the preface that the plan of the volume grew out of his need for a text in courses on Current Historical Forces. The work is designed to provide the student with a rather comprehensive view of current liberal opinion in the field that it covers. No one of the productions was written for this volume. All are extracts from other books, from magazines, or from addresses. In a word, the volume is a source book for the use of students. However, its usefulness is not confined to the members of college classes, but is available to all persons who desire to know what some of our most active minds are thinking on the social questions.

In any collection of this sort, the limitations of the compiler are bound to be in evidence. The majority of readers will find the

names of some writers who, in their opinion, do not deserve a place in the book, and will regret the absence of others who ought to be represented. Accordingly the reviewer would call attention to the fact that the book contains the name of only one Catholic writer, Frank P. Walsh, and that it makes no reference to the Programme of Social Reconstruction of the National Catholic War Council. Both these omissions may be explainable on the theory of ignorance, but the latter, at any rate, evinces a degree of ignorance that, in a university man, is inexcusable.

SIBERIA TODAY. By Frederick F. Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00 net.

One of the refreshing factors of a post-war book is that the author can say what he really thinks. Therein lies much of the merit, value and interest of *Siberia Today*. Captain Moore served on the Intelligence Staff. He knows his East well, although one judges that he had not had, until this service, much experience with the lower classes in Siberia. He brought to the work an open mind, and a keen intelligence. What he writes is a fair criticism of our lukewarm attitude in Siberia.

It is perhaps unfair to judge Siberia as a whole by what he found in the provinces east of Baikal Lake, but the conditions were sufficiently appalling to justify his inclusive title. The conditions were these—a people bent on destruction, bought by Bolshevik paper money, innocent of any desire to create a respectable self-government, perfectly willing to let the United States feed, clothe and cure them so long as the game lasted. Looking no further than the pleasures of the moment, they are not aware that the hundreds of thousands of German prisoners in their midst are slowly but surely enmeshing Siberia in German control.

Our Army went to Russia with no definite policy except that of doing nothing. It was not permitted to take sides, to punish or to govern an area. It was obliged to assume the attitude of an indulgent spectator. Meanwhile the Japanese did do things—and have gained “face” in the East, whereas the United States has lost it. The Siberian did not understand our brand of idealism; it did not fit in with the régime of upstart Cossack demagogues, who ruled with the firing squad, nor did it stir the Siberian to any desire for bettering the lamentable condition in which he found himself. The lack of a Russian policy: that is Captain Moore’s basic criticism, and he found its evil effects everywhere he went—in the Maritime cities, in the Amur and in Trans-Baikalia. Britain had a definite policy and her work was placed in the hands of officers experienced in handling subject

peoples. Japan also had a policy and carried it through without scruple. But we were neither hot nor cold. Consequently the work of an intelligence officer came pretty close to being a farce.

Captain Moore has a good journalistic sense, and he has enlivened his criticisms by many vivid and lively pictures of life in Siberia today. Apart from the fact that the tragedy of it is more blatant than under the Tsar, it seems not to have improved in the past ten years. Travel is just as bad, morals are at just as low a level, living conditions and business are still ruined by graft. Someone has called Siberia "Russia's treasure house and cess-pool." It will be a treasure house when the people free themselves from the domination of Bolshevism; until then it will be the cesspool that Captain Moore found it.

A HISTORY OF THE VENERABLE ENGLISH COLLEGE, ROME.

By Cardinal Gasquet. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$5.00 net.

Cardinal Gasquet's record was written as a memorial of the English College on the occasion of the centenary of its re-opening in 1818. The fact that the celebration of the anniversary had to be deferred because of the World War, is only an added incident to point the series of vicissitudes which the *Venerabile* has undergone since its historic foundation. Cardinal Gasquet traces its legend back to its shadowy beginnings in the *Schola Anglorum* of the eighth century, and to its more authentic materialization in the English Hospice established to harbor the English pilgrims to Rome for the Jubilee of 1350. The most interesting pages, perhaps, are those that tell of the tempestuous times of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when, under the direction of the Jesuits, the College was furnished its bed-roll of martyrs, who perished for the Faith at Tyburn. They are worthily commemorated in the beautiful chapter, "Salvete Flores Martyrum." The period of reconstruction, after the vandalism of the French republican troops, is associated with the name of Doctor Wiseman who, as pupil and Rector of the College, added lustre to its scholastic laurels. Many interesting sidelights upon the other personages—Cardinal Pole, Father Persons, Cardinal Allen, Bishop Cradwell—who vivified its history, as well as individual details of the regimen, discipline and curriculum of the *Beda* help to make this memoir entertaining to the general reader. Not the least item of interest is the "Pilgrim Book," or visitors' record, in which we find inscribed the names of John Milton and Richard Crashaw. Many illustrations, including College views and portraits, enhance the attractiveness of this distinctive volume.

AN INTRODUCTORY COURSE IN EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Hubert Gruender, S.J. Volume I. Chicago: Loyola University Press. \$1.50 net.

Father Gruender's volume is an excellent book not only for class work, but for private study as well. The style is alert and interesting, and the experiments suggested need neither elaborate apparatus, nor the skill of a virtuoso. Of the fifteen chapters, which comprise the volume, the first seven are devoted to the phenomena and theories of color. The next five chapters deal with the visual perception of space and the problems relating thereto. The last three chapters examine attention, sense-perception, and imagination respectively. These final chapters are especially interesting. In them are briefly, but vividly and graphically, explained the limits and narrowness of consciousness; the power and lure of the subconscious; the tricks played on us by expectant attention, and the sense illusions and false judgments caused by it; how a very tiny and quasi inchoate sense-stimulus, infinitely elaborated by the imagination, forms the sense perception whether visual, auditive or olfactory of the normal adult; and lastly the prodigious and almost uncanny power of the imagination whether creative or reproductive in the realms of music and art. The student, who begins his psychology under Father Gruender, will never have the slightest idea of the bewilderment besetting his elders, in their unfruitful endeavor to extract enlightenment from inscrutable Latin text-books; nay more, he will hardly taste at all that wearisome bitterness of learning of which some old teacher speaks.

PRIMITIVE SOCIETY. By Robert H. Lowie. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$3.00.

Dr. Lowie's book is refreshing because it is of a variety nowadays unusual. It is a *scientific* investigation of the data of Primitive Society, without any of the reams of *pseudo-scientific* presupposings and theorizings that characterize much of the literature of anthropology. Dr. Lowie is an honest investigator of facts; his conclusions are based upon and pared down to consistency with his facts. He exhibits no bias; he has no pet theories to substantiate with partial criticism; he avoids the sweeping generality that has masqueraded all too long in primitive sociological studies for science.

His book has a distinct value for the student of primitive religions. It gives him the answer to many of the generalized conclusions of Morgan's *Ancient Society*, which has had long standing as a cornerstone to much materialistic sociology. In-

deed, Dr. Lowie takes issue with many of Morgan's conclusions, specifically in the chapter of *Primitive Society*, dealing with Sexual Communism. Dr. Lowie, of course, does not deny that polygamy and polyandry took many and varied forms; indeed, he is scrupulously minute in detailing these varied forms: but he does deny that this is evidence of anything approaching a general law of universal primitive sex promiscuity, and his denial is based on well authenticated facts.

Primitive Society is a worth-while book. It is interestingly written and valuable and readable, even for an amateur anthropologist or sociologist. Its factual solidity makes it of permanent worth in any library.

The publication of such a scientific contribution is a sad blow to Socialist philosophizers. For it runs amuck through the evolutionary-necessity theory of culture-progress with which Morgan would have consecrated Marxian theory. Nor will Dr. Lowie even admit the existence of Laveleye's primitive communism in property.

CATHOLIC BEGINNINGS IN KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI. An Historical Sketch by Rev. Gilbert J. Garraghan. Chicago: Loyola University Press. \$1.25.

Father Garraghan has written an interesting chapter on the origins of Catholicity in Kansas City. As early as 1821 Francis Gesseau Chouteau, a grandson of Laclède, the founder of St. Louis, established a general agency of the American Fur Company on the south bank of the Missouri River, a short distance below the mouth of the Kansas, opposite Randolph Bluffs. He came with his wife and children from St. Louis in a pirogue, the journey lasting twenty days. He named the settlement Westport Landing, the site of the present Kansas City. Around the agency a group of French-Canadians with their Indian wives and half-breed children gathered, for they recognized it as an excellent site for the trade with the far West.

The first missionary priest to evangelize the trans-Mississippi Indian tribes was Father Charles De la Croix, who traveled through this territory in the spring and summer of 1822. In 1828 Bishop Rosati sent Father Joseph Lutz to work among the Kansas Indians, about sixty-five miles above the mouth of the Kansas River. The first resident priest, Father Benedict Roux, came to the Creole settlement on the Kansas River in 1833. He remained only one year, but his numerous letters to Bishop Rosati, which have been preserved in the Archives of the archdiocese of St. Louis, give us a good insight into the state of

Catholicity in those early days. On Father Roux's transfer to Kaskaskia, Illinois, his place was taken by the Jesuit, Father Charles Van Quickenborn, who came to minister to the Kickapoo Indians. The Jesuits, Fathers Hoecken, Eysvogels, Aelen, and Point, took care of the Catholics of this section until the arrival of Father Donnelly, who became pastor of St. Francis Regis' Church, Kansas City, in November, 1846.

WOMEN OF 'NINETY-EIGHT. By Mrs. T. Concannon, M.A. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.25 net.

This is the period made famous by the Emmets, the Shear-eses, the Teelings, Fitzgerald, Nielson and Tone, and those other Irishmen who fought the brave fight and lost. Yet as splendid as is the recital of their deeds, we have only to learn of the suffering and sacrifice of their women to know the full measure of Irish faith, courage and devotion.

This is just what Mrs. Concannon does in her very worthy book. She directs our eyes to the lives of those Irish women, whose influence enabled and strengthened their men to struggle and die for their ideals. And what we see is truly pathetic, yet richly inspiring. The terrible sacrifices and the deep sorrows nobly borne by the women of this period, furnish a chapter of history that is richly embroidered with deeds of true heroism.

But Mrs. Concannon, in recalling the work of Elizabeth Mason Emmet, Amelia Mary, Duchess of Leinster, Jane Anne Sheares, Mary Teeling, Matilde Tone, and the other women who participated actively in this crisis in Irish affairs, does more than pay a tribute well deserved. She gives us the key to the secret why Ireland has been able, against such tremendous odds, to continue her long struggle for liberty. She shows us the influence of her women, and we know at once that it was because of them that Ireland has endured, and that it will be because of them that she will come to the realization of her hopes and her ideals.

ST. LUKE: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By H. McLachlan, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.00.

In a dozen chapters, Mr. McLachlan, lecturer in Hellenistic Greek in the University of Manchester, discusses St. Luke, the man of letters, the linguist, the editor, the theologian, the humorist, the letter writer, the reporter, the diarist, etc. The work will be read with interest by the Catholic Scriptural scholar, especially as it gives in brief the views of German and English Protestants and Rationalists on every phase of the Lucan problem—authenticity, language, accuracy, doctrine and the like.

The writer refutes the Rationalist position "that St. Luke worked up his facts to fit into a preconceived theory." But then, to take away with his right hand what he gives with his left, he adds: "His sources are often scanty and legendary, and his deductions imperfect and misleading"—statements which he nowhere proves. Against Weiss he defends the account of the Census of Quirinius, quoting the best treatment of the question, Ramsay's *Was Christ Born at Bethlehem?* He rejects as not proven the theory of Krenkel that St. Luke used Josephus in preparing his Gospel. He shows St. Luke's accuracy in detail, as instanced by his use of the word *politarchs* for the rulers of Thessalonica (Acts xvii. 8), a name which does not appear elsewhere in Greek literature. It is none the less correct, for there is a stone in the British Museum, found in an arch of Salonica, which contains an inscription with this very word.

The chapter on Luke, the theologian, is full of inaccuracies. We are told, for example, that there is a marked difference between the teaching of St. Matthew and St. Luke with regard to the doctrine of future punishment; that the function of Jesus was that of prophet rather than priest; that demonology is a controlling idea of St. Luke's work; that the parable of Dives and Lazarus does not describe the state of the righteous and wicked after death, and much of the same order.

MERCIER, THE FIGHTING CARDINAL. By Charlotte Kellogg. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00 net.

Parts of this work have already appeared in the pages of various periodicals; that they have been collected and, with additional new matter, published in the present form, is matter for general congratulation.

Mrs. Vernon Kellogg has performed a task for which she was exceptionally qualified, as is shown in the foreword by Mr. Brand Whitlock. Being a member of the C. R. B., she had special opportunities for personal acquaintance with the "fighting Cardinal," as well as for close observation of the effect of his words and deeds upon the mind and temper of the Belgian people. It is with these experiences that she deals, exclusively. From the opening chapter, in which she describes, as an eye-witness, the thrilling scene in the Cathedral of Sainte Gudule on the day, in July, 1916, that marked the eighty-sixth anniversary of Belgium's independence, she holds close to her subject without digressions into matters which do not directly concern the great Prelate. A brief autobiographical sketch, "From Boy to Cardinal," is furnished; then, she leads us, step by step, in his wake, through the

dreadful years of the occupation; the armistice; and his visit to this country. Much of it is fresh, vivid material; and all of it is presented in a delightful manner. The author has a literary gift that enables her to express herself gracefully and concisely; with taste and discrimination, she has also grasp of spiritual values; and really remarkable is the clarity of her vision regarding things which she, as a non-Catholic, would not naturally be expected to see in their true perspective. An entire chapter is given to the War-time relations between the Holy See and the Cardinal, wherein are refuted the reports of the Pope's disapprobation of His Eminence's actions, rumors circulated by German agencies, in the hope of thus weakening the Cardinal's sway; another chapter is devoted to his sayings; and, in conclusion, we have the full text of the celebrated Christmas Pastoral of 1916.

The book is a tribute of loving veneration to the great Prelate from one not of his Faith, and a short, valuable history with a special claim to the appreciation of Catholics.

PIERRE AND JOSEPH. By René Bazin. Translated by Frank Hunter Potter. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.75 net.

ALSACE IN RUST AND GOLD. By Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.00 net.

Literary friendliness urges the reviewer to adopt as his own the publishers' modest dictum that "*Pierre and Joseph* . . . reveals Bazin in his full strength as a delineator of character and of stirring events," while Truth leans over to whisper, "Nothing of the sort."

This latest novel of the gifted Frenchman, who has rendered such yeoman service for God and country, adds not a single leaf to his laurel crown. Published serially in the famous *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and using as a medium, though with variations, the oft-employed theme of two brothers fighting on opposite sides—in this case it is Pierre in the French army and Joseph in the German—it is quite conceivable that in war time the story might serve as not-to-be-despised patriotic propaganda. In the period of reconstruction, it has little, if any, practical value. Indeed, it sounds in places the jarring notes of a "hymn of hate" that ill accord with the era of justice into which we profess to have entered.

Neither is *Pierre and Joseph* stimulating when regarded as literature. There are, to be sure, a few passages that recall to us the Bazin of ante-bellum days. But, for the most part, the interpretation is labored, and much space is devoted to moralizing upon the obvious. One looks in vain for the telling realism that

makes *The Nun* stand out forever upon one's memory, or the warmly-throbbing, yet restrained passion, of *The Coming Harvest*. The general effect of the novel is accentuated by a translation, which is awkward and infelicitous.

In striking contrast to M. Bazin's treatment of the Alsatian problem is Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's *Alsace In Rust and Gold*. The writer says in her preface (and one notes it with relief) that "in this record there are no polemics and no statistics." It is, rather, a sprightly and colorful diary of an American woman's brief abiding in Alsace, the tiny fragment of it wrested from Germany at the very beginning of the War and administered from then on by the French Military Mission.

We have a right to expect a good deal of the author for two reasons: first, because of her name; second, because of the precedent created by her *Diplomat's Wife In Mexico*. Nor are we doomed to disappointment. The slim volume of one hundred and eighty odd pages runs the entire scale of human emotions, exhibiting, withal, delicacy of perception and a fine understanding, both of those for whom she writes and those of whom she is writing. Shrewd observations concerning people and world affairs are punctuated with clever anecdote. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's descriptive powers are of high order, and are reinforced by a brace of excellent photographic illustrations.

Alsace In Rust and Gold has a quality of permanence that will make it readable ten, fifteen, twenty years hence, which is more, far more, than can be said of much that is coming from the presses just now. It should occupy an honored place on the shelf, marked "Travel," in every well-regulated library, whether public or private.

ST. BERNARD'S SERMONS ON THE CANTICLE OF CANTICLES.

Translated from the original Latin by a Priest of Mount Melleray. Vol. I. Dublin: Browne & Nolan, Ltd.

It is woefully pathetic how little we Catholics know of our own. If in the eyes of the postivist, Mr. Frederic Harrison, St. Bernard was "a truly great man," what should be the measure of our esteem and our appreciation? The measure, *de facto*, has been very small—almost negligible. St. Bernard has remained almost unknown: Patmore endeavored to have us know him better, but Patmore is seldom read and, at best, gave us only short extracts. The great sermons of St. Bernard on the Canticle of Canticles have remained untranslated by Catholics, and consequently unknown to Catholics until the present hour.

To the zealous "Priest of Mount Melleray," who has undertaken this stupendous work and has already given us this first volume, we are under a weighty debt of gratitude. The work was long, extremely arduous, and oftentimes perplexing, because St. Bernard's Latin is so syncopated. But the translation is clear: easily moving and inviting. These *Sermons* may rightly be placed among the richest treasures of spiritual reading. They are, as Bernard himself, vigorous, practical; ascetical, mystical. He who could rouse the people to a second Crusade, could also speak, in the loftiest accents, of the most intimate union of the soul with God. Delivered between journeys and in the midst of excessive world-wide labors, they show not only how Bernard kept his soul upon the highest peaks while his zealous feet walked the earth, but also how our souls may train themselves to the following of that personal perfection incumbent upon us all, while we fulfill the common round of every-day life.

No greater blessing has been given to us than this translation of *St. Bernard's Sermons*. We sincerely hope it will be the beginning for thousands of Catholics of a knowledge of the great Saint and we eagerly look forward to the next volume, trusting that the success this one shall meet, will be a great encouragement, and something of a recompense to the translator.

THE ETHICS OF MEDICAL HOMICIDE AND MUTILATION. By Austin O'Malley, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$4.00.

The Ethics of Medical Homicide and Mutilation discusses every phase of the questions indicated by the title. In fact, the treatment is so comprehensive that it embraces many topics that a layman would not expect. Dr. O'Malley first establishes the principle that the deliberately willed and directly intended taking of the life of an innocent person is never lawful. Then he considers the problem of when human life begins and when it ends, there being more difficulties about these apparently simple questions than one would imagine. The following twenty chapters take up in detail the numerous moral issues involved in killing or mutilating a human being that has begun to live and has not yet died.

In the main the treatment is very thorough and satisfactory. But the book is marred in places by a somewhat too disdainful attitude towards those who, on disputable points, disagree with the author. Dr. O'Malley has given us, beyond doubt, the best treatment in English on these important questions. The book should be read by every physician, nurse and priest. In their

professional activities they are sure to meet with innumerable practical applications of the cases here discussed. Catholic physicians and nurses, especially, will find it an admirable means of learning the Catholic position on many questions where the non-Catholic medical practice differs widely.

But not only should the professional man and woman master its contents, lay men and women are also likely to be brought face to face with some of its problems, and they should know beforehand the right line of conduct. Their decisions should not be made for them by some non-Catholic physician. Educators should read it that they may the more wisely advise their charges as to the future. In fact, all but the immature should read, ponder, and master this very important book.

MORNING KNOWLEDGE. By Alastair Shannon. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$5.00 net.

This work was written in the prisons of Turkey. It is an attempt to solve the problem of reconstruction. In order that the new era may not again lead to the horrors of another world war, an absolutely new beginning must be made, in which the thought of the past will be rejected and an entirely new philosophy of life will be formulated.

The author adopts Bergson's creative evolution as the basis of his new philosophy and new religion; but with this main thought are associated many other recent philosophical ideas. To Christianity, sin, Redemption are given new meanings out of harmony with our traditional views and absolutely unwarranted. This new philosophy of undetermined desire, action, faith and love inevitably leads to pantheism.

MOSES AND THE MONUMENTS. By Melvin G. Kyle, D.D., LL.D. Oberlin, Ohio: Bibliotheca Sacra Co.

The author of this work presents in book form the L. P. Stone lectures delivered by him at the Princeton Theological Seminary. In this splendid defence of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, Dr. Kyle bases his convincing conclusions largely upon researches conducted by himself in Egypt. The documentary theory is rejected on literary and archaeological grounds. With cogent logic he shows that a contemporary of the earthly history of the Israelites would at once be in a position to know and set down the contents of these books of the Bible. The Pentateuchal times are Egyptian and Mosaic times. Peculiar words, phrases and narratives, the Egyptian affinity of literary characteristics, history, art and architecture are all witnesses of the Mosaic

authorship. The exilic and post-exilic literature of the Bible shows unmistakable evidence of Babylonian influence; the Pentateuch is the work of one who was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." The absence of definite eschatological teaching of the Pentateuch is not a valid objection against the Mosaic authorship. The Egyptians possessed definite ideas of the future life and the Israelites, no doubt, were acquainted with the doctrine of their oppressors on this point. The silence of the author of the Pentateuch is thus all the more necessary in order that the Chosen People might not interpret the resurrection in the materialistic sense taught in Egyptian theology. It was necessary to teach them first the spiritual idea of life, the true notion of God and His worship: the doctrine of resurrection and the future life must be reserved for later and more complete revelation. This teaching was out of place when their cause of revelation was just begun.

The work is well written and a valuable addition to the conservative Biblical literature. Illustrations in the appendix are well chosen and instructive.

A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA. In two volumes. Volume I.—From the Birth of Christ to the So-called Reformation, A. D. 1 to 1517. By Nicholas A. Weber, S.M. Washington, D. C.: Catholic Education Press.

As the centuries go by, we are compelled to compress their history more and more, in order to cover, even in a cursory manner, their huge realm. But it matters much how that is accomplished. In this book great care has been exercised in the compression. For instance, the tale of the persecutions from A. D. 64 to 312 fills but five pages, nevertheless it is the best we have seen; the Crusades in like manner occupy but ten pages. Chapter V. is the sanest that has come under our notice, concerning Roman Life, Law, Art and Civilization. Most of the so-called histories of today are inclined to glorify some epoch, state or hero, and fall under the head of "special pleading," but Dr. Weber appears to have no "axe to grind." His views on Mohammed, his account of Mohammedanism and the Caliphs appear just and well considered. His judgments of some of the monarchs and rulers of the Middle Ages far more measured and milder than many we have met—*e. g.*, of Henry I. of Anjou and Barbarossa; of Philip the Fair and William of Nogaret.

The author seems to credit Adrian's bull, concerning the Donation of Ireland, at the same time disbelieving the accusation of nationalism on the part of the Pope. Throughout there is a

refreshing absence of condemnation: facts are stated; events speak for themselves; but events seen through the vista of the age, the culture, the temper of the times in which they happen. In any fair presentment of the history of the Middle Ages one fact is patent—the Church stands for moderation, gradual change, compromise even, save in matters of sin—there she is firm, for she may not yield in essentials, in principles. To each epoch is appended a bibliography giving ample scope for research on any particular point. H. C. Lea is a quoted authority on the Inquisition, yet we must remember to take his statements with a grain of salt. The book is intended for High School and College students, and this fact has been kept in mind. The second volume, a more difficult task, is awaited with impatience, and will receive a cordial welcome from all teachers.

THE LOOM OF YOUTH. By Alec Waugh. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.90.

By now we should have become hardened to infant prodigies. Daisy Ashfords and poetic Hilda Conklings are upon us in swarms. It is a passing phase in the publishing business, and indicates nothing more than the fact that one publisher having made a success out of a book written by a child, other publishers must try to do the same. Although written by a boy of sixteen, *The Loom of Youth* falls into this category. It is an example of the sophistication of adolescence. Or, shall we say, the temerity of a publisher?

It is an English public school story, written with a certain deftness and fluidity of style, and it concerns itself with the school life of Gordon Carruthers. He represents a type of English boy—the type that later went so gallantly to war and fell so nobly—but not an interesting type. He is too rounded. There aren't any uneven spots in him. That same criticism applies to the action of the novel. It goes on with endless football and minor school altercations—but nothing much seems to come of it all. Therein may be the book's artistry. In England it is said to have produced something of a sensation for a time, as a faithful portrait of a modern English public school life. If it is a faithful portrayal, the next generation of Englishmen had better begin to buck up. Certainly they should discover, as Gordon discovers here, that football isn't the whole of education and that, of the studies presented to youth, history is not to be despised.

The Loom of Youth is apt to bore American readers because the viewpoint is annoying, and the action and dialogue not sufficient to stimulate reading. The book abounds in English school

slang. One wonders, in this day of a serious paper shortage, why a later novel of Mr. Waugh's was not chosen instead of this. He has written more, and the promise held in this volume is being fulfilled. His will be an interesting pen to watch.

UP THE SEINE TO THE BATTLEFIELDS. By Anna Bowman Dodd. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$3.00 net.

The author calls the Seine "the unknown river," and straightway takes us on pilgrimage from Havre to Amiens and shows us the "France of many faces," through which the Seine coils its cobra-way. The reader is shown the great natural beauties of this comparatively unknown country. But not merely does she give us a geographical treatise or Baedeker's guide. She re-peoples each town with the folk of a day that is gone and re-invests each hamlet with its one time importance. In Trouville and Deauville is reacted the tragic story of the flight of the Empress Eugénie. At Honfleur, the traveler tells us of the ancient Fête of the Virgin and the blessing of the sea, of which she was a devout and interested spectator. Honfleur also recalls the story of the abdication of Louis Philippe and the rise of the Revolutionists. And so it is with the other towns described: the writer sees not their natural beauty alone, but she makes them live again in the scenes of ancient days, when princes and kings gloried in conquest or suffered in tragedy.

The book is intensely interesting both for its geography and its history. It can be excelled in only one respect—an actual visit up the Seine to the battlefields.

A HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR. Volume VI.—*The British Campaign in France and Flanders, 1918, July to November.* By Arthur Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$3.00.

In three hundred and eight pages Sir Conan Doyle has given us a detailed account of the British forces and their movements during the last weeks of the conflict, as well as a chapter of summary dealing with the armistice, and an appendix giving a graphic description of the author's personal experiences on the memorable day of the breaking of the Hindenburg Line. The history is furnished with a well done set of maps. The final words of Chapter Twelve are worthy of the Conan Doyle we used to know and we give them hearty echo: "Not to change rival frontiers, but to mold the hearts and spirits of men—there lie the explanation and the justification of all that we have endured. The system, which left seven million dead upon the fields of

Europe, must be rotten to the core. Time will elapse before the true message is mastered, but when that day arrives the war of 1914 may be regarded as the end of the dark ages and the start of that upward path, which leads away from personal or national selfishness towards the City Beautiful upon the distant hills."

PAX. By Lorenzo Marroquin. Translated by I. Goldberg, Ph.D., and W. V. Schierbrand, Ph.D. New York: Brentano's. \$2.25.

No writer of South America has written so ably of life among our Southern neighbors as the well-known Colombian novelist, Lorenzo Marroquin, who died two years ago. He shows us the people of Colombia in their homes, at the opera, at the race track, in their offices, at their banquets and their political assemblies. We are present at their weddings, their funerals, their Corpus Christi processions; we come in contact with their clergy, their nuns, their poets, their newspapermen, and their politicians; we see them in their days of peace and prosperity, and we see them in the agony and devastation of revolution.

This novel is indeed an indictment of war and an appeal for peace not only for South America, but for the world. The story abounds in spirited caricatures of loathsome national types—the corrupt politician, the sordid profiteer, the callous millionaire, the neurotic poet, the insincere revolutionist—and at the same time tells a love story both pathetic and winsome.

Occasionally the translators are at fault through ignorance of things Catholic—they do not know the difference between a monstrance and a reliquary—but on the whole the translation is well done. The book is free from the ignorant anti-clericalism that marks the work of the much exploited Spanish writer, Blasco Ibañez.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT. By Rev. John A. McClorey, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.50 net.

Father McClorey's sermons are full, elaborate and develop well the theme selected. Each discourse runs to some thirty pages, and no reader can complain that the fare is meagre. The subjects treated are the burning topics of the day, namely: The Profanation of Love; The Monopoly of Wealth; Safeguards of Marriage; Religion and Culture; Heroism and Mediocrity, and lastly, Sorrow for Sin. For the preparation of these sermons the author has evidently read widely, and has embodied a large amount of information within his outlines. For instance, a large mass of expert investigation is adduced to show the lamentable conditions under which ordinary wage-earners labor in the large cities. Again, he proves from the testimony of many non-Cath-

olies the harm and demoralization accruing from culture divorced from all serious religious training. If we may be permitted a literary criticism, we should say that the portion of the sermon which expounds the Gospel story or parable is sometimes a little too exclamatory and rhetorical.

HOUSEHOLD PHYSICS. By C. H. Brechner. New York: Allyn & Bacon. \$1.40.

When the author announces in his preface that "*Household Physics* is written primarily for girls," he gives the keynote of his work—namely, to interest girls in the study of physical science by making them see its practical applications so common and so numerous, but many times so little understood by the average young woman in the home. The first chapters serve mainly as an introduction, in which Heat is the large general topic. Brief explanations of ordinary activities in the home are included here. Later chapters discuss the various topics of general Physics, but everywhere special emphasis is given to the household phase or application of the subject being studied—whether it be heating, lighting, ventilation, electricity, magnets or levers. In addition the author treats such developments of modern life as telephones, kodaks, motion pictures, airplanes, and others that are directly the outcome of Physics.

The book is attractive and well written. It abounds in clear, intelligible diagrams and interesting modern illustrations. Groups of useful questions as well as simple problems are included. The main topics are numbered, thus making reference easy. Altogether *Household Physics* is a text that will be welcomed for use in regular high school classes for girls, and one that is ideally suited to the Vocational or Household Arts School.

JUST HAPPY. By Grace Keon. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. \$1.65.

Dog lovers will delight in this pleasant little story of the big, black, ugly bull dog, scarred veteran of many battles, "death on dogs," but the gentle, devoted friend of the humans who show him kindness. How Pete made his entrance into a large family of children, despite the protests of "Mother;" how he quickly proved himself invaluable, winning her heart, as all others; and how the treatment given to him in his new home bore out the promise of his new name, Happy: all this is told agreeably, with humor as well as sentiment. We welcome to our circle of friends both the dog and the people with whom a kindly fate cast in his lot.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE PIONEERS. By John T. Faris. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$3.50.

This is an excellent, condensed history, compiled from many sources, of the early emigrations from the East to the country beyond the Alleghenies, even to the Pacific. It is interesting reading, these stories of the hardships and difficulties experienced by those resolute men and women who sought to establish their families and their fortunes in the new land, from which they hoped all things. The tales are told largely in their own words. A glance at the accompanying bibliography shows what painstaking research collected these records of pioneer travel, much of the material being in publications long forgotten and out of print. From these also came the very interesting illustrations.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC. By Rev. George T. Schmidt. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25.

"Considered from the standpoint of our higher vocation and destiny, we serve America best when we lead Americans to their goal, to God." This is the ideal which Father Schmidt holds up to his readers in the eighteen brief chapters of his little book. The author's aim is the enlightenment of Catholics on questions of importance for the welfare of the Church, such as the Catholic Press, Church Support, Freemasonry and Spiritism. The American Catholic is instructed in parish activities, the spread of Catholic books, the use and integrity of the ballot, and the organization of Catholic societies. The titles will suggest the universal character of the book, and how well fitted it is to develop that most pressing need of the day—a zealous lay apostolate. The book is written in a clear, simple style with a wealth of illustrations and references to many Catholic books.

MEMORY SKETCHES. By P. J. Carroll, C.S.C. South Bend, Ind.: School Plays Publishing Co. \$1.35 net.

These Irish stories of Creelabeg and its humble folk and especially of their beloved priest, are intimate little pictures of the country people of Ireland, whose lives and faith are as sweet as the wind that blows over the hills in the springtime—and whose portrayal is as refreshing. The artistry of the sketches is perfect and in them can be seen the fine lines of the master painter, who gathers from a memory that is kindly, intimate and full.

Father Carroll's book is a small one, but it is rich in pictures that do more than present scenes of Ireland. They take us into the very hearts of the Irish people and show us the golden treasures that exist there. The contact is instant; the portrayal complete.

THE POWER OF GOD AND OTHER ONE-ACT PLAYS. By Thacher Howland Guild. With Sketches of His Life and Work. Urbana, Ill.: University of Illinois Press. \$1.25.

This affectionate little memorial volume is issued by the University of Illinois in honor of a former alumnus of great promise. All three of the plays included, "The Power of a God," "The Higher Good," and "The Portrait," have been successfully produced by college societies: and at least the first two—the one a study of hypnotism, the other dealing with a Bowery "Mission"—are distinctly above the average in their realistic dialogue. The eloquent and sympathetic introduction by Professor Baker, of Harvard, adds to the value of the book.

COGGIN. By Ernest Oldmeadow. New York: The Century Co. \$1.75.

This novel's distinction derives from more than one source. Using only material woven of commonplaces of English life, without aid from any love-story, or from intricacies of plot, the author has fashioned a tale deeply tinged with romance; he has handled a conversion to the Faith along lines that are to the best of our recollection, unique in the fiction written around this subject; and to the novelists' gallery of children he has brought a most original and winsome newcomer.

The time is 1851; the scene, the town of Bulford. Henry Coggin is the eleven-year-old son of an illiterate Dissenter, a rags-and-bone man: Oswald Redding is the Anglican rector of the parish, cultured, fastidious, temperately self-indulgent, conscientious, but not ardent in the service of God, serenely content in the incumbency of an excellent living, and in the conduct of conventional services in the old and beautiful church of St. Michael. By apparent accident it devolves upon the Rector to champion the rights of little Coggin, who is a phenomenon of self-education, in regard to an endowed scholarship, endowed a hundred years ago with the intention that it should be eligible to all boys born within the topographical limits of the parish; but it has now virtually ceased to function for the benefit of any but children of the Established Church. From what seems the merest casual act of justice, strange consequences ensue. The social gulf between the Rector and the little Baptist narrows until their lives are closely connected; and the momentous outcome is the man's conversion to Rome.

Fantastic and impossible as the author's undertaking appears, it is accomplished with entire conviction. No doubt the book is to be classed as propaganda; but propaganda is seldom so

engagingly presented. Not study or discussion guides the Rector into the road to the City of God, but the logic of the heart and the finer instincts. His spiritual progress is by way of reparation, deepened sympathy for his fellowman, self-denying charity; its arduous outward course runs through a sequence of incidents devised with dramatic, resourceful ingenuity, yet so simply and naturally that they seem inevitable. There is neither rancor nor satire. Controversy is dexterously evaded. The author tells, primarily, a story of the true adventure that springs inexhaustibly from new arrangements of personal relations.

The book has faults, the more irritating because they could have been easily avoided had the author exerted himself a little more. Nevertheless, its vitality is deep-rooted and its appeal is wide. They will not be Catholic readers only who, after all defects have been admitted and regretted, abandon themselves to enjoyment of its vigorous individuality, its human warmth and sweetness, the freshness of its charm.

FAMOUS GENERALS OF THE GREAT WAR. By Charles H. L. Johnston. - Boston: The Page Co. \$2.00 net.

This book, written primarily for young people, gives in lively and pleasing fashion, interesting accounts of the lives of the great generals of the recent War. Its style is most entertaining and suited to the readers for whom the book has been written. There is much to inspire in its recital of the great events in the lives of Joffre, Sir John French, King Albert of Belgium, Ferdinand Foch, Sir Douglas Haig, John J. Pershing, Armado Diaz, Jan Smuts, and the other famous leaders of the armies of the United States and her Allies.

The book can be commended as historically accurate in its larger outlines, and extremely interesting in those incidents that tend to give an adequate picture of the human side of these dominant factors in determining the issues of the great conflict.

THE SETTLING PRICE. By William E. Hingston. Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.75 net.

This is an entertaining novel, which reveals the inner workings of the stock markets, the wheat exchange and the banks. It takes the reader into that field of business which is marked by intense struggle, and where principles are adhered to when profitable, but not otherwise. It is the age-long story of might—this time using the weapons of commerce to accomplish its purpose.

Billy Conyers, outside salesman for Wheeler & Watson, wheat merchants, is in love with Kate Wheeler, who is unaware

of the crisis through which her father's business is passing. The salesman learns of the plans to ruin his firm by preventing the delivery of grain. He is able to circumvent the schemes of the company's enemies, much to the satisfaction of the senior member's daughter.

The story is intensely interesting, told with skill and rounded to a fine climax.

COLLECTED POEMS, 1881-1919. By Robert Underwood Johnson. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$4.00.

This collected edition of the verse of our present Ambassador to Italy includes the contents of several volumes now out of print: "The Winter Hour," "Songs of Liberty," the "St. Gaudens" ode, "Poems of War and Peace," the "Italian Rhapsody," along with many fugitive pieces, some of them inspired by the recent War. The whole comprises a poetic heritage in the classic and conservative tradition of Anglo-American poetry, a thoroughly honorable heritage, with the calmness of mature thought and big interests. To be sure, all the poems are not of equal value—"To the Spirit of Luther," written in the early days of the War, being a most uninspired sonnet of Wordsworthian reminiscence. But the omnipresent dignity of Dr. Johnson's muse, his understanding love for Italy, and his unfailing respect both for his medium and his reader, bespeak alike the scholar and the citizen of the world.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM. By Adriana Spadoni. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.90.

This novel cannot be commended as a work of art. The story does not grip, several of its chapters are so episodic that they might be suppressed without loss, and the male characters are not men, but marionettes. The central figure—for we would not misapply the noble name of heroine to such a creature—is Jean Norris, who heartily detests her mother's Catholic piety and austere ordering of life. Jean's philosophy is practical paganism; she marries, and she and her partner resolve not to have any children. After some time husband and wife separate, and make their own lives. Jean takes up social service and philanthropy, but divorced entirely from all religion or belief, and she does not hesitate in the intervals of her social activities to sacrifice a woman's greatest treasure. This *dénouement* is stated coolly, without any palliation or excuse, as a mere neutral fact of no importance. It is further stated that Jean feels no shame or remorse for what she has done. Finally she marries *tant bien que mal* the fourth individual who happens to cross her path.

APPLIED MATHEMATICS. For Junior High Schools and High Schools. By Eugene Henry Barber. New York: Allyn & Bacon. \$1.25.

The author states in the preface that this book has been written to meet the demand for a practical course which shall coördinate the schoolroom lesson with the actual problems of the industrial and commercial world. This it proceeds to do from Addition to Mensuration. It will be found extremely useful for a review of Arithmetic before leaving the Junior High School. Its methods are the latest, and the pupil is taught to make use of the numerous charts, tables, computations, etc., abundantly provided. Its problems are varied, interesting and up-to-date, giving training in practical work, together with useful information on household, farm, factory and office work.

AN exceedingly enthusiastic, very youthful curate is *Father Ladden, Curate*, by Lonise Margaret Whalen (Manchester, N. H.: Magnificat Publishing Co. \$1.50), and withal very lovable. He has high ideals and little conceit, and is therefore open to life and life's lessons, however bitter. His "lines seem to have fallen in pleasant places," as far as pastors go, but we think he is pictured as being a "wee bit" hyper-sensitive. Perhaps it takes a priest to paint a priest. Who shall say?

AND YOU SHALL FIND REST FOR YOUR SOULS is an attractive little booklet by Francis Jerome, addressed to those outside of the Church who seek rest and peace (Catholic Truth Society, London. 8 pence).

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

Information valuable to Irish sympathizers is contained in the following pamphlets, issued by the Friends of Irish Freedom, National Bureau of Information, Washington, D. C.: *Irish Republican Arbitration Courts; Ireland and British Misrule; The Irish Land Question; Owen Wister*, and *An Answer to Rev. Walter McDonald. Ireland Since the Larne Gun-running*, by John J. O'Gorman, D.C.L., is issued by the Catholic Record Office, London, Canada. (Five cents.)

The Friends of Freedom for India print an address by Eamon De Valera, entitled *India and Ireland* (25 cents).

Great Britain in Egypt, by Herbert Adams Gibbons, a reprint of The Century Company, New York, maintains that the right of self-rule, for which the War was fought, has been denied Egypt as it has been denied Ireland.

Every small country striving for national freedom appears to have a society to further its cause. A new-comer is the "Friends of Ukraine." This society issues two pamphlets on Ukraine, one, *Ukraine and the Ukrainians*, by Emil Revyuk, the other, *Inhuman Blockade Strangling a Nation*.

The student of Bolshevism will find interesting and enlightening information in *Bolshevism in Russia and America*, by R. A. McGowan of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council (The Paulist Press. 10 cents), and three pamphlets printed by the American Association for International Conciliation: *Certain Aspects of the Bolshevik Movement in Russia*, Part I, which deals with the character of Bolshevik rule, and economic results of Bolshevik control. The second pamphlet, under the same title, states the Bolshevik programme of world revolution. The third is entitled *Some Bolshevik Portraits*, a sketch of the Bolshevik leaders.

The Industrial Shepherd is the title of a pamphlet treating of the services rendered the nations by Pope Benedict XV. during the War. (Central Bureau of the Central Society, St. Louis, Mo.)

From America Press we receive *A New Saint, Margaret Mary Alacoque*, by John C. Reville, S.J. (10 cents.) This will be read with profit by all who have a special devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Among welcome new booklets on the Mass are *The Sacrifice of the Mass* (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 15 cents), and *A Guide to High Mass* (Catholic Truth Society, London. 1 penny).

Other pamphlets from The Catholic Truth Society (London) whose titles bespeak attention are: *The Epic of the Dark Continent*, by M. A. Vials; *The Catholic Church and the Principle of Private Property*, by Hilaire Belloc; *The Road Home*, by P. Rudkin, and *Have Anglicans Any Right to Call Themselves Catholic?* by Herbert E. Hall, M.A.

Burns & Oates, Dublin, offer a pamphlet of special interest to students of Church History. It is entitled *The Early Papacy* (to the Synod of Chalcedon, 451), by Adrian Fortescue (2 shillings, 6 pence).

The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland issues *A Plea for Catholic Education*, by T. N. Burke, O.P., with a foreword on the present Irish educational position by the Most Rev. Laurence Gaughran, D.D., Bishop of Meath. *The Social Teachings of James Connelly*, by Rev. L. McKenna, S.J. (Postpaid 1 s. 5 d.)

The True Church, instructions reprinted from the "Redemptorists' Mission Book," is issued by James Duffy & Co., Dublin. Price, sixpence.

From the press of the Indian Catholic Truth Society we have *The Pope and the War*. From the Australian Catholic Truth Society we note *Catholic Essayists*, *The Great Quest and Other Papers*, by Albert T. Power, S.J.

A Safe View of Spiritism for Catholics, by Rev. Joseph C. Sasia, S.J., is the title of a pamphlet issued for free distribution, and which should be in the hands of every Catholic who wants to know the truth about Spiritism. (O'Connor Co., San Francisco.)

Recent Events.

Russia.

Towards the last of June the Bolsheviks launched their long-heralded midsummer drive against Poland with fifty divisions along a front of approximately seven hundred and twenty miles, and throughout the month the Poles have been forced to give ground along the entire front. The offensive has rested almost continuously with the Bolshevik forces which, according to latest dispatches, have, by a pincers movement, placed the Polish army in a very serious situation. This movement consists of a south-westerly drive with Vilna as its objective, while the forces under General Budenny are striking northwesterly toward Kovel and Brest-Litovsk. On the right wing of their long line the Poles are getting back toward the old Russian-German lines. Budenny's Russian Army, which has had remarkable success west of Kiev, is composed largely of cavalry. It has filtered through the Polish lines at many points and compelled a general Polish withdrawal. In the course of their withdrawal the Poles have been forced to give up many important points, including Kiev, the Ukrainian capital, the fortress of Rovno, one of the famous triangle of fortresses to the East of Dubno and Lutsk, and Lemberg, the former capital of Galicia.

Besides the obvious reason of the immense concentration of Bolshevik forces, Polish defeat seems ascribable largely to lack of ammunition and military supplies. The Poles have been endeavoring for months without success to secure ammunition. Some shipments were held up in London by the refusal of workmen to load the ships, others have been withheld by the Czechs in retaliation for the disagreement over the Teschen district plebiscite. Austria is also said to have been hindering shipments, holding that they were contrary to the Peace Treaty. So desperate became their situation, the Poles were finally obliged to ask for Allied intervention, and the Allies responded by promising help, on condition that the Poles withdraw to their legitimate boundaries, and by sending to Moscow a proposal for an armistice between Poland and Russia.

One of the results of the Polish *débâcle* has been the Polish recognition of Lithuania as a *de facto* independent state. The Lithuanian Government has issued a statement categorically denying that Lithuania, in conjunction with Germany, is planning a

military move against Poland the latter part of July. At the same time it was stated that the Lithuanian authorities had discovered a widespread Polish plot for the overthrow of the Lithuanian Government. Among the documents seized were a complete plan for Polish administration of Lithuania and detailed lists of persons who were to occupy leading positions.

After a Cabinet crisis lasting fifteen days, a new Polish Cabinet was formed on June 24th, headed by Ladislaus Grabski, former Minister of Finance. The new Government is known as an official expert Cabinet. Premier Grabski is a member of one of Poland's best known and wealthiest families. Announcement has been made that the Cabinet is non-political in character and will be directed by resolutions accepted by the Diet.

Though the Bolsheviki have won important victories against the Poles, they have been far from successful in the East, where the forces of General Wrangel, anti-Bolshevik leader on the Crimean front, have consistently advanced ever since June 14th, when they began to move northward from the Crimea and the Sea of Azov in three columns. Heavy fighting has occurred, the struggle being particularly intense in the region of Oriakov, but the Wrangel troops have been uniformly victorious. In one action his forces captured 4,000 prisoners and forty big guns, and in another they encircled a Bolshevik cavalry corps consisting of eighteen regiments, on which the Wrangel forces concentrated fire from armored trains and airplanes. Only one hundred and thirty of the Bolsheviki escaped, 1,000 prisoners being taken and the battlefield left covered with dead. The country occupied by General Wrangel's army embraces approximately 22,000 square miles of rich agricultural land, with heavy stores of grain. There are said to be 2,000,000 people living in this area.

Recent dispatches from Sebastopol say that General Makmo, with more than 20,000 anti-Bolshevik troops, has established contact with the forces of General Wrangel. General Makmo, whose headquarters are at Ekaterinoslav, declared he would coöperate with Wrangel against the Bolsheviki, so dispatches state. The Green Army, which is anti-Bolshevik, although not avowedly supporting Wrangel, has been cutting railways and harassing the Bolsheviki throughout the Kuban territory.

Early in July the Japanese Government announced its decision to occupy such points of the Province of Saghalien, Siberia, as it deemed necessary, pending the establishment there of a legitimate government and a satisfactory settlement for the massacre last spring of two hundred Japanese at Nikolaievsk. Japan is understood to regard the Province of Saghalien as ex-

cluded from the territory to be incorporated in the newly-founded Eastern Siberian Republic. The limits of this new republic, which has already been recognized by the Soviet Government, probably will include the three continental provinces of Trans-Baikalia, Amur, and the maritime province which includes Vladivostok. These limits, however, remain to be defined by a boundary treaty.

Relations between the Japanese Government and the new republic will depend entirely upon the action of the Siberians themselves, and the decision on their part to assume or repudiate responsibility for the massacre at Nikolaievsk. The anti-Bolshevik population has welcomed the Japanese forces, which have taken military possession of the upper part of Saghalien and the opposite coast on the mainland as a result of the massacre. On the other hand, an active propaganda against the Japanese is being carried on by the sympathizers with the Soviet Government. At last advice exchanges were in progress between the military leaders on both sides, with the design of arranging temporary boundary lines to separate the two nationalities and prevent hostile collisions.

The Japanese Premier has announced that Japanese troops would be withdrawn immediately from those districts of Siberia where their presence no longer was needed. Japanese troops will not be withdrawn from the Vladivostok region, however, the Government holding that this stands on a different footing because Korea can be menaced from this direction. Many Japanese live there and Harborovsk, within the region, constitutes a point of strategic importance on the way to Saghalien.

On July 7th, the British and French turned the city and province of Batum over to the Georgian Republic, completely surrendering possession. Conditions are quiet on the surface, and no immediate trouble is anticipated. It is reported a British dreadnaught and a destroyer will remain after the other British forces depart.

Germany.

After several abortive attempts to form a Cabinet, Konstantin Fehrenbach, who has been President of the German National Assembly, at last succeeded, late in June, in making up a Cabinet from the three old coalition parties with himself as Chancellor. That such a government will long be tolerated seems out of the question, but Herr Fehrenbach succeeded in winning at least temporary support for it in view of the approaching Conference with the Allies at Spa, and the necessity for the existence at that time of a responsible home government. The new Chancellor is

a man of sixty-eight and is, perhaps, best known as President of the National Assembly. As a young man he studied for the priesthood, but later decided to become a lawyer. His professional progress was rapid, and after playing a prominent part in Baden politics he was elected to the Reichstag in 1903. As a member of the Catholic Centre Party he became one of Erzberger's right-hand men. Though an excellent speaker, with a sense of humor and of the right word, he has occupied himself mainly in committee work. He is a firm advocate of Germany's carrying out the peace terms honorably and to the full extent of her ability.

The result of the Spa Conference, which is treated of in another place in these notes, caused considerable tension throughout Germany and may lead to another Cabinet crisis. The coal demands of Premier Millerand especially created dissatisfaction, and the signing of the disarmament agreement will probably bring about the elimination of certain Cabinet members or the withdrawal of the *Deutsch Volkspartei* from the coalition, that party being especially incensed at Chancellor's Fehrenbach's attitude, which they characterize as lacking pluck and diplomatic circumspection. The party leaders have been in consultation with the remaining Cabinet members, and have unanimously advised rejection of the coal demands and the return of the delegates to Berlin unless M. Millerand makes concessions in the matter of coal deliveries.

Fears are entertained that the approaching harvest in Germany will not nearly come up to expectations. One authority declares that so far as ascertained at present, something like one billion marks will be required for purchases abroad, in order to keep the country on the bread ration of the current harvest year. As regards food for the mass of the people the situation is serious. Food riots are reported from many parts of the country, including Hamburg, Lubeck, Ulm and Havensburg, which are in Württemberg, Osnabruck in Hanover, Crefeld in the Rhine province, and Frankfort-on-the-Main.

The demands of the Allies regarding the reduction of the army, disbandment of the military police and handing over of aircraft and military material have aroused bitter press comment. Both the Bavarian and Württemberg governments have informed the Berlin Cabinet that they regard the demands as unacceptable because their fulfillment would endanger law and order, and so would stand in the way of the country's economic reconstruction. They declare themselves unalterably opposed, in the present disturbed state of the country, to the disarmament and demobilization either of the civil guard or the military police.

In the first official statement issued since the beginning of the War, it was recently announced that Germany's floating debt April 30, 1920, was 117,148,755,623 marks. The gross revenue from taxes, duties, etc., from April, 1919, to the end of January, 1920, was 6,025,226,962 marks. The largest items are the special war tax of 1918—1,011,000,000 marks; coal tax, 1,007,000,000 marks; customs duties, 652,000,000 marks; tax on business turn-overs, 589,000,000 marks; wine tax, 311,000,000 marks. The postal and telegraph revenue shown separately for the same period were 1,404,000,000 marks.

The referendum at Eupen and in Malmedy, formerly German but now Belgian, showed only two hundred registered protests against Belgian occupation out of a total population of 68,000. This referendum was taken in accordance with a clause of the Versailles Treaty, which provided that for six months after the Treaty went into effect, the people at Eupen and Malmedy should be permitted to record in writing a desire to see the whole or part of Eupen and Malmedy remain under German sovereignty.

The budget committee of the Reichstag at a session early in July set aside 196,000,000,000 marks in the supplementary estimate for the construction of merchant shipping. Shipyards will receive subsidies in monthly installments, according to the progress of construction. The Council of the Empire has sanctioned the expenditure of 2,500,000,000 marks for the upkeep of the army of 100,000 men allowed under the Versailles Treaty.

After preliminary meetings between the
France. French and English Premiers at Hythe,
England, and later at Boulogne, the Su-

preme Council of the Allies met at Brussels on July 2d and 3d chiefly to discuss the fixation of the German indemnity. No definite decision was arrived at, however, prior to the Conference at Spa, where on July 5th, for the first time since the signing of the Peace Treaty, Allied and German delegates sat at the same table. The Germans won certain concessions, mainly in the matters of the disarmament date and of coal deliveries. The Versailles Treaty had provided that by March 31, 1920, the strength of the German army should be reduced to 100,000 men, but at present she has about 1,000,000 men under arms, and is far behind on the deliveries of war material which she had promised. By the new arrangement she is given an extension of time to October 1, 1920, to reduce her army to 150,000 men and to January 1, 1921, to reduce it to 100,000 men. With regard to the coal deliveries of

29,000,000 tons due them annually, the Allies agreed to the German request that the coal situation be considered by experts of both sides before Germany is called upon to meet the Allied demand establishing priority for them on German coal.

In addition to the German negotiations, the Allies took up other important matters. On July 11th on the request of the Poles asking Allied intervention, they sent to Moscow a proposal to the Soviet for an armistice between Poland and Russia, subject to the condition that the Polish troops retire behind Poland's legitimate boundaries, the armistice to be followed by a meeting of all border States to fix boundaries. Should the Soviets refuse an armistice and attack the Poles within their proper boundaries, the Allies declared they would give the Poles full assistance. At the same time this proposal was made, an announcement was made, on behalf of the British Government, stating that there was no foundation for the rumor that Great Britain intends to make separate peace with Russia.

The negotiations that have been carrying on for the last several months between Leonid Krassin, the Soviet representative in London, and the British Premier were just on the point of complete settlement when the Polish request for intervention arrived. The conditions stipulated by the British Government before trade could be resumed and accepted by the Moscow Government were as follows: That each Government refrain from inimical action or official propaganda against the institutions of the other; in particular that the Soviet Government should agree to stop efforts in Persia, the Caucasus and Turkey; to release immediately all British prisoners; to quit all propaganda in India and Asia, and to recognize the Russian foreign debt.

Ever since the presentation of the Peace Treaty to the Turkish delegation in Paris last month, there have been considerable differences of opinion with regard to it among the Allies. The Turkish delegation, after submitting the Treaty to the Government at Constantinople, had announced that they would uncompromisingly refuse to sign any peace treaty which deprived Turkey of the Smyrna district, Adrianople or Eastern Thrace. At the Spa Conference, however, the Allied Governments decided to insist on the signing of the original Treaty with only slight modifications.

The French objection to the Turkish Treaty was based on the feeling that French interests in Turkey were sacrificed to Great Britain, and that the Treaty represents the prevalence of the British policy over the French. The French idea was to make terms with the Turkish Nationalists, who under the leadership

of Mustapha Kemal are in revolt against the Sultan and the Constantinople Government, and who, the French believe, are the strongest party in Turkey. The British, on the other hand, advocated defying the Nationalists, and by taking a close hold upon the Sultan's government to force it to accept the Allies' terms.

The chief practical result of the British stand was the agreement, arrived at during the Hythe Conference, between Lloyd George and the Greek Premier, M. Venizelos, whereby the Greeks were authorized to send troops against Kemal's Nationalist forces. Later on the French joined the British in commissioning the Greeks to make war on the Nationalists. British warships were sent to assist the Greeks. Continuous fighting has gone on during the month between the Greek Army and the Nationalists, the advantage resting decidedly with the Greeks. On July 8th Greek forces captured Brusa, an important Asia Minor city, fifty-seven miles southeast of Constantinople. Military observers predict the complete collapse of the Nationalist movement within a short time.

The conference of international jurists composing the Commission for the Permanent Court of International Justice which has been in session for the past month at the Hague, has adopted the plan suggested by Elihu Root and Lord Phillimore, the British representative, for the permanent formation of the court. This provides that one panel of nominees for places on the court be chosen by the Assembly of the League of Nations, in which all the nations are represented, and another panel by the Council of the League, in which only the great Powers have places. It is probable that the court as finally constituted will consist of fifteen judges, five from the great Powers and ten from the smaller. The Hague has been selected as the permanent seat of the Court.

The first meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations will be held on November 15th under the call of President Wilson. While the place for the session has not yet been selected, it is understood that the meeting will be held either at Geneva or Brussels. In the absence of ratification of the Peace Treaty by the United States Senate, the American Government will not participate in the sessions of the League.

Recent reports issued by the French Government show the extent to which work has been resumed in industries and factories of the invaded districts. In the industrial department of the Muerthe and Moselle eighty per cent of the pre-war factories and establishments are again at work. In the Ardennes and Nord the proportion is seventy-eight per cent, and in the Lille district it has risen as high as eighty-four per cent. In all departments out

of 3,700 industrial establishments, 2,810, or more than seventy-five per cent, were again partially or completely at work on June 1st this year.

Exports of 5,970,000,000 francs from January 1st to the end of May are shown in official statistics, recently given out, as compared with 2,116,000,000 francs during the same period last year. Imports increased 1,927,000,000 francs. Imports of food-stuffs showed a reduction of 109,000,000 francs.

Italy. The new Premier, Giovanni Giolitti, announced in June the names of his Cabinet members. The Cabinet is composed of five Liberals, two Catholics, three Radicals, two Parliamentary Socialists, and three non-political experts. Giolitti, who was driven from the Premiership five years ago on Italy's entrance into the War, which he opposed, is now considered to be more powerfully and generally supported than ever before during his long political career.

A recent official dispatch confirms an earlier report that Avlona, Albania, has been captured from the Italians by Albanian insurgents. The majority of the Italian garrison was taken off by warships. Many were wounded and thirty-six Italian officers, including four colonels, were made prisoner. The Italians lost four hundred and eighty-five killed, besides seven big guns, several thousand rifles, and much material. Premier Giolitti is reported as favoring the recognition of Albanian independence, and early in July he sent Baron Aliotti to negotiate an Italo-Albanian understanding. At last accounts, however, fighting still continued.

Serious trouble occurred late in June at Ancona, on the Adriatic Sea, when a battalion of Bersaglieri mutinied and were only subdued after being besieged in their barracks for twelve hours. Ancona is the centre of anarchist revolutionary propaganda. A week after the outbreak of the mutiny the authorities arrested 1,500 anarchists. From letters and documents found on them, there is proof that the plot that precipitated the mutiny was planned by the notorious anarchist, Malatesta.

To the same source are ascribed many outbursts throughout the country. Malatesta, who is called the evil genius of the working classes, has been stirring up discontent in the industrial, agricultural and military life of the people ever since his return to Italy, after many years of exile in London, on the cessation of the Great War and the proclamation of amnesty. Owing chiefly to his influence and that of his newspaper and propaganda agents,

serious riots have broken out in various parts of the country, including Milan, Pisa, and many of the smaller towns. The Government's measures towards repressing the disorders are meeting with success. This was especially evidenced by the failure of the Socialists to induce the General Federation of Labor to call a nation-wide strike.

Premier Giolitti recently received Alceste de Ambris, d'Annunzio's chief of Cabinet, who explained d'Annunzio's desire for "systemization" of the Adriatic question, which is apparently as far from solution as ever. Signor de Ambris said that d'Annunzio refused to permit the substitution of regular troops in place of his volunteers, and demanded the annexation of Fiume to Italy, or at least its proclamation as an independent state with territorial continuity with Italy. Meanwhile d'Annunzio is making efforts to open trade relations with the Jugo-Slav hinterland. Ships are allowed to enter port with cargoes for the Jugo-Slavs, while an Italian vessel has just finished loading a cargo of lumber from Jugo-Slavia. It has been consigned to firms in Alexandria, Egypt. Assurances have been given, it is learned, that American ships carrying goods for cities in the interior may enter Fiume and discharge their contents without molestation. Colonel Sani, the poet's chief secretary, has been in conference with the sub-prefect of Sussak, the Jugo-Slav suburb of Fiume.

Recent dispatches announce the repudiation of d'Annunzio as commander in Fiume by a group of influential Fiumians, who sent a protest to the National Council against the leaders of the Autonomist Party. Dr. Antonio Grossich, the President of the Council, promised to take up the matter with the poet, to which the hearers of the protest objected, declaring they did not recognize the poet's command. The protest was signed by one hundred of the leaders in Fiume's business and professional life.

A demand that Italian forces along the armistice line near this city retire westward twelve miles, was made early this week by an officer of the Serbian Army in an ultimatum sent to General Bergamo, of the Italian occupation forces. The latter refused to move, insisting that the ultimatum was unofficial, because it did not come from Belgrade through Rome.

July 17, 1920.

With Our Readers.

AN important appeal has just been issued, as an editorial for our Catholic weeklies, by the Rev. J. Danihy, S.J., Regent of the Marquette University School of Journalism.

The appeal speaks of the vastly increased problem which, from the beginning of America's entrance into the War, and again since the signing of the armistice, the Catholic body of this country is called upon to face.

"It was this realization that led to the formation of The National Catholic War Council, and later to the development of The National Catholic Welfare Council with its different sections and bureaus covering all the activities of the Church. One of the most important and one of the most promising for the future, of these departments, is that devoted to the Catholic press.

"Taking over the equipment and facilities of the Catholic Press Association, this new department has begun what we hope will prove the stepping stone to great things in Catholic journalism.

"With the approval and coöperation of the Hierarchy, not only the development of the Catholic papers now in existence, but the realization of a long cherished dream for Catholic dailies is on its way to fulfillment. The great drawback of lack of means should no longer cripple the growth of the Catholic Press. With the organization of the Catholic News Service our editors are assured of accurate, up to the minute reports of all important events in the Catholic world. Of course, this will take time: but with the energetic men at the head of affairs we can look with confidence to the future."

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FATHER DANIHY then takes up the vital question—upon the right answer to which any success of the proposed work will depend—the need of trained men to assume the ever-increasing responsibilities of the Catholic press. Up to the present time that work has been done by men who sacrificed much to serve the Church in the field of Catholic journalism. Now that their work has borne fruit, and an expansion, beyond the dream of a decade ago, is promised, it behooves us to ask ourselves: Where are we going to find the men capable of performing the task well?

Some may answer that we have many well trained Catholic journalists holding high positions on secular newspapers: that

the Catholic press, if it would pay them equally good salaries, could in a very short time command their services. Thus would it find itself equipped with a very capable personnel. It seems to us that such an answer is quite inadequate. Our experience does not confirm it. Journalism may be learned at any school equipped for the purpose: Catholic journalism cannot.

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THE man, Catholic or non-Catholic, who accepts a position on a secular journal, particularly on what is known as a metropolitan daily, lives in an atmosphere and is controlled by an environment that is not Catholic. We do not say it is anti-Catholic. It is secular and modern in all that the words connote in association. The journal or newspaper itself is owned by a capitalist or a capitalistic corporation. Its editorial policy is so regulated. It has many departments and no common conscience. What it will publish on one page concerning a fundamental moral or religious question, it will contradict, perhaps without explanation or apology of any kind, on another. Moral integrity as one organic whole it does not recognize. It takes to itself a freedom from responsibility that God has given to no one. It claims that it must and has the right to tell all the news—it will color the reporting and publication of that news with its own propaganda.

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CATHOLICS working on the secular newspapers rebel, at least inwardly, against the tyranny of this modern conscienceless machine. They feel, as all true literary men feel, that any real self expression must reverence, as a fundamental truth, the integrity of life, the responsibility of the mind's utterance. Their Catholic faith is hampered; straitened in strange channels unless they may so answer to it. The reigning thought of the newspaper office is that one religion is as good as another; that dogmatic truth is the last thing a newspaper will accept; that the sensational, the unusual, the morbid must be "fed up" to the people to add zest to life. The Catholic soul grows weary of such unreality, such machine-made emotionalism, such theatrical playing with the tragedies, the tears, and the degradation of life. He feels that the modern newspaper coins into money the weaknesses and the sins of humanity.

The estimate of what the people want, according to the ordinary secular editor, would lead one to believe in Luther's doctrine of total depravity rather than in the hopefulness and helpfulness of Christ. "Statistics compiled by the Marquette University School of Journalism," says Father Danihy, "on the angle from which crime, scandal and divorce stories are treated

throughout the country, show an alarming tendency on the part of once conservative journals to play up the sensational, the lewd and the revolting side of life."

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SUCH an atmosphere and such an environment will never make the Catholic journalist. Indeed, if we need a Catholic press, those who will conduct it will not be graduates of a journalism in so many ways opposed to the Catholic spirit.

Moreover a Catholic journalist on a Catholic press has far greater and more complex problems to meet than offer in the secular field. We do not wish to minimize the training he should have as a journalist. Indeed we maintain, as his primary requisite, not only ability to write well; but to write in the modern style that will attract and win. Too often intention in Catholic journalism is made to cover a multitude of sins. Too often everything is overlooked because the Catholic writer is right in substance. This also is failure to regard and reverence the integrity of the soul in action. There is an external charm that wins and a beauty of expression that of itself captivates many minds. And this grace of expression, this finer sense of taste and of style has been often discounted or neglected. Yet it is the essential for success, the *sine qua non* of a Catholic journalist as of a Catholic literary writer.

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THIS grace is, we might say, the studied possession of non-Catholic writers. Nor is it too much to add that many Catholics are influenced, perhaps unconsciously, towards accepting un-Catholic opinions and attitudes by the newspaper, periodical and book wherein the author successfully "puts over" what is specious in style, but noxious in truth.

The successful appeal in much of what we might call modern spiritual non-Catholic literature is due to the attractive manner of presentation, and to the fact that, in great part, old traditional Catholic truth is presented. The human mind will not altogether be deceived. It always seeks some substantial nourishment. Modern mystical treatises: dissertations on New Thought: cultivation of the quiet hour and of the mental powers, all these have borrowed something from the treasuries of Catholic literature.

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A CATHOLIC journalist should know how to present: how to discriminate. What we have said but hints at the vast field he must be prepared to cover. The great War presented new problems to the Catholic body of America. And those who think, who see in the world of today the result of the War and the

question of reconstruction, searching for guidance, look towards the Catholic Church to see perchance if they may find it there.

Upon the Catholic journalist rests the duty of showing that there it may be found. He must be solidly grounded in Catholic doctrine, for the doctrines of our Faith are the guide both to the philosophy and to the conduct of life. He must hold close to his own soul the integrity and unity of life, the responsibility to God of all its sources, its powers, its purposes. The Redemption through Christ must be with him, a vital ever present and reigning truth; the Kingdom of Christ whereby we are saved, whereby we are made one with Christ and with one another, a dominant, practical reality. His fidelity to the Church must be as to the living, speaking Christ, preserving and declaring the truths that show earth and heaven as the creation and possession of the One God, Who has made both the angels and the flowers, and made them "good."

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THE greatness of an office must be measured by its opportunity. This is surely the foundation that will make journalism Catholic. As Father Danihy adds, "such a training is seldom found in the journalist of today."

The opportunities Marquette University presents for young Catholic men to acquire this training, merit for it the praise and the support of the Catholic body of the country.

"The more we think of the future of Catholic journalism and the influence of the men who will be at the head of it, the more we are impressed with the need of a broad journalistic training, which includes among the first essentials of its course not only a familiarity with literature and science in general, but also a solid training in logic, sociology, psychology, and ethics."

Moreover our Catholic people, who should form a large and intelligent reading public, must be further aroused to their responsibility to read clean, upright newspapers: to cultivate actively a taste for Catholic literature and increase their intelligent interest in the apostolate of the Catholic press.

WHEN one meets with an article entitled "Christianity and Industry," he naturally looks for a dignified and serious consideration of an important question. But titles, like clothes, are often disappointing. There is a paper, so titled in the *American Journal of Sociology* by Albion W. Small. Emanating from the University of Chicago and written by a man who has gained eminence in his field, one has the right to expect scholarly treat-

ment. It never rises above the sophomoric and, most frequently, falls far below it. Dr. Small's estimate of the influence of Christianity upon industry is found in two cheap sentences: "That from Constantine to the Constitution of the United States, Christianity was mostly owned and operated by the politicians," and "during the fifteen centuries in which this truth (the spirit of Christ) was muzzled, the Christian teachers mostly played into the hands of the politicians."

Thus does a learned professor lend himself to the fanatical pamphleteer.

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THE true measure of Dr. Small, both as an historian and a sociologist, may be gauged from both sentences. Nothing could prove more effectively how ill fitted he is either to interpret history or to guide human society.

The hope of Christianity he places in the Inter-Church World Movement with its vast funds (that are not but were to be). In the light of his hope he states that "American Protestants are united as they never were before, for any reason, in assessing and collecting of themselves that inconceivable sum and in guaranteeing its conscientious use." But now that one Protestant denomination after another has withdrawn from the Inter-Church World Movement, and the Movement has itself collapsed, what will Dr. Small say? He saw in this combine "a mental and moral unity" on the part of Protestant sects, which they never possessed before: "functionally," he proclaimed, though he promised to avoid rhetoric, "they have been born again." If such combination was the sign of life, is its passing the sign of death?

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THE Inter-Church World Movement was born of the desire of leading Protestants to possess the necessary note of unity, even if it could be but an external note. The Protestant denominations have it not, and know they have it not. The opportunity furnished by the War and in after the War work loomed great in the light of such a possibility. Separately, preaching division and disruption, they would be a laughing stock. Together, as apparently one body, could they not evangelize the world? Indeed sponsors of the Movement aroused their hearers, time and again, by preaching the new crusade this money would launch for a united Protestantism to carry the light of Christ into the benighted countries of Europe, such as France, Italy, Spain, and Austria: into Central and South America. Federation: combination: united action that would promote efficiency: the building up of the Protestant churches at home: consolidation:

the union church—all these were to be born of the Inter-Church World Movement.

A vast sum of money was to be collected for a period of five years. It was to be distributed according to pre-arranged budgets. All was to be controlled by a central board. The authority that board possessed would force an apparent unity of operation, of appeal, of action.

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BUT water cannot rise above its source. There are many treasures which money cannot buy. And the greatest of them all is Christ. Unity is born only of Him and Protestantism is organically concerned with protesting against Him. Historically it broke His unity in principle and it can agree, it can be one, only in opposition to that unity. Practically and theoretically the sects cannot agree among themselves and never can agree. It is against their nature. They can agree in opposition to the Catholic Church, the Church of Christ.

Through a great money combination they sought to acquire the pretense of possessing that which they could never have: unity, and the combination has fallen to pieces, as it was inevitably bound to do. So little appreciation has Dr. Small of true spiritual influences that he writes of this movement, already a failure: "American Christianity is equipped as never before for decisive action in the economic drama now enfolding." One must remember that its equipment was to be, for the next five years, one thousand three hundred million dollars.

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THE Inter-Church World Movement, after its collapse, was described by Dr. Charles R. Brown, dean of the Yale School of Religion, as a dream which had become a nightmare. Dean Brown is a Protestant and was addressing a body of Congregationalists. He complained of its self-appointed authority and tyranny. He sounded the Protestant keynote: "We have sore need of getting back to the ultimate significance of the regenerate man wisely striving in his particular station to do the will of his Master." The Inter-Church World Movement is, according to him, "a symptom of a tendency which is, in my judgment, a hurt and loss to our American Protestantism. The Men and Religious Movement, the Laymen's Missionary Movement, the Inter-Church World Movement, and all the rest have resulted in disappointment . . . They all left a dark brown taste in the mouth of Protestant Christianity in this country."

THE people of Austria are suffering lamentably from lack of food. The results of undernourishment are painfully apparent through the alarming spread of tuberculosis and softening of the bones. In truth, the very existence of Austria as a nation is at stake. Its cries will, we feel, be heard by the wealthier, happier countries of the world. In our own country the Baroness Elsie von Rast and the Rev. John Egger, O.S.F.S., are soliciting help for this cause. Contributions may be sent to either addressed, care of The Kolping House, 165 East 88th Street, New York City. His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, has sent out the following letter:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

May 24, 1920.

I have received letters today from the Cardinal-Archbishop of Vienna commending to me the mission of Baroness von Rast and the Rev. Johann Egger. They have been sent by His Eminence, Cardinal Piffl, to gather funds for the relief of the suffering people of Vienna. The letters they bring with them tell of conditions which are deplorable. The population of Vienna, now two and one-half millions, is on the verge of starvation.

I heartily commend their mission to the generosity of the public and trust that they will meet with success wherever they go.

I am,

Faithfully yours in Christ,

(Signed) J. CARDINAL GIBBONS,

Archbishop of Baltimore.

A PROPOSED "Catholic Federation of Arts," is welcome evidence that the Church as the Mother of Art is coming into her own again. Not in vain has Francis Thompson pled with "pastors" and "pious laies" to "unroll the precedents of the Church's past," to recall that "Francis of Assisi forswore not Beauty, but discerned through the lamp, Beauty, the Light, God."

Inadequate means, the pressure of necessity with, it must be confessed, a strange blindness to the powerful function of religious art and a still stranger willingness to use in the service of God the spurious for the real, have combined to rob our American Catholic churches and our American Catholic people of their birthright of beauty, so lavishly spread before them in the Old World and in the Latin Americas. Exceptions only prove the rule.

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THE best alone is a worthy offering to the Most High: it alone is a worthy instrument of His grace. The Catholic Federation of Arts is born of this principle.

"'Nothing is too good for our Eucharistic Lord' ought to be

the common sentiment of the federation. Therefore its members pledge themselves to produce works that are honest, enduring and artistic, for shams and tinsels have no place in the temple of truth.

"The urgent need of concerted action on the part of art workers is felt by all. Undoubtedly there are artists and architects who are fully alive to their responsibility for the talents received from the Most High, and hence desire to use them in His service. Individually these can achieve little, but united they may accomplish much. . . While the happy condition of the glorious Middle Ages is not feasible at the present time, at last the spirit of the ancient guilds may be revived and embodied into the forthcoming constitution of the federation."

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THE purpose of the Catholic Federation of Arts is:

1. To bring together for discussion, consultation and coöperation Catholic artists and lovers of Christian art. The federation embraces architects, mural painters, sculptors, altar builders, lace workers, workers in metal, stained glass and mosaics; in fine, all who are engaged and interested in the noble work of erecting and beautifying the house of God.

2. To draw up such a constitution as will embody laws and principles conducive to the proper development of true Christian art.

3. To diffuse and foster knowledge of and appreciation for Catholic art.

4. To safeguard the spiritual welfare of Catholic art students.

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"THIS can be done by establishing local centres or chapters throughout the country. Educators of the present day consider art a valuable factor in the thorough education of youth and heartily endorse it. There is no reason why local centres could not be established in all Catholic colleges and academies. Such art centres should be of exceptional value in our ecclesiastical seminaries."

We see in this "Federation" the promise of a medium for the education of priests and people in the true principles of art, as also for enlisting in the service of the All-Highest talent, now latent, awaiting only the invitation of the Master. We would ask for it, therefore, friends from among our readers. Those wishing to coöperate in the movement may address: Studio of Christian Art, St. Anselm's College, Manchester, New Hampshire.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

A Monograph on *Plebiscites*. By S. Wambaugh. *The Proceedings of the Hague Peace Conferences of 1899 and 1907*. By J. B. Scott. *The Declaration of London, February 26, 1909*. By J. B. Scott. *Treaties for the Advancement of Peace Between the United States and Other Powers Negotiated by the Hon. W. J. Bryan, Secretary of State of the United States*.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

Growing Up. By M. H. Vorse. \$1.75 net. *The Wanderer, or Many Minds on Many Subjects*. Compiled by M. E. McAuley. \$2.00 net. *Pic, the Weapon-Maker*. By G. Langford. \$1.75 net. *The Great Modern American Stories*. Compiled by Wm. D. Howells. \$2.00 net.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:

Letters of Travel. By R. Kipling. *The Rescue*. By J. Conrad. \$2.00 net. *The Old Humanities and the New Science*. By Sir W. Osler, M.D., F.R.S. \$1.50. *Arthur Hugh Clough*. By J. I. Osborne. \$2.25.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

How We Advertised America. By G. Creel. \$5.00 net. *Vagabonding Through Changing Germany*. By H. A. Franck. \$4.00 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Father William Doyle, S.J. By Alfred O'Rahilly. \$3.50 net. *An Essay on Medieval Economic Teaching*. By G. O'Brien, Litt.D. \$4.75 net.

THE CENTURY Co., New York:

France and Ourselves. By Herbert A. Gibbons. \$1.50.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:

French Literature of the Great War. By A. Schinz. \$2.00 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

Socialism. By W. E. Walling. \$2.00 net. *Jewish Fairy Tales and Stories*. Translated by G. Friedlander. *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*. By V. W. Brooks. *The Sword of the Spirit*. By Z. H. Humphrey.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

The House of Dreams-Come-True. By M. Pedler. *Democracy and Ideals*. By J. Erskine. *American World Policies*. By D. J. Hill. *Daisy Ashford: Her Book*.

JOHN LANE Co., New York:

Swainburne as I Knew Him. By Coulson Kernahan. \$1.25 net.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Dante, "The Central Man of the World." By J. T. Slattery, Ph.D.

THE NATIONAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY, New York:

The Red Conspiracy. By J. J. Mereto. \$2.00.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL Co., New York:

The Man of Tomorrow. By C. Richards.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:

Mary Marie. By E. H. Porter. \$1.90.

SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston:

Old Plymouth Trails. By W. Packard. *Plays*. By S. Gaspari. *Wings of the Wind*. By C. Harris.

C. A. DAKO, 16 Pulaski Road, Boston:

Albanta, the Master Key to the Near East. By Christo A. Dako.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:

The Charm of Fine Manners. By H. E. Starrett. \$1.00 net.

B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:

Adventures Perilous. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, F.R.H.S. \$1.80 net. *St. Teresa, and Her First English Daughter*. \$1.80 net. *In An Indian Abbey: Some Plain Talking on Theology*. By J. Rickaby, S.J. \$2.40 net. *Ireland in Fiction*. By S. J. Brown, S.J. \$3.75 net. *A Commentary on the New Code of Canon Law*. By Rev. P. C. Augustine, O.S.B., D.D. Vol. IV. \$2.50 net.

DOMINICAN SISTERS' PUBLISHING Co., Tacoma, Wash.:

The Interchurch and the Catholic Idea. By Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P.

BROWNE & NOLAN, Dublin:

The Catholic Student. By Rev. M. Hickey, D.D. 6 s. net.

THE TALBOT PRESS, Dublin:

Ulster Songs and Ballads. By Padriac Gregory. 2 s. 6 d.

PIERRE TÉQUI, Paris:

Retraite de Première Communion Solennelle. Par J. Millot. 5 fr. *Transfigurée par l'Eucharistie et par la lutte*. Par L. Lajoie. 1 fr. 50. *Admirable Histoire de Joseph*. Par Abbé F. Rouault. 2 fr. *Cornet de Jeanne d'Arc*. Par E. Roupain, S.J. 2 fr. 50. *Vers la Victoire*. Par Monseigneur E. L. Julien. 5 fr. *Le Bon Esprit au Collège*. Par Monseigneur J. Tissier. 3 fr. 50. *En Marge des Combats*. Par G. Joly. 3 fr. 50. *Nos Tributs de Gloire*. Par Monseigneur J. Tissier. 3 fr. 50. *La Novice Parfaite*. Par C. E. Thévenot. 2 fr. *Un Caractère (Le Cardinal Mercier)*. Par E. Roupain, S.J. 2 fr. *Le Prédicateur des Retraites de Première Communion*. Par Ph. G. Laborie. 4 fr. 50. *Les Promesses du Sacré-Cœur*. Par E. Truptin. 5 fr.

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“N. C. W. C.”—THE CHURCH IN ACTION.

A Layman's View.

BY BENEDICT ELDER.



THE Church in being and the Church in action present to our minds two different aspects of the one Church.

The Church in being, in her very nature, impresses us with her essentially divine character; whereby, in spite of hostile forces, with her organization always opposed and sometimes sadly deranged, she continues, unbroken, her existence, and is maintained by manifest Providence to check the errors of men, confound the sects, teach the world vital, healing truth and sanctity and save mankind.

The Church in action, although inspired and vivified by the Holy Ghost, impresses us forcibly with her human side; with the energy of her leaders, with their strength and moral stature, their trained and ready minds, their clear vision and wide knowledge and virile sympathy; wherewith, though inexperienced in the comprehensive and minute processes of world organization, they are able to search out and develop, to co-ordinate and bind together in unity, and set to work, all the scattered forces in the Catholic world.

The Church in action not only is divine in her teaching, her guidance, and the fulfillment of her mission; but is great

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IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

also in her human wisdom, rich in her human resources, touching in her human appeal, and an unequaled power for good in her human precept and example. Where she is not found in action, humanity is seen to suffer. When she was in action in Africa, civilization flourished there. When she was in action in Asia, the eyes of the world were turned toward the East. When she was in action in Europe, Europe was the garden of civilization. When her action in Europe was impeded or cut short, Europe declined to what we have witnessed these past five years, what still we behold transpiring there.

The whole history of the progress of civilization, since the beginning of the Christian era unto this day, might very well be written around the names of the great Catholic men and women whose lives and works mark the different periods of the Church in action.

Catholics in America have a record of religious activity that is not without distinction. Bishops, priests, and laymen, in every diocese, in every city, have been active, enterprising, zealous in the cause of the Church; but, speaking largely, and leaving aside the great Councils of Baltimore, there has been among them little concert of action or of plan. Many of our religious Orders have done signal work. Their achievement has, perhaps, no parallel in history; but it has been wrought without coördination or unity in the field as a whole. Lay societies have flourished among us, and one or another has performed distinctive service to the Church; but they have always worked independently of and sometimes even at cross-purposes with one another. A Catholic press that is devoted and loyal and not without strength, has been developed; but the concert of thought and expression that is indispensable to the highest uniform excellency has been wanting.

We have Catholic books without number; but no Catholic literature. We have Catholic readers in fair proportion; but nothing like a recognized, not to say weighty, Catholic opinion on public questions. Our missions have grown into parishes, our parishes have multiplied, our dioceses have increased in number and have grown in strength quite steadily and in many cases quite remarkably; we have won place and prestige in our country; but there has never been here a "Catholic movement."

We have not yet seen the whole Church as a unit in action.

"The Church has had for years its dioceses and arch-dioceses well organized and well equipped," said the Rt. Rev. Bishop Russell at the meeting of the Catholic editors in Washington; "but we have never until last September had a national organization; we have never had a national interest in the Catholic activities of the whole country." It was last September that the Catholic hierarchy, at the call of his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, issued at the instance of His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV., met in Washington. This was the largest meeting of the hierarchy ever held in America. It was called for the purpose of "organizing on a national scale every field of Catholic activity." The comprehensive plan outlined by the venerable Cardinal and proposed to the assembled bishops by the Programme Committee was accepted almost in its entirety, with the important exception of financial proposals. The National Catholic Welfare Council, which is the Catholic hierarchy of the United States acting as a corporate unit, was accordingly voted into being and has since been organized in detail. The Church in America is, therefore, now in action as a unit, and "N. C. W. C." is a symbol of all that the Church in this country stands for in the organized activities of her people.

It was the writer's privilege to be present at the Washington meeting of Catholic editors, where was taken the first formal action in the way of bringing Catholic publishers and writers of every description into the general organization of the Press, Publicity and Literature Department of the N. C. W. C. One could not but feel a glow of satisfaction at the large spirit of coöperation there manifested upon all sides. One could not miss its meaning. It marked, we all believed, the beginning of a new epoch, in which, as never before, the Church in America will stamp the influence of her teaching upon our national life, in civic, social and industrial affairs, and in all public questions that have a direct bearing on Christian faith and morals.

As Bishop Russell unfolded to this meeting the complete scheme of organization of the N. C. W. C., and presented in detail the plans proposed for the Press Department, each additional feature of the programme outlined told of new pos-

sibilities, opened new avenues of activity, revealed new sources of energy, to be developed and utilized by the Church in action. One could see in prospect a quickening of the mass-sense of our Catholic people. One imagined the rising generation of Catholics exerting a mighty force in the nation, confronting the evils of their time with a hitherto unknown solidarity of thought and action.

As in the early days of the Church, when Catholics by their exemplary conduct set themselves as a class apart; when they did not amass great wealth or limit the size of their families or procure divorces or frequent the public baths or surround themselves with a number of slaves; did not, in short, devote their lives to self-indulgence as was the manner of their time; but instead practised self-discipline and schooled themselves to charity; so today, with the Church as the Church in action, thoroughly organized, fully equipped, and functioning in her work as in her teaching—with undivided singleness of purpose and complete unity of plan—we can hope that in this generation or in the next, her children by their virtuous lives and their distinctive good works will again verify to great masses outside the fold her divine mission to mankind.

Henceforth, the entire hierarchy will meet annually. This alone presages a wider and more intimate knowledge among the clergy of the needs of our times, and a deeper, more abiding confidence among the laity that the Church, divine in her origin and in the true source of her strength, is great even on her human side, and is in every way entitled to their full loyalty and support. Between times, the N. C. W. C., that is to say, the hierarchy as a corporate entity, will function through an Administrative Committee, composed of seven members of the corporation, elected annually by secret ballot, who constitute the executive body, just as a Board of Directors in corporations generally. The members of the Administrative Committee elected last September to serve until the next annual meeting are: Archbishop E. J. Hanna, of San Francisco, Chairman; Archbishop D. J. Dougherty, of Philadelphia; Archbishop Austin Dowling, of St. Paul; Bishop P. J. Muldoon, of Rockford, the Vice-Chairman; Bishop William T. Russell, of Charleston, Secretary; Bishop Joseph Schrenks, of Toledo; and Bishop Regis J. Canevin, of Pittsburgh.

The Administrative Committee will in turn function

mainly through Departments. Five Departments have so far been erected. They are: Legislation, under Archbishop Dougherty; Social Service, under Bishop Muldoon; Education, under Archbishop Dowling; Press and Literature, under Bishop Russell; and Catholic Societies, under Bishop Schrembs, a department which, to us of the laity, holds out special hopes. Others will be erected as the work advances or as occasion may require.

A representative of each of these departments sits as a member of the Executive Department headed by a General Secretary, with headquarters at Washington. The organization of each Department, under the Bishop in charge, is very elastic, affording all latitude necessary to elicit full interest and utilize every talent in both clergy and laity for any given activity. Committees, secretaries, executive boards, advisory councils, composed of clergy and laity, men and women, representative of every organization and every interest in any way affected, as the business in hand indicates, are provided for; with virtually no restrictions other than what they themselves impose, except that before final action in the name of the N. C. W. C., the approval of the bishop in charge must be secured. Thus liberty and authority are combined; unity with the utmost freedom is secured; and the fullest encouragement is given to initiative and enterprise on the part of all.

The plan is at once resilient and strong; at the same time democratic and safe. It envelops and stimulates everything without absorbing anything. It reaches all organizations of Catholics, national, diocesan or parochial, but without affecting the identity or interfering with the distinctive line of work of any. It extends to every individual who is active in the Catholic cause; but without imposing any restraint that one's own bishop and pastor do not impose. Indeed, the very excellence of the plan depends upon preserving the identity and, as far as may be, promoting the special interests of all existing organizations, and upon encouraging the most active initiative on the part of individuals; for it is just this coördination, development and use of all Catholic activities and resources, without concentration on any one or any single group, that affords the Church in action her unequalled facility for reaching all classes of society with her influence. Humanly speaking, right here is the secret of that power, which the Church

has shown time and time again in different countries, and at least twice throughout the civilized world, to check the decadent forces of exaggerated materialism, renovate society, and set humanity once more in the way of true and lasting progress.

The decision of the hierarchy to enter upon this broad scheme of organization was not reached hurriedly or by unanimous acclaim. It is better so. The fire that flashes up quickly, soon flickers out. The "unanimous approval" of a large body of men has not the moral force that is popularly supposed. In the Jewish Great Sanhedrin, one of the most learned bodies of men in ancient or modern times, it was a rule that when capital judgments were unanimously voted, they could not be carried into execution, the reason being that where no division of opinion on a matter of great import appeared in such a body, this was evidence that its members were influenced by some common prejudice or other pre-disposition. By the same token, the wisdom of the decision of the hierarchy to organize on a nation-wide scale every field of Catholic activity in this country, is confirmed by the slight opposition at the time expressed, as we may be sure that every reasonable objection to the plan was then considered, and dismissed.

In fact, for many months before the National Catholic Welfare Council was formed, "N. C. W. C." signified the National Catholic War Council; and while the latter is now coming to an end, and the new Council is a distinct organization, broader in aim and scope and permanent in character, much of the old Council's plan of organization has been incorporated in the larger scheme. For instance, the idea of encouraging lay societies to greater effort by giving them a constituent place in the organization without absorbing them or interfering with their distinctive activities, was successfully tried out by the War Council. Certainly the War Activities of the Knights of Columbus lost nothing of value, and that Order itself nothing of prestige, through having the endorsement and assistance of the Administrative Committee of Bishops of the old N. C. W. C. And now Bishop Schrembs has formed two organizations, one of women's societies, the other of men's, which promise immense good to the American Church. In nearly every parish, there are many laymen and

laywomen who longed to do something for the Church; but hitherto they have often been obliged, all unwillingly, to stand idle in the market place. By wise and keen-sighted direction, these men and women will be set to work in their appropriate place. Why should not the reproach leveled at the Church, that she does not know how to utilize the zeal and energy of her laity, cease to have force and a new era, like to the first age of the Church, be inaugurated?

Again, the idea that Catholics as a body should henceforth take a more active part in the solution of the industrial and social problems of our country, that there should be, from time to time, some authoritative, even though not in its strictest sense binding, expression of the Catholic mind on vital questions of public and common concern, that a means of rallying Catholic sentiment, of stimulating Catholic thought, of forming and strengthening a distinctive Catholic opinion on matters affecting the common welfare, should be at hand—all this was implied when the Bishops of the old Council issued their now celebrated "Reconstruction Programme."

Nor is there anything new or strange, in the Catholic world, in the coexistence of centralization and democracy. The Church is the one institution in the world in which the two can coexist. As Americans we are traditionally opposed to too much centralization, fearing that our democratic institutions, indeed our very liberties, must in consequence suffer undue limitation. In the case of civil government there is ground for such fear. Civil governments have a coercive power. They not only bind to obedience when they are just, but they physically compel obedience, whether or not just. Past history does not afford us any example where democratic liberty among citizens has long survived the strong centralization of government. The danger of this trend or this tendency in government is, therefore, wherever it appears, a very real danger.

Not so in the Church. The function of the Church, it is true, is to govern, but to govern spiritually, to exact "a reasonable service," flowing freely from reason enlightened by faith. She binds to obedience, but she does not physically compel even the least of us to obey. Her strength is in her moral force; otherwise, she has none. We obey her because she is

right. If we in any case surrender our liberties it is only because we do so willingly. Whether she is centralized or decentralized, organized or disorganized, cannot affect the freedom of our choice. The democracy of the Church, in this aspect, is as absolute as anything on earth can be. All the power she is able to exert could not force one person, against his own will, to do the least thing. Centralization of Catholic activities and resources is, therefore, free of danger to the democracy that the Catholic faithful enjoy. The two can exist together in the Catholic world. They have existed together in the past, in times that we refer to as the great Ages of Faith, when, not only in subscribing to defined dogmas, but also in their large civic activities, in their social and industrial affairs, in their works of education, science and art, all Catholics were united in aim and generally coöperated in action.

The complete order of those days will never return. The whole social order of an age does not change without cause. But there is no reason, though the main structure is wrecked, to discard the perfectly sound timbers of the old building; none to re-dig the foundations when they were laid on solid rock. The fatal blunder of the sixteenth century can yet be retrieved, when the structure of society now building is set on the old rock foundation, and the timbers that still are sound are again put to use, rehewn a little, perhaps, to fit in with our up-to-date plans, but with their fiber unshaken and their strength unimpaired. The new building may take its form and symmetry from our own times; its compartments may be arranged to suit present-day needs; its appointments may conform to modern standards; but unless its foundation and structural timbers were those of the Ages of Faith, the thing would one day end in disaster for us all.

The sixteenth century was an age of religious inventions, which since have all collapsed; the seventeenth, an age of political inventions, which since have all been wrecked; the eighteenth an age of philosophical inventions, which since have all been abandoned; the nineteenth, an age of mechanical inventions, which since have been a help in building civilization, but more efficient in destroying it. Through all the Church has remained unchanged, unscathed, in universal being. With human ingenuity again exhausted, as after the col-

lapse of Roman civilization, she again rises to action, again calls together her children to help save mankind.

America, the land of great promise, the home of noble and generous people, the source of the world's richest substance, naturally will be one of the principal theatres of the Church in action, and here the N. C. W. C. occupies the centre of the stage. We all are players, priests, and laymen, men and women, everyone, though each one makes and learns his own lines. For the sake of God and humanity we must all strive that when played out they will be in perfect accord.

The coming meeting of the hierarchy is looked forward to in a spirit of prayer and hopefulness by laymen and women throughout the whole country. Since the meeting of last September, a new tide, if I may borrow a famed expression, is running in the hearts of American Catholics. Proud of the great work so nobly begun by our bishops in that memorable gathering and encouraged by the wonderful progress which the Administrative Committee has made in putting into action the measures resolved upon, we are confident that our leaders, with God's blessing, will solidfy the results already obtained and remove any lingering doubt that a new era has truly dawned.

RALPH HODGSON.

BY THEODORE MAYNARD.



THE first book of a poet is commonly his best. Many a rapturous youth has been greeted with delight for the promise of his initial artistic essay, and has failed to fulfill his promise. The lyrical impulse tends to work itself out rapidly, to expend all its energy in its first flight. The minor poet possesses no reserve force, and tends to grow more accomplished and less inspired as he grows older.

This tragic fate has even befallen those who are by no means among the minor poets. It befell Swinburne, whose quickly gained maturity steadily declined after his thirtieth year. When so astounding a talent dwindled away into a commonplace respectability, when all that magnificent rush and riot became hardly more than a mechanical habit, there is small wonder that lesser gifts are unable to sustain themselves for long.

Such is not the case with Ralph Hodgson. His first book, *The Last Blackbird*, published in 1907, shows skill, but nothing that one would expect to develop into genius. Indeed, it is the skill, the assured skill, of *The Last Blackbird* that must lie heavily upon the heart of the critic. Here is a young man who has shot his last poetic bolt. We can praise his verses sadly: praise them because the verses are good: sadly because they are not suggestive of better work to come.

Nevertheless the critic has been confounded, for Mr. Hodgson has completely cast away and renewed his skin. He has not merely developed; to all intents he is become a new poet, apparently owing no debt to his past.

If, however, we look back (with the wisdom that arrives after the event) to Mr. Hodgson's early volume, we will be able to see, I think, some hints of the peculiar quality that this poet has made his own. Here and there lines are to be found that are more than clever, a whimsical note half-heard, a cadence, a trill, preludes to a great burst of song. These stir, as birds in a bush, in the opening of "The Winds," a poem which, like

so many poems in the book, is made out of a metrical device that is not only rigidly formal, but rigidly conventional.

Great scutcheoned moths with velvet hoods,
And moths whose wings bore no device,
Blundered out of dusky woods.

Constrained by some rare avarice
Or deeper sense not guessed by me,
To seek in flame their Paradise.

Bleaching fern and waning tree—
Tired of these the willow-wren
Sang and slipped off oversea.

No medaled thrush for music then!
And the blackbird cock made melody
No more than his brindled hen.

Hour in, hour out, the dragon-fly
Raced his image in a ditch
Blue with cloudless undersky.

Here we observe an originality of phrase such as "Blundered out of dusky woods," and an originality of image,

Hour in, hour out, the dragon-fly
Raced his image in a ditch;

but the technique masters the artist, not the artist the technique. This is true of nearly all the pieces included in *The Last Blackbird*; but among the exceptions to the rule may be cited the ballad "St. Athelstan," where we see the poet shaking himself free from his bondage, and beginning to acquire that easy mastery over his medium which later was so triumphantly vindicated in "The Song of Honor." Another, though less striking exception, is the lyric "Thrown."

I'm down, good Fate, you've won the race;
Bite deep and break a tooth in me;
Nor spit your poison in my face,
And let me be;
Leave me an hour and come again
With insults new and further pain.

For of your tooth I'll make a pen,
 And of your slaver ink, and will
 I bring a joy to being then
 To race you still;
 A laughing child with feathered heels
 Who shall outspeed your chariot wheels.

For the rest there is a good deal of ingenuity in Mr. Hodgson, in his first phase, not a few cunning tricks, a dash of humor, and an apprehension (perhaps the most hopeful sign of future power) that things are not entirely satisfactory with him. A good stanza from his long (too long) poem entitled "My Books:"

Books of travel; books of sport;
 Books of no or some or great
 Theological import;
 Books about affairs of State,

is followed by an exceedingly bad stanza where the writer is over-concerned with his facile cleverness:

Near the "Wit's Interpreter"
 (Like an antique Whitaker,
 Full of strange etcetera),
 "Areopagitica."

"The Erring Muse," "An Elegy Upon a Poem Ruined by a Clumsy Metre," and "The Vanity of Human Ambition and Big Behaviour," are interesting as showing that Mr. Hodgson did not feel a complacency which has ruined hundreds of artists. Otherwise these three poems seem to be a fuss about nothing. They are not without flashes of humor, but they are long-winded, forced and exceedingly tiresome. In one of these occurs the quatrain:

Go to! I will to Prose and win his favor.
 Too soon my lyric wine is at the lee;
 Too soon my lyric salt hath lost its savour;
 I will to Prose and pray him succor me.

Fortunately Mr. Hodgson did not carry out his threat for, ten years after the publication of *The Last Blackbird*, he gath-

ered together all of his work that he wished to preserve and brought it forward under the title of *Poems*. Separate poems had been published in the form of broad sheets and were well-known, but not more than half a dozen of such poems had appeared in a decade until the last slim volume, which had been announced some time in advance, eventually saw the light. Upon *Poems*, a tiny collection of the work of ten years, Ralph Hodgson's reputation rests. It is about a third of the size of *The Last Blackbird*, but it has set its author among the leading poets of the day. And so little does Mr. Hodgson think of the larger volume, that he has taken care that it shall never be included in the bibliographies inserted at the end of "Georgian Poetry." It sold, I am told, about twenty copies upon publication, and the poet is no doubt glad to know that it did not become more widely known. He has been freed from *Juvenilia*, and will, I fear, not be grateful to me for having disinterred *The Last Blackbird's* skeleton. I have done so for a definite critical reason, and to do Ralph Hodgson honor.

It would be difficult to find another instance, unless possibly that of Gray, of so much fame arising from so thin a sheaf of verse. I cannot believe that *Poems* contains the whole of Mr. Hodgson's output during a period when Tagore has written a score of books! No doubt infinite care has been taken to set the finishing touch to every song, but even so a great deal of work must have been suppressed to leave an exquisite residuum. By taking thought stature if not bulk has been added unto.

The chief point to notice, however, is not that Mr. Hodgson has allowed only his finest work to go before the world; not that he must have suppressed a crowd of lyrics; but *what* has been suppressed in the lyrics of which the poet is not ashamed to confess himself the father. *The Last Blackbird* was overloaded. In that book the unessential was not cut away so sternly as in *Poems*. Ralph Hodgson has learned how and what to omit, and the result is an absolute clarity. Mr. Davies also has a good deal of this knack of clarity (despite his awkward syntax), but Mr. Davies does not use the blue pencil or the knife. In the whole of *Poems* there is not a word that is unnecessary or that is not perfectly apt. As an example of this effective economy I will take "The Swallow," which ends abrupt and complete in the middle of a sentence.

The morning that my baby came
 They found a baby swallow dead,
 And saw a something, hard to name,
 Flit moth-like over baby's bed.

My joy, my flower, my baby dear
 Sleeps on my bosom well, but oh!
 If in the autumn of the year
 When swallows gather round and go—

Coming now to a consideration of the main body of Ralph Hodgson's work we shall, if we inquire what is its most characteristic note, find that it is that of praise. I speak of the matter and not of the manner of his poetry, though these are (as in all great art) bound together; so that the poet's ecstasy of gratitude rises above and succeeds in transforming Christopher Smart's fine but frigid stanza scheme, with which he works, into a new and a marvelous artistic instrument. This is "The Testament of Beautysprite," an excellent, rapturous thanksgiving: from it I quote two separate but related passages:

I heard the universal choir,
 The Sons of Light exalt their Sire
 With universal song,
 Earth's lowliest and loudest notes,
 Her million times ten million throats
 Exalt Him loud and long,
 And lips and lungs and tongues of Grace
 From every part and every place,
 Within the shining of His face,
 The universal throng.

* * * *

The music of a lion strong
 That shakes a hill a whole night long,
 A hill as loud as he,
 The twitter of a mouse among
 Melodious greenery,
 The ruby's and the rainbow's song,
 The nightingale's—all three,
 The song of life that wells and flows
 From every leopard, lark and rose
 And everything that gleams or goes
 Lack-lustre in the sea.

Ralph Hodgson is not theological, yet his attitude is very religious. The whole creation is pressed into singing "The Song of Honor" to make up a sort of compendium of gratitude. Nothing is too lowly or too exalted to escape, for

God loves an idle rainbow
No less than laboring seas.

In "The Bride," as a background to the picture, stands the patience of Providence of which the poet is conscious while he writes:

I thought of you sweet lovers,
The things you say and do,
The pouts and tears and partings
And swearings to be true,
The kissing in the barley—
You brazens, both of you!
I nearly burst out crying
With thinking of you two.

It put me in a frenzy
Of pleasure nearly pain,
A host of blurry faces
'Gan shaping in my brain,
I shut my eyes to see them
Come forward clear and plain,
I saw them come full flower,
And blur and fade again.

One moment so I saw them,
One sovereign moment so,
A host of girlish faces
All happy and aglow,
With Life and Love it dealt them
Before it laid them low,
A hundred years, a thousand,
Ten thousand years ago.

One moment so I saw them
Come back with time full tide,
The host of girls, your grannies,
Who lived and loved and died
To give your mouth its beauty,
Your soul its gentle pride,
Who wrestled with the ages
To give the world a bride.

In "Eve" we have again as a background to the picture Providence, but now it is the tragedy of Providence frustrated. This is didactic criticism, so I hasten to add that Mr. Hodgson invariably avoids the didactic, which however much in place in the critic would be ruinous to the poet. It is difficult to keep clear of the entangling nets; one would think it would have been impossible in a poem whose subject was the Fall of Man. But the consummate artistry of Mr. Hodgson achieves the impossible in a triumph far more amazing than the technical skill displayed in the haunting music of the verse itself. It is even more amazing than that superb stroke of the infernal toasting of Eve with which the poem concludes:

Picture that orchard sprite
Eve, with her body white,
Supple and smooth to her
Slim finger tips,
Wondering, listening,
Listening, wondering,
Eve with a berry
Half-way to her lips.

Oh had our simple Eve
Seen through the make-believe!
Had she but known the
Pretender he was!
Out of the boughs he came,
Whispering still her name,
Tumbling in twenty rings
Into the grass.

Here was the strangest pair
In the world anywhere,
Eve in the bells and grass
Kneeling, and he
Telling his story low . . .
Singing birds saw them go
Down the dark path to
The Blasphemous Tree.

* * * *

Picture her crying
Outside in the lane
Eve, with no dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,

Haunting the gate of the
Orchard in vain . . .
Picture the lewd delight
Under the hill tonight—
“Eva!” the toast goes round,
“Eva!” again.

It might be pedantic to read into “The Bull”—which together with “The Song of Honor” and “Eve” make a central group of supreme excellence among Mr. Hodgson’s poems—the ideas of Providence and of Praise; or to assert in so many words that God is as mindful of a dying bull as of a sparrow falling to the ground. But at the risk of pedantry, I will say that I think that these ideas dig their philosophic roots amid the tangled undergrowth and the towering trees of a tropic forest. A certain grimly powerful and unpleasant realism has concealed the poet’s intellectual intention. But the realism is only the accidental circumstance here. For the realist turns away from the loathsome vultures and flies gathering round the dying chieftain of the herd, in whose dim brain are passing dreams that are memories of his princely, and in turning refers the particular to the universal in a dirge over mortality.

Pity him that he must wake;
Even now the swarm of flies
Blackening his bloodshot eyes
Bursts and blusters round the lake,
Scattering from the feast half-fed,
By great shadows overhead;

And the dreamer turns away
From his visionary herds
And his splendid yesterday,
Turns to meet the loathly birds
Flocking round him from the skies,
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

THE PEARL OF PARAY.

BY L. WHEATON.



It is part of the character of the Saint of Paray to stand aside in the shadow until the great devotion of which she was the apostle had spread over the entire world; until the noble basilica, its universal monument, was completed, and Incarnate Love, the Living Fact symbolized by the flaming Heart, was given by Papal decree to little ones and all the world as daily Bread; for the *Pascendi Gregis* of Pius X. is the crown and consummation of Margaret Mary's work. Then the shy and diffident Beata stepped into the blaze of glory prepared by her "tremendous Lover" for the devoted creature whose mission was an anguish, its incentive a consuming joy.

The great women saints are all stamped with their own individuality, illumined by grace. Teresa, Catherine, Gertrude, Paula, the Foundresses, the nuns down to the unique Rose of Lisieux, each has her particular beauty and force of character, natural charm as well as supernatural gifts, and by their writings and personal history they have determined the opinion of posterity as to the separate flavor or quality of their sanctity. We can find the woman in the saint.

But here is one, undistinguished, indeed insignificant, colorless, meant to be so, clumsy even stupid in the commonest domestic offices, no not stupid—love is never stupid—but extremely unfortunate in her disposal of the convent crockery, in her unsatisfactory sweeping of the cloister, in anything she was given to do. It is only in the retrospect (and all the depositions were made in the afterglow when her cause had triumphed) that her sisters explain her abstraction and awkwardness by her helpless thrall to Love. She was just an uninteresting girl hopelessly enamored, dazed, preoccupied, consumed by the divine favors. "I saw Him, I felt Him near me, and understood Him much better than if I had seen and heard Him with my corporal senses." How could she see the cobweb in the cloister when Some One stood between her and

her work? How could she hold the plate in her wet hands when she was trembling with joy, how could she thread her needle when her eyes were clouded with tears of immeasurable happiness? The only explanation of her singularities is that she was beside herself with love; and being ignorant of any theological theory of her experiences, she simply took what came, bewildered with the delight, confused by the humiliation of the external consequences of her abstraction; for like all finer souls, she was sensitive and not unaware of the strange impression she was making on her little cloistered world.

These Divine favors began in her novitiate days. That dear and wise Mother de Saumaise, who guided her during the difficult period of the Revelations and who brought her into spiritual relations with Father de La Colombière, had not yet come to govern Paray, and even she, at one time, was puzzled by her though she loved and trusted her. Now, before her profession, the question arose as to whether she had the simplicity necessary for a Visitandine; holy as they recognized her to be, had she their "spirit?" Poor Margaret Mary! The fact was that she was simplicity itself and her spirit was of God, with nothing to spoil it; but her conduct certainly was, to the general eye, queer. She turns to her Divine Lover with wistful reproach: "It is You Who are sending me away. You draw me altogether to Yourself and I cannot do things like others." And yet she cannot give up this secret life for any inducement. Our Lord tells her to let her Superior know that He will make her more useful to the order than she can wish, "*mais d'une manière qui n'est encore connue que de Moi.*" Who has had so extraordinary an influence on the whole civilized world as this useless, absent-minded girl? And to her order she is its perfect star.

The ways of Christ with His hidden favorites are as varied as their own characters and history. With Magdalen and the beautiful soul of Margaret of Cortona, He is gentle, careful, exquisitely delicate. He shields them from the least wound, they must never be hurt by man's scathing tongue. His dealings with them reveal one aspect of His human character. With Gertrude He is munificent, outpouring of His love in response to her warm nature; with the anchoress of Norwich, the Lady Julian, homely and tender; with Catherine intimate

to the point of apparent identity; with Teresa royal, magnificent, melting; but with Marguérite, who had none of the gifts of these others, He was baffling in the extremes of tenderness and severity.

First He made the diffident girl His very own by such a siege of her unlessoned heart as she could not resist. She was inebriated with the torrent of His pleasure. She would when she had the chance, and this occurred often in her professed life, kneel for seven and twelve hours at a time, perfectly motionless before the Blessed Sacrament, oblivious of time and life, feeling, as she said, as if she had no body. And, when questioned by her Superior as to what took place during those hours, she went through the anguish of trying to tell love's secret. At first, as on the occasion of the rapture following her profession, she says guardedly: "*C'est en ce jour que mon divin Maître voulût bien me recevoir pour Son épouse; mais d'une manière que je me sens impuissante d'exprimer. Seulement je dirai qu'il me parlait et traitait comme une épouse du Thabor.*" And in the midst of these hidden tokens of His secret love, she was being treated with scant consideration and a sort of irritated toleration by those about her; never was she satisfactory, never useful:

Sharpness me save
From being slain by sweet.

The charm and external dignity of her sister saints was necessary for their special mission. Here it was neither necessary nor expedient. Our Lord once took her little heart and placed it in the burning furnace of His own; and there she saw it, but a tiny shining speck in all the glow. She did not matter essentially. She was as official in her uses as the priest who brings down the Presence on the altar. She was the little typist taking down the divine dictation; the insignificant messenger proclaiming the great message. No one must notice the medium till she has served her purpose, then the untold glory of heaven and earth. A Teresa might have distracted by the exceeding grace and human power of her own splendid personality; a Catherine might have confused the eye with that strangely recurring divine resemblance. Any other of the divine confidantes might have been too lovely with visible sanctity and natural gifts to do this special work. But

here is only Psyche awaiting all her color and life from Love:

Feeling her nothingness her giddiest boast
As being the charm for which He loved her most.

She was the little gypsy maid sued from her hedge by the High King:

For far off royal ancestry betrayed
By some wild beauties to herself unknown,
Some voidness of herself in her strange ways,

and by that voidness offering the nothingness which is capacity. The Lord of her heart is alternately alluring and masterful; she is bewildered with delight, annihilated with majesty, joyfully tremulous under the severity of correction, "kiss'd and beaten, too," He gives her all that can keep her soul enthralled, controlled, possessed by Him.

Yet ever and anon through the years of her painful external life, between the onslaughts of that imperious Love, she falls back upon her poor self dismayed at that situation in which His crushing commands have placed her. It is the strangest, indeed the most interesting in its sharp contrasts, of all those complete and ultimate romances which furnish the hagiography of the Church, full of heavenly paradoxes and apparent inconsistencies, so secret and so public, the instrument so incapable, yet so exactly right; the shrinking dread of the surface existence, the palpitating delights of that hidden and almost uninterrupted intercourse, the anguish and the joy; the secluded Burgundian town and the world-wide apostolate; the great basilica of Montmartre looking down on the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and the little Visitandine church, separated by a grille from the monastery. Here at curfew come the village folk for their night prayers, conducted by the curé, who mounts the pulpit, candle in hand and prays audibly with them, pausing for their examen of conscience, then sends them away with a blessing. Silence and darkness fall upon this sanctuary, the heart of all the world, as Rome is its head.

One looks at the altar and remembers Who came forth from the sacramental mystery and made His plaint to the adorer at the grille. He will always have His way. He wants human love; she must get it for Him; she has done so. She has carried to the farthest ends of the earth the message of

His Heart. It is the Renaissance of Love and she, who was the drudge, "*l'esclave*," as she called herself, is now the Princess Royal of that Heart with which in life she was infatuated.

It is almost impossible to write of such love as this. "None but Thyself can utter Thee throughout all days." If only the stiff phrascology of the time could be converted into the language of the Discourse after the Last Supper of which, indeed, it is the supplement, it would be more simple and impressive. What the Saint understood in the depths of her soul or heard in some ineffable way in those divine colloquies, she has had to translate retrospectively into phrases which may almost sound rhetorical. But it is not the terms of the devotion, but the power that lies behind the great promises that has made it so magnificent and world-wide a success.

The humble Saint overwhelmed by the caresses of this Spouse of Thabor is conscious that she is bearing no likeness to the Crucified, "*tout déchiré and disfiguré sur le Calvaire*." He tells her: "*Laisse Moi faire chaque chose en son temps, car je veux que tu sois maintenant le jouet de Mon amour*." Conversely, she would reply in exactly the same spirit, although in a different tongue:

Thy love has conquered me;
Do with me as Thou wilt,
And use me as a chattel that is Thine.
Kiss, tread me under foot, cherish or beat,
Sheathe in my heart sharp pain up to the hilt,
Invent what else were most perversely sweet.
Go as Thou wilt and come! Lover divine,
Thou art still jealously and wholly mine.

The great difficulty in discovering our Saint lies not in the paucity of matter regarding her, but in the immense quantity of authentic documents which are so ostensibly written in the afterglow of her triumph. In the *Tablet* of May 22d, Father Martindale has thrown his unerring searchlight upon this figure, obscured by conventional biography; and he fearlessly tells us what he sees:

There is but little charm in Margaret Mary; rarely light heartedness; merriment rarely; unless I err, never a sense of humor. Dare I suggest, with utter reverence for a saint whose help I have always asked, that without overwhelm-

ing grace, she would have grown up in easy circumstances empty headed and frivolous; in hard conditions stupid and cowed? In her is no trace of originality nor of independence . . . Nothing is more forced and reforced upon her by direct consciousness, by Superiors' admonitions and by revelation, than her personal futility; her inadequacy even for ordinary life, still more for a public, enduring Church-wide mission. Blank canvas before God, Christ's wax, His toy, His hand-ball; so will she feel herself. We shall not wonder then to find in the expression of her highest visions even—that she is *colloquial* constantly, ungrammatical at times, awkward and ill-arranged in style is a personal matter merely—no turn of phrase, no mannerism, no tiniest sentence unmarked by the purest conventions of the seventeenth century. Never, alas, I feel was there a period of so sincere an artificiality.

The classicism of the French Renaissance was exuberant and showed true temperament; that of the Empire was shoddy imitation; this singular seventeenth century, though points of originality project both in its austerities and in its decoration, was extraordinarily obedient to its own conventions, and of its children none more so than this Saint. She reflects almost textually her authors. The same rhythm, metaphors, false antitheses, conceits even, whether it is she who speaks, or the Saints, or Mary, or Our Lord. That she could understand. So by a tender condescension, Our Lady to Bernadette spoke *patois*. Is all this supercilious? Please God, far from it. I believe Our Lord meant exactly what He said when He repeated to her that by an instrument wholly inappropriate, he meant to renew His Church. I feel that the *abstract Saint* that Margaret Mary too often seems, woos us but weakly; the very simple, very frightened, often unhappy girl bidden to speak Christ's secret to the world and to "renew His Church," is a figure of enthralling pathos; and her one power of loving, with all it meant of suffering and obedience, vindicates a thousand times the better when we see the lack of all the rest, our humble veneration.

While this is true of her in her strained and unnatural childhood, her lonely girlhood and early years in religion, when, indeed, "delight had taken pain to her heart," it is also true that her later years were tranquil and externally dignified and honored. One notices during this time, too, how much

more natural and affectionate she is in her correspondence with Mère de Saumaise. She is her "*unique Mère*," her "*loute chère et tres aimée Mère*," while the redoubtable Mère Greyfie who sifted the Saint as wheat, is "*Ma très honorée Mère*." She has been nervous and unlike herself under distrust and dislike and miscomprehension; if it had not been for the *Unique Amour de son Ame*, she would have withered under the blighting influence; and now that anxiety and sensitiveness were over, she moved from her false position into her true place.

There is in Monsignor Bougaud's gracious and enlightened biography of the Saint, a little picture as frontispiece, which I like to think a sort of soul sketch of her. It has not the general holy picture expression. The peculiar delicacy of mouth and chin gives it a separate look as of some individual. It is inexpressibly touching and, although obviously a fancy print, it has caught the timid refinement of her character, and something of the infatuation of her heart. It might easily be the Margaret Mary known in secret only to the One.

The historic setting of her life from 1647 to 1690 is not without its interest. Father Martindale calls our attention to her feminine contemporaries who are also her antitheses, although of Jansenism and Quietism she probably knew nothing:

Does it seem ridiculous to set the gentle Visitation nun against Angélique Arnauld? So naïve a soul against a Madame Guyon? . . . To the rigorist she offered Christ Compassionate; to the mystic absorbed in the Divine, the Human Heart, the Man. And the more discarnate that devotion to the Word, self-emptied, annihilated as you will, the more it needed safeguards in the Homeliness of Jesus.

There was also the contrast between St-Cyran and Father de La Colombière. Of all this, too, she knew nothing; but she once remarked in a letter that she perceived a "strange spirit of pride" prowling round the Visitation. The fires of Paray would eventually melt the ice-bound influence of Port Royal, but news from Paris came slowly down her way, and she may never have heard of that stronghold of distrust. Neither did she realize the character of Louis XIV., idealized by her loyal Burgundian heart as the true son of her "*Sacri-ficateur*" who had confided to her a message for him which,

had he acted upon it, would have made all the difference to himself and to history. It was not until on several occasions, when the Superior had told her to represent the King in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, she experienced a storm of temptation new to her innocent heart, that she was disillusioned.

Of her time, too, were Corneille, Racine, Molière, also Bossuet and Fénelon. In England, Vaughan was still singing his mystic songs. Crashaw had laid down his pen and his life at Loreto. Milton was writing his *Paradise Lost* and *Samson Agonistes*; he died in the year of the first Revelation; Bunyan was compiling his *Pilgrim's Progress*, Dryden was drifting Romeward, Swift was growing up, a bitter youth indeed; Pope was beginning his poor sickly life under all the drawbacks of a papist and a cripple; Addison and Steele were at the Charterhouse. All these facts seem irrelevant, yet they help to make scenery and contrast. France was extreme in holiness and wickedness; England was sauntering along the comfortable *via media* which she had chosen for herself, with side issues of high principle and righteousness and also of wickedness and luxury, but never in quite the superlative fashion of France. Herbert, Donne and Vaughan (Crashaw is unique) were the sum of the religious feeling of England; Jeremy Taylor was over against Bossuet and Fénelon. The years of our Saint's life included the execution of Charles I., the Titus Oates Plot, and the Revolution in 1688, and these last events touched very nearly certain souls who helped to make the far more important inner history of that half century.

Familiar as is the account of the Revelations to the millions of the lovers of the Sacred Heart, who follow in the wake of Margaret Mary's discipleship, no passing sketch can be written of her without giving them the central place of interest, for on these Revelations depends the world-wide devotion.

After the Saint had been prepared by love and pain, the only vital experience of our human nature, for her great work the Man-God committed to her the writing of what might be called a new gospel of which she was to be the shy evangelist. She was now irrevocably and entirely in His possession and pliant to His Will. She understood His Human Nature in Its own separateness of character; Its tastes, Its distinctive ways, Its unbounded love. Now that He has made her, as it were,

at home with His divinely Human Personality, He trusts her as His own who will be altogether true, and intelligent with the perfect intelligence of love. He confides to her the secrets of His Heart. If He has allowed her to be humbled for Him, He, lover-like, humiliates Himself to the point of confessing His trouble of heart at the sight of man's indifference to Him. He lowers Himself to stoop for our unwilling love, and trusts His appeal for it to this simple nun. She is seasoned by love and suffering and understands, and flings her whole self into the abyss of His desire.

Her account of the great Revelations which have changed the soul of the world wherever they have reached, was written long after the time and in the diction and manner of her century and country. Yet we can read between the lines that there are ineffable things she cannot tell, the look, the pose, the separate play of feature, the recurring gesture that makes the Loved One so exquisitely familiar, and the same; the movement of lips and eyes peculiar to just One Person; His separate Humanity; His unique Beauty; His Ways, His Voice, all the overpowering charm of that satisfying Presence, how can she make these felt out of her stilted language? Perhaps, even, such conventional phraseology is a relief, for it hides the delight of her personal secrets, while she obediently fulfills her mission. For love is of its nature secretive; and to publish Love's desires is but to invite each individual soul to Love's secret delight. Yet to her who knew so well His hidden, lovely ways; whose sequestered bliss was too sacred to confide to dull words if even she could find them, the whole recital is anguish and reluctance, the reluctance of the secretly beloved. "It is for Thy love alone, O my God," she began, "that I submit to write this in obedience, and I ask Thy pardon for the resistance I have made. But as no one but Thyself can know the extent of the repugnance I feel, so it is only Thou that canst give me the strength to overcome it."

The truth of the following recital, taken from the Saint's own words, has been authenticated by the Holy See. Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, has come again visibly to the world He died for to ask in person for the love of His creatures. It is the greatest event since Pentecost; it is the interpretation of the Eucharistic Presence, its symbol and supplement and representative in the ordinary life of the world that lies out-

side our churches. The Reformation and all that went with it, separated religion from life: distinguished God from Love. This devotion unites again what should be one. The official character of Saviour and Redeemer, becoming more and more abstract and remote, is merged into the living, personal Man-God Who wants our intimate selves in the character of the passionate Lover.

The zeal of the Apostolic age, the heroism of the catacombs, the intensity of eremitical and monastic life, the child-like faith and fervor which lived and blossomed into sanctity in the stormy Middle Ages, had been succeeded by the poison of the Renaissance, the chill of the Reformation, and the paralysis of Jansenism. He was forgotten, ignored, misunderstood as He had not been in those ages of affirmation and childish passion. Indifference is the one unbearable insult to the lover: it is what breaks the heart. This is the substance of the great Complaint—that He is ignored: of the great Demand—that His creatures whom He has left free, will give Him their unconstrained love. He almost kneels to the heart He has created free; He is the Kingly Mendicant of His subjects' alms. Nor is this any new plea—all through the Old Testament runs the same Almighty desire for man's love.

"My child, give me thy heart." Promises, threats, persuasions succeed one another to gain the will of man to His will. "You are My servant, whom I have chosen that you may know and believe Me, that I Myself Am. I am, I am He that blot out thy iniquities for My own sake; and I will not remember thy sins. Put Me in remembrance, and let us plead together; tell if thou hast anything to justify thyself." "O poor little one, tossed with tempest without all comfort . . . in a moment of indignation have I hid My Face from thee, but with everlasting kindness have I had mercy on thee." It is all in the same strain of anxious desiring love. "As one whom the mother caresseth, so will I comfort you and you shall be comforted."

The first of the three great Revelations took place on the Feast of St. John the Evangelist, 1673. The Saint writes: "Once, being before the Blessed Sacrament and having a little more leisure than usual, I felt wholly filled with the Divine Presence, and so powerfully moved by it, that I forgot myself and the place in which I was. I abandoned myself to this

Divine Spirit and yielded myself to the power of His Love. He made me rest for a long time on His divine breast, where He discovered to me the wonders of His love and the *inexplicable secrets of His Sacred Heart, which He had hitherto kept hidden from me*. Now He opened it to me for the first time, but in a way so real, so sensible, that it left me no room to doubt, though I am always in dread of deceiving myself. This, as it seems to me, is what passed: The Lord said to me, 'My Heart is so *passionately* in love with men that it can no longer contain within itself the flames of Its ardent charity. It must pour them out by your means, and manifest Itself to them to enrich them with Its precious treasures, which contain all the grace they need.' He added, 'I have chosen you as an abyss of unworthiness and ignorance to accomplish such a design, so that all may be done by Me.' It was on this occasion that He drew her heart into His. She speaks of the experience as one which lasted so long that she did not know the time nor whether she was in heaven or on earth. "I remained several days wholly inflamed, wholly incbricated." She was speechless. When she was led to Mother de Saumaise she could scarcely utter a word.

At last her life resumed its accustomed course and she passed six months of quiet happiness, when during the Octave of Corpus Christi the second Revelation took place. "Once when the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, my soul being absorbed in extraordinary recollection, Jesus Christ, my sweet Master, presented Himself to me. He was brilliant with glory; His five wounds shone like five suns. Flames darted from all parts of His Sacred Humanity, but especially from His adorable breast, which resembled a furnace, and which, opening, displayed to me His loving and lovable Heart, the living source of these flames. He unfolded to me," she continues, "the inexplicable wonders of His pure love, and to what an excess He had carried it for the love of men, from whom He had received so much ingratitude. 'This is,' He said, 'much more painful than all I suffered in My Passion. If men rendered Me some return of Love, I should esteem little all I have done for them, and should wish, if need be, to suffer it over again; but they meet my eager love with coldness and rebuffs. Do you at least console and rejoice Me by supplying as much as you can for their ingratitude.'"

This is the best the Saint can do to make known in words the import of the great experience in which, probably, no ordinary speech was used. Our Lord asked of her to make *amende honorable* by communicating every First Friday, and by rising an hour before midnight on Thursday, to make reparation to His wounded Heart for the sins of men and to console Him for the desertion of His Apostles.

The vision brought on a severe fever. Mother de Saumaise, perplexed but ever affectionate with the Saint, told her to ask of God her restoration to health, promising that she would recognize in her cure the sign of the supernatural character of all that had taken place, and that she would allow her to make the First Friday's Communion and the hour of prayer on Thursday night. Margaret's health was restored and the Superior's promise was kept; but Mother de Saumaise was still uneasy. She finally consulted some "learned people," according to the old *Mémoires*, and came to the conclusion that in Margaret Mary's case there was "much imagination, a little natural temperament, and perhaps even some illusion of the evil spirit so skillfully disguised that the good Sister could not perceive it."

Just at this juncture a promising young Jesuit with a reputation for holiness arrived at Paray. Mère de Saumaise asked this Père de La Colombière to give the nuns a conference, and it is probable that she took the opportunity of placing her perplexity regarding the young nun before him. He was appointed extraordinary confessor and when the Ember Days came, Margaret presented herself before him. It was the right moment, between the second and third Revelation, when her situation was particularly painful. The Father was most kind to her and offered to see her again the next day; but Margaret's natural reticence held her and she gave an evasive answer. In a few days, however, he returned and asked for her. "Although I knew," she said, "that it was the will of God for me to speak to him, yet I felt extreme repugnance in answering his summons." All her reluctance disappeared, however, in the wise and sympathetic encouragement of the Father, who told her that she had every reason to thank God for His goodness to her. This passage will show the nature of the conversation:

"When I told him that my soul was pursued so closely by

the Sovereign Goodness without regard to time or place, that I could not pray vocally without doing myself violence so great that I sometimes remained with my mouth open unable to say a word . . . he told me to make such efforts no more and to confine myself to my vocal prayers of obligation. When I told him something of the special caresses and loving union of soul I received from my Well-Beloved, and which I cannot describe here, he replied that I had great reason to humble myself and to admire with him the wonderful mercy of God in my regard."

Many wondered why the gifted young Jesuit was sent to an out-of-the-way place like Paray; in the sequence of events the reason is plain. When, after the third Revelation in which Our Lord told her that she must cause a Feast to be established in honor of His divine Heart, Margaret asked: "Lord, how can I?" He told her to address herself to that servant of God who had been sent to her expressly to accomplish this design. It was in this third Revelation that Our Lord spoke again of the ingratitude and coldness which He met with in the Sacrament of His love, adding, "And what is most painful to Me is that they are hearts consecrated to Me."

The *Life* by Hamon¹ deals very fully with the condition of things in the community itself. Hardness is the sin of the professionally good: some of these nuns were saints with true holiness of heart; most of them were rigorous observers of their rule, but the Master Whom they served with external precision, was not altogether pleased with them. They thought more of their own perfection than of Him. Their dealings with the Saint on the occasion of her public act of reparation, required of her by Our Lord and which nearly cost her her life, were certainly unkind to the point of harshness. The measure of love to Him by what we do to "the least of these," was a very scant one among some of her sisters. At the same time it must be admitted that the less virtuous were somewhat justified in their irritation, when poor Margaret Mary, after begging off over and over again, was sent, under threat of the Divine displeasure, to present herself as a victim of reparation for them. It was the hardest thing she ever had to do—this diffident, humble creature. She knew exactly what would happen if she did it; she felt its external appearance of cool

¹ M. L'Abbé Auguste Hamon, Litt.D., and Laureate of the French Academy.

conceit and foolishness, but, she did it: one always has to pay. She had given at last her all for the All.

There comes in every dedicated life one supreme crucial test, in which heart and spirit are crushed and broken only to be restored to a risen life. The reluctance of the Saint who cried with her Master, "Let the chalice pass," is encouragement to souls who feel themselves weak and unheroic, and are called to do difficult and heroic things. The great thing is to go blindly on and get it over, even if with shrinking and alarm.

On Friday, June 21, 1675, Sister Margaret Mary and Father de la Colombière consecrated themselves solemnly to the Sacred Heart, and the Great Devotion began. The Jesuit was then sent to England as almoner to the Duchess of York, Mary Beatrice of Modena. Thus did the devotion take its rise in that chilled atmosphere of heresy and oblivion. The Duchess was a willing disciple, and it is good to know that in the midst of those perilous times when feeling ran high on the subject of the Duke's Catholic marriage and his own religion, the private Chapel of St. James' Palace was the tiny field where the seed of love was sown in England. Little is recorded of the young Jesuit's work in London. He preached two Lenten courses, as well as a sermon every Sunday and festival in the Chapel Royal.

He wrote from time to time to Mère de Saumaise, who sent him short notes and messages from Margaret Mary, but his letters treat more of the Saint at Paray than of his own affairs. He admired the Duchess as a "Princess of the deepest piety. She communicates weekly and even oftener, and spends an hour every day in mental prayer. Her dream is to found a Convent of your order in Flanders for English girls." After her own misfortune had driven her back to the Continent, it was she who first of all the clients of the Sacred Heart petitioned the Holy Father, in 1697, for a Feast in Its honor. It is in England especially that the last development of the devotion, the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families, has been most rapid. It is the end of what was begun in the King's Palace.

Part of Margaret Mary's mission was to see that a picture of the Sacred Heart was to be enthroned in the palace of kings. The first should have been at Versailles but, by a strange chain of circumstances, the English forestalled the French palace.

Père de la Colombière's health broke down in the fogs of a London March, and he was expecting to return to France, when a note from Margaret Mary warned him of fresh trials and he remained to meet them. She referred to the Titus Oates Plot and its consequences.

It makes things seem very near and familiar to link up the inner and outer history of that special period. Several of the Jesuit's friends were executed, and after three weeks in prison he was banished. As his ship sailed out of English waters, he prayed: "Thou knowest, O Lord, that at a word, at the slightest intimation from my Superiors, I am willing to return to that shore to work and to suffer. Does Thy justice require yet another victim, take my life." And in will he joined the ranks of English martyrs—indeed, almost in fact, for he died of consumption, contracted in his English gaol. It is such sacrifices as these that make the background of the great conversions of the nineteenth century.

The only amusing anecdote in the very serious biographies of our Saint is one which tells of a book of Father de la Colombière containing "Notes of a Retreat," published after his death by the Jesuits. The nuns were so eager to hear it that the good Superior, to please them, had it read aloud in the refectory before looking over it herself. Sister Rosalie Péronne de Farges, one of Margaret Mary's novices and devoted disciples, was reader on the occasion of its completion and "stumbled unexpectedly" upon a certain passage, the biographer records, but as she would have prepared the reading, she more likely had a playful intent. This passage was a manifest allusion to the Saint of whom he speaks as "a person to whom God has communicated Himself very intimately, and to serve whom He has graciously pleased to make use of my weakness." He then proceeds to give an account of one of the Revelations. Sister de Farges glanced furtively at Margaret Mary, who sat opposite her in the refectory. Her eyes were lowered; she looked annihilated. The Community were stirred with emotion. But the young reader was of a daring and merry spirit and whispered to the Saint as she left the refectory: "Aha, my dear, have you heard your manifestation in the reading today to your heart's content." Then she added at the Deposition, "Saintlike, she bowed her head and replied that she had great cause to love her abjection."

It is enough to read in Protestant histories and encyclopedias any account of our Saint to realize the strange and unnatural ideas connected with the devotion, which in some respects lent itself to misunderstanding. But it was of Divine origin and it spread swiftly, universally and in perfect accord with its meaning. Rome, indeed, was slow to give the authoritative recognition so ardently desired, but the flame became a conflagration and after enveloping France and Spain spread into the Orient. In 1733 it was in Constantinople; in 1740 in Lebanon. The Saint's life, translated into Arabic, was circulated through the plains of Coele Syria from the great Hermon to the Baltic—at Macao—in Peking, in the heart of the imperial palace.

But nowhere is its history so poignantly interesting as in the very centre of French pride and licentiousness, the palace of Versailles. The fall of two English kings, one by decapitation and one by exile, brought the widow of Charles I. and the banished wife of James II. to Paris, and these two women, with the Duchess d'Orleans and the neglected Queen of Louis XV. were the first of those devoted souls who, as in the time of Our Lord, gave Him hospitality and response. Henrietta Maria laid the first stone of the Chapel to the Sacred Heart erected by the Visitandines in Paris. The devotions of the First Friday and Act of Reparation were there and then established. Through the Princesse de Lorraine, Sœur Marie Eléonore was a Visitandine, the court became educated in this new expression of love—the court, but not the king.

In the midst of the scandals of Versailles, side by side with those infamous salons, there were little oratories of the Sacred Heart where the devout members of the Royal Family could hide and pray. One of Margaret's difficult missions had been to tell Louis XIV. that he must establish the devotion in the Palace and throughout his kingdom and army. Through Mère de Saumaise some part of her message must have reached Versailles, but the king and his successor were not of the sort to care for the things of the soul, and it seems to have glanced on the royal family. Marie Leczinska and her daughters, of whom one, Madame Louise, of France, entered Carmel, the devout Dauphin and his saintly young wife found the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, which the heir to the throne had erected in the Palace itself, a place of refuge.

But the most pathetic part of this history of those royal side issues, that which makes the most interesting reading, is the manuscript confided by Louis XVI. to Père Hébert while in prison. The priest, himself in danger, made many copies of it in case of its loss and it has been saved from destruction, although Père Hébert himself was executed. Overwhelmed by misfortune, the king thought of the secret confided to his grandfather by a Visitandine of Paray and remembering the requirements ignored by two kings, he promised in writing "to establish in canonical form a solemn Feast in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus." And, in reparation for the profanation and indifference shown It, "within three months, counting from the day of my deliverance, to go in person to the Church of Notre Dame in Paris or to any other principal Church of the place in which I may be, and on a Sunday or feast, at the foot of the main altar after the Offertory of the Mass, pronounce a solemn act of consecration of my person, family and kingdom to the Sacred Heart of Jesus with the promise to give my subjects an example of the honor and love due this Adorable Heart." He goes on to promise to erect and decorate at his own expense a chapel dedicated to the Sacred Heart.

All during the Revolution, little pictures of the Sacred Heart copied from those of Paray, were distributed in the prisons: the Vendéans had them on their banners: Rochejaquelein, Lescure, Charette bore them on their breast to battle.

No account of this great Devotion would be complete without a passing allusion to the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the family, which indeed took its rise in the Novitiate of Paray itself under the auspices of the Saint in her lifetime. In 1907 Father Matthew Crawley-Boevey, the son of an English convert father, born in Peru, was cured of a violent form of heart disease at Paray-le-Monial. He received the inspiration of more and more winning society to the Sacred Heart by beginning with the unit of society, the family. Pius X. blessed and encouraged the undertaking, and little by little at the cost of almost superhuman labor and devotion, thousands and thousands of families, of schools, of assemblies of all kinds have been the witness of the solemn enthronement of the authorized picture.

I was present once at one of these ceremonies

in the recreation room of a Convent school, and was deeply impressed with its significance. Here the children studied and romped and lived; here they said their night and morning prayers; it was the assembly room of their school home and there was Our Lord in the midst of them, not for formal worship, but as part of their life. Far more impressive must be the same ceremony in the home, where Jesus Christ is part of the *natural* life of the family; of its joys as well as of its sorrows, so that He shall be excluded from no phase of our human existence. *Deliciæ meæ esse cum filiis hominum*. This is the *raison d'être* of the devotion. Our lives need not be externally altered as to state and profession, but by this focus of love and *Attention* as the central point of the household, they will become deeper, richer, more significant to ourselves and others.

The essential meaning of the Divine request is that Christ may, by our own volition and conduct, be *inside* our life—all life—not just that of the cloistered and consecrated, but of every condition of humanity. He came not to destroy but to vivify. Laughter and joy and human love are His as well as tears; a child is as near Him in his game as in his study, because of the deep bond between them. He begs to be shut out of nothing that belongs to the innocent life of His creature—not as restraint, but as inspiration, stimulus and repose. He is the divinely Adaptable One, but he is something more: He is the Inexhaustible Lover. It was St. Margaret Mary's Mission to make "*L'unique Amour de son Ame*" ours. Gloriously has it prospered. It is for each of us to see to its intimate consummation.

THE CITY OF TOO MANY CALIPHS.

BY EDWARD FRANCIS MOHLER, LITT.B.



HE living Homer begged his bread; six Grecian cities fought for Homer dead." Thus runs the ironic caption on the vaingloriousness of the world's praise, on the sloth with which it gives merit its laurel. Since the world began it has been the fortune of the artist to attain fame and moneyed leisure when he has passed beyond the love for or need of these things. Death strikes and the fulsome eulogy is spoken.

Homer agonized away his precarious, mendicant life in a vain strife for bread to revitalize his poor bones, for raiment to drape his nakedness. Death visited him and that which he could not have in life was there abundantly when he needed it not. Blakelock, the needy, the distracted, lived 'tis true, to witness the anomaly of success which he could not grasp. His family starved while he painted his very heart out unremunerated. Then came the distressing sight—Blakelock's pictures changing hands in New York auction rooms where the unsympathetic élite foregathered to bandy lofty comment and perchance purchase. But in the stressful interval Blakelock's travail of mind had sent him to a madhouse. The hiatus between Homer and Blakelock could be filled with thousands of instances illustrative of the merry-andrew antics of life with the artist and man of genius.

In the year nineteen hundred and ten there passed William Sydney Porter, the author of two hundred and fifty-one short stories, whose large merits were little esteemed then, but which are now the concern of belated literati. Life to O. Henry was a curious hodge-podge, a wandering, an odyssey. At times it was as prosaic as his *nom de plume*; at others it took on all the elements of drama. O. Henry knew almost constant illness; he went down the hard ways of worry and trouble; finances came to him slowly, and with seeming reluctance, to leave on speedy wings generally in aid of someone more needy than himself. Portions of his life were tame, even drab, a day after day round of inglorious duties such as each

of us runs through in the mechanics of living. Portions, too, were of a high adventure, which none to this day may understand because O. Henry shunned publicity. Though life denied this writer many things which were showered plenteously on less appreciative ordinary mortals, by way of compensation it gave him the ability to enjoy in others that which he did not himself possess, the power to appreciate for them that which they took so much for granted.

Several of O. Henry's interesting literary blood-brothers have told how he prowled the world's greatest city in a search of the thousand and one nights' adventures; how he sought out curious individuals and made his own their stories; how Poe-like he excursed after oddities of city lore, and made the city's whimsicalities, its temperamentalness his own; how he stored away the curious heart stories, the little side lights on the city dweller's soul. The enjoyment, which he experienced in this vicarious venturing, he good-naturedly passed on to his readers.

O. Henry's life makes a brief chronicle. Several inexplicable incidents which quieted his early youth, moved him to shun mankind and limit his heart acquaintance to a carefully chosen few. He was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1867. Always delicate, a visit to Texas added to his youthful experiences, but seemed to bring him no greater strength. While in Texas he attended school and worked on a ranch. As a young man he became a reporter on the *Houston Post*, and there his keen wit, his "nose for news" immediately showed itself. Together with a partner, he bought the printing plant of Brann's *Iconoclast*, which was on the market, and for a year edited *The Rolling Stone*. The name of the paper, as well as its sub-title or motto ("Out for the Moss") sound like typical O. Henry labels. Venturing too far into a field with which he was not familiar, in other words, taking sides in a political squabble between local celebrities, brought *The Rolling Stone* sharply against a barrier. Thereafter it neither rolled nor gathered moss.

After the failure of this journalistic enterprise, O. Henry betook himself to Central America, where he became a wanderer, somewhat after the fashion of his later New York days. Here his memory stored away local color which was later to be brought to the surface in never-to-be-forgotten stories. On

his return to America he worked for a brief period in a Texas drug store, then moved to New Orleans to undertake writing for the daily press. Fame touched him and beckoned him to New York City, and there he passed the last years of his life, known only to a few cronies, unappreciated by the reading public and somewhat scorned by critics. While still perpetuating in story form the wonders of America's great cities, O. Henry, the apothecary of human nature (as he has been styled by Christopher Morley) attained to some measure of success and fame. His stories were in great demand and highly remunerated. But ill health took toll of his time, friends of his money, critics of his literary worth. Like many who had gone the same way, to O. Henry death brought literary canonization. Whereas twenty years ago it would have been gauche or anathema for any critic of standing to dilate on the beauties of this American slang-user, today the critic who neglects to give unstintedly of his appreciation is either undiscerning or unjust.

In the space of ten years O. Henry mounted from nobodyism to a station among writers whence he could speak thus:

"THE CALEDONIA."

MY DEAR COLONEL G———:

If you've got \$100 right in your desk drawer, you can have my next story, which will be ready next Tuesday at the latest. That will pay half. The other half on delivery.

I'm always wanting money, and I have to have a century this morning.

I just wanted to give you a chance at the story *At Summer Rates*, if you want it.

Please give the bearer a positive answer, as I'll have to know at once so as to place it elsewhere this afternoon.

Yours very truly,

SYDNEY PORTER.

P. S.—Story guaranteed satisfactory or another supplied.

There may be those who would elevate their cold, classically chiseled, disdainful noses at the tone of this intimate O. Henry letter. These are the small-souled creatures who would be able to resist successfully the appeals of any human genius to their appreciation. The most melting appeal would lose its fervor when exposed to their icy correctness. And yet

this letter reveals the writer's inner life as not one of his stories does. It shows us the large-hearted man who was always ready to suffer the inconveniences of a friendship, and reward even a whispered supplication with help, which he needed more than the importunate one; it demonstrates that there was truth in the flippant comment passed on O. Henry's inextricably mingled business methods and generosity, that when Sydney Porter died all his friends seemed to O. Henry; it explains why in some of O. Henry's stories there is a lack of continuity between the beginning, the middle and the end. Pressure of circumstances, the drive of others' wants, the drag of ill health account for any unevenness of development in O. Henry's work.

It remained for O. Henry to discover "The City of Too Many Caliphs," New York City. By right of discovery he made it his own, named it, and Columbus-like brought its denizens to the light, displayed its wealth for a hesitant and wondering world to admire.

He comes with vaudeville, with stare and leer.
He comes with megaphone and specious cheer.
His troupe, too fat or short or long or lean,
Steps from the pages of the magazine
With slapstick or sombrero or with cane;
The rube, the cowboy, or the masher vain.
They overact each part. But at the height
Of banter and of canter, and delight
The masks fall off for one queer instant there
And show real faces; faces full of care
And desperate longing; love that's hot or cold;
And subtle thoughts, and countenances bold.
The masks go back. 'Tis one more joke.
Laugh on!
The goodly grown-up company is gone.¹

Whatever may be said of him, O. Henry never descended to a society story. The gentleman, the vagrant, the shop girl, the ousted politician, the worn-out favorite, the holder of high places, the clerk, the lavish, the niggard—all were one to him for he had the magic single answer to all. His wonderful power of quick and telling observation, his inner sense of dis-

¹ "The Knights in Disguise," by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, from *General William Booth Enters Heaven, and Other Poems*. New York: The Macmillan Co.

cernment enabled him to worm out a human story where others would have found nothing.

O brave apothecary! You who knew
What dark and acid doses life prefers,
And yet with smiling face resolved to brew
These sparkling potions for your customers
Glowing with globes of red and purple glass
Your window gladdens travelers that pass.²

Many of O. Henry's stories scintillate with genius; their titles are strokes every bit as happy as the themes they name. But there is in O. Henry mediocrity which arose through his endeavor to write on any occasion under the most vexatious circumstances. Many critics have been asked to compile lists of O. Henry's short stories; these selections show a wide variety which we may take to be indicative of the wide appeal of his work. A summary of his belief in the universal kin of human nature and its tendency to react favorably to a high plane when it must burst through the husks of passion and prejudice, is evidenced in his titular retort, "The Four Million," directed at those who affrontingly maintained that there were but "Four Hundred" worth while people in "The City of Too Many Caliphs." But better than his belief in the universal kin of mankind, lowly and exalted, honored and despised, sanguine or downhearted are the short stories in which he demonstrated this belief in miniature and yet quite spaciouly.

William Marion Reedy testifies: "As a depicter of the life of New York's four million—club men, fighters, thieves, policemen, touts, shopgirls, lady cashiers, hoboes, actors, stenographers, and what not—O. Henry had no equal for keen insight into the beauties and meanness of character and motive. . . . He always had a story."

William Sydney Porter served as a knight errant for the rescue of two disowned types of American fiction. The slang character sketch had degenerated into stagey brands, which finally found their damnation in stage delineations of the low character comedian type. Porter took unto himself the slang story and made of it a glorious thing. With his artistic touch he did more for slang than its habitual users could; to them it was an end in itself, to Porter it was a means. His innocent

² *O. Henry, Apothecary*, by Christopher Morley. New York: George H. Doran Co.

and unconscious invention, which must have been the result of weary, sweaty hours, is the unconsciousness of the highest art, something of the unconsciousness of plot which may well be compared with the unconsciousness of the style of Newman.

Upon O. Henry's success with the slang story there followed a myriad of imitators whose work served but as a fitting contrast, apprentices laboring to attain the heights of the master. The periodicals of today abound in the O. Henry type of story, but their turns are mechanical, their surprises stereotyped, their solutions piffling.

The melodramatic story, too, found in O. Henry a saviour, and it was restored to its own. The wild and woolly West, the filibustering expedition, the effervescent South American government, the thudding fall of wealth—all the romance of the world which might have been climacteric and in turn anti-climacteric, he treated in a new way. He found their romance, their wonders, their awesome aspects, but he wound his cords of story in a new way, and separated them after a fashion that no one has been able to copy creditably. O. Henry dreaded pathos, perhaps, because it so often turns to bathos and becomes insufferable. He delighted in whim, wit and inversion and some of his high and mighty themes evolved into goodly jokes. With a single, sudden whirl of the theme the story, which a less agile hand would have humdrummed into mediocrity, became a delightful combination of surprises.

The cap-stone has been put to O. Henry's monument in a thirteenth volume of his collected stories.³ Titled as the author would have wished, it contains the final O. Henriana, the last stories he wrote, and a series of comments by some who knew him and others who loved him.

³ *Waifs and Strays*. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co.

"SALVE MATER" AND THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY C. G. MAC GILL.



HERE is, in the Book of Common Prayer, a collect which has been in the past a source of stumbling to many worthy people. It contains this clause: "Give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions." Just what it means is debatable. Some have claimed that the "unhappy divisions" exist in the seamless robe of Christ, and the reference is to a three-fold division of the Catholic Church, and a further division into the sects of Protestantism. Another version is that the collect refers to strictly intra-mural conditions of Anglicanism. On the whole, the weight of opinion seems to be with the latter view. Thereby it is a sincere and worthy prayer. But it has been little honored in fact. The Episcopal Church has gone on instead rejoicing in its divisions, almost bragging about them, calling them evidences of breadth and true Catholicity. They own themselves divinely appointed to lead all others who profess and call themselves Christians into the true and only fold of Christ. Yet within their own ranks there is no manner of certainty as to where or what that fold is.

Father Ronald Knox has said there are not three but seven parties in the Anglican Church. Why he chose seven is not precisely clear, save from the traditions attached to it. One can pick out a dozen parishes in either New York or Boston, to say nothing of any other cities, and find no two agreeing in vital matters. One parish outdoes its steeple in the "height" of its services, defies its bishop by openly practising Benediction, and confession. Another has a "sung Eucharist" as the principal service of the day, hears confessions in a curtained corner behind the organ, and boasts a "Lady Chapel," where the "Blessed Sacrament" is perpetually reserved, that is a feast to the beauty-loving soul that often hungers in the ancient stronghold of Puritanism. A third has likewise a "sung Eucharist," but according to the "Sarum rite," which chiefly means a different color-sequence, and often a genu-

flection after the "Invocation of the Holy Spirit" instead of at the Words of Institution. This one practises "reservation occasionally" and is a bit uncertain on the subject of Eucharistic adoration.

And so on in infinite variety, down to the uttermost limits of the mixed broad and low, whose services are hardly to be distinguished from the high-church Unitarians, who use a fairly close imitation of the Book of Common Prayer, and even sometimes have lights on the "altar."

The ways of God are many and unsearchable. Who knows that He did not answer the collect for unity, and by means of the conversion of Dr. Kinsman open the way for Anglicans "seriously to lay to heart" their great dangers? Something like this has apparently taken place. Dr. Kinsman, his letter of resignation, and his book, *Salve Mater*, have been clearing the air mightily.

Probably no one in the American branch of the Anglican Church could have affected it more profoundly by "going to Rome" than Dr. Kinsman. Never a "party man," scholarly, lovable, well informed and devout, he occupied a distinct position among his fellows. His book, too, is of far more consequence than as a record of a soul's pilgrimage to the City of God, wonderful as that must always be; it is the record of the failure of the whole ecclesiastical concept for which he stood.

A Bishop occupies a peculiar position in the Protestant Episcopal Church, quite as anomalous a position as the name of the sect would imply. One of the reviewers of *Salve Mater* takes Dr. Kinsman severely to task for saying: "My notion of a Bishop was that one of his chief duties was to keep cheerful, to be on the lookout for good work, to approve and encourage those who were doing it, never to find fault when it could be avoided, and always to lay stress on the bright side of things. In my previous work I had for the most part been a cheerful sort of person, and for a time I was able to keep this up in Delaware. I liked my surroundings, made the most of any signs of progress, did not mind difficulties so long as there seemed to be movement in a right direction, and was thankful to have my place and post so long as I was confident of the especial work I was set to do. But the optimism was oozing rapidly by the end of my third year.

"This was not due to any specially trying experiences or difficult personal relations . . . So far as I was personally concerned, things went well enough; but I came less and less to be satisfied with the actual accomplishments of the Church in teaching and training."¹

On the basis of the sentence first quoted, the reviewer considers that Dr. Kinsman's trouble was that he did not put enough energy into the work of his diocese, that if he had devoted himself properly to the task in hand, he would not have found his work so fruitless. The remark is a peculiarly unkind one, because the reviewer knew Dr. Kinsman, and his work in the diocese of Delaware.

The truth is, that save for a really small minority, the bulk of the Protestant Episcopal Church, including the laity, still considers bishops to be of the *bene esse* of the church, not the *esse*. Dr. Kinsman's conversion has stirred up the troubled waters among Anglicans mightily, but in no case perhaps more strangely than on this very subject.

To show that Dr. Kinsman was not the only Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church who felt the emptiness of his position, there is a striking article in the *Churchman*, the leading organ of the low-broad party. It was published on July 26, 1919, about three weeks after Dr. Kinsman's letter of resignation was given to the press, and therefore could not have been a direct result. In fact, it was one of a series of articles bearing on the work of the coming General Convention of 1919, and intended to set forth some of the difficulties and problems before the church. It is entitled, "The Episcopate in a Democracy," an oddly significant title. Its author is the Rt. Rev. Irving P. Johnson, Bishop of Colorado. Now Dr. Johnson is a very brilliant man, an unusually good preacher, a man successful in three different lines of work in which he has been engaged in the last ten years. The writer has a grateful memory of his sermons and the friendly atmosphere he created around him in the large down-town parish of Gethsemane Church, in Minneapolis. He ministered wisely and generously in a beautiful church, to a shifting and mixed congregation, in a section of the city once filled with fine residences, but then given up largely to boarding houses. Gethsemane, always an "open" church, was a city of refuge to hundreds of

¹ *Salve Mater*, p. 81.

lonely souls. At the same time Dr. Johnson was lecturer on church history at the Seabury Divinity School, in Faribault, some twenty miles distant. Eventually, he resigned Gethsemane parish, and gave his work entirely to the Divinity School. At the time, we wondered why. Gethsemane seemed to need him. Now we wonder if the reason he left was not the same, in miniature, which caused Dr. Kinsman's resignation. There was a hint to that effect at the time. Perhaps Dr. Johnson thought in the Divinity School he could make things move faster. There is an objection to this interpretation, however. Dr. Johnson was not, so far as one could discover, in the least "high church." Perhaps one might most closely classify him as a "moderate low." No ritualist, certainly. High matins and low communion were the order in Gethsemane, but his preaching was always sound, simple, and spiritual, that is, he avoided the vice of lecturing to his congregation upon economics, politics, or sociology.

After a few years at Faribault, he was elected a Bishop, if memory serves, first to the missionary diocese of Western Colorado. Affairs in the two Colorado dioceses were pretty mixed, at the time, and it took a man of great good sense and administrative ability, as well as of Christian courage, to go there. Later, the two dioceses were reunited, under his leadership, and he has well accomplished what was expected of him, in his place. So much for the man, and the external aspects of his ministry, his episcopate. But this is what he says of it, after some years of apparently striking success: "(It) is still true, that so far as actual authority goes, a bishop is more or less of a figurehead, set up between two imposing ceremonies, his consecration and his funeral; and if he attempts more he is apt to find that he is a sign that is spoken against. As he becomes more familiar with his office, he learns that so far as self-supporting parishes are concerned, they are like self-supporting sons, more or less of a law unto themselves."

From this, he goes on to show that a bishop is merely a symbol, of what is uncertain, and ends with these tremendous words: "Dressed up in the livery of Elizabethan England, slaves to the atrocious tradition of a thoroughly secularized episcopate coming down through the Georgian and Victorian eras of bad taste, bad theology, and bad manners, elected to be a sort of puppet ruler with many mayors of the palace,

committed by our traditions to theories of power that are purely fictitious, who will deliver us from the emptiness of this bondage?"

There is nothing in *Salve Mater* so trenchant, so pregnant with the bitterness of failure.

The year preceding a General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church is always a year of much troubling of the waters, and deep searching of hearts, also, it must be confessed, of much acrimonious correspondence in the church papers. General Convention, be it known, is the court of last resort in the Episcopal Church, in theory a lesser variety of Ecumenical Council, or perhaps better, a body functioning in place of an Ecumenical Council, because of the divided condition of Christendom. In fact, it is mostly a junket of sundry clergy and laity, who are pleasantly entertained in the convention city, hear some more or less good addresses on assorted topics, do a little squabbling in the so-called convention, and accomplish practically nothing. On the few cases when decision has been rendered, it has distinctly taken the Protestant point of view.²

It is perhaps worth while to cite here one of the most recent refusals, that of the Convention of 1916, to allow the inclusion of the *Benedictus Qui venit* in the Communion Office, lest it lead to beliefs concerning the Sacrament which General Convention was not prepared finally to accept.

Dr. Kinsman's resignation, coming as it did in a year already stirring with controversial life, pointing, as many rightly guessed, to but one conclusion, brought the Anglican Church up against the realities of its life as probably nothing in its history has ever done before—at least in America. A new note is instantly perceptible. Dr. Kinsman becomes in verity a touchstone, by which the church is led to test itself. Inevitable are the results. His letter to the Presiding Bishop, touching as it did on the fundamentals of the life of the church, and hence its claim to be a true part of the Catholic Church, clove deep, and laid bare the hollowness of the heart of Anglican pretensions. Defenders of the Anglican position arose, of course, especially and primarily the superior of one of the religious orders of men, Rev. S. C. Hughson, O.H.C., a man

² This is a controverted statement, of course, but the one case cited to the contrary, that of the "Reformed Episcopal" schism, is curiously inconclusive.

whose hope and faith in the real catholicity of the Anglican Church have been as fine and brave as they are now pathetic.

But others of the mighty have fallen. One after another they have abandoned the Catholic position. Ostensibly, this change has been wrought by the proposed Concordat with the Congregational Church. So we find the man who resigned his place on the Board of Missions over the issue of the Panama Conference, stating that the proposed arrangement with the Congregationalists violates no principle of Faith or Order! It takes a curious sense of logic to see how it fails to violate every principle, but Dr. Manning says it does not!

The editor of the *American Church Monthly*, once dean of the very "high" cathedral of Milwaukee, author of an excellent booklet on the usefulness of confession in the Anglican Church, writes an editorial on a "Pan-Protestant" Church, of which he evidently approves, and from which he does not clearly exclude the Protestant Episcopal. The editor of the *Living Church*, the leading "high" weekly, goes over to Dr. Manning's side on the Concordat, and when he sees the horror in the eyes of his followers, defends himself with a smile, and says that although it looks so he hasn't gone over to the Protestant camp.

It is characteristic of General Convention that the Concordat was not accepted, but postponed, because it was not at the time expedient. The real questions it raised were simply shelved.

To trace the effect of Dr. Kinsman's letter, and its results in the Anglican papers, reveals this curious state of things. Two of those journals may be taken as fairly representative of the church at large, for the reason that, while taking each its distinctive stand, neither excludes entirely articles favoring the other party. A third, a monthly, is worth considering for the eminence of its editorial staff, and its contributors. There are others, like the *Sewanee Review*, rather ultra scholarly, and the *Holy Cross Magazine*, which took the place of the defunct *American Catholic*, when its editor, after the Convention of 1916, sought the True Fold. Knowing the "state of the church," one can tell in advance what the *Holy Cross Magazine* will say. There is also the *Chronicle*, violently anti-Catholic in every way. This likewise will run true to form. There remain three whose attitude will embrace considerations by both

sides, if necessary. The first is the *American Church Monthly*, edited by Rev. Selden P. Delany, Associate Rector of the well-known Church of St. Mary the Virgin, in New York. Of late, it has been full of articles on the question of the real nature of the Sacrament of the Eucharist. This magazine tries to typify the inclusiveness of the Anglican body.

It is a monthly, which doubtless accounts largely for the fact that no comment is made upon Dr. Kinsman's resignation until the issue of February, 1920. This contains an article, "Was Bishop Kinsman Right?" by Rev. Francis J. Hall, of the General Theological Seminary, the one "official" seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His arguments are negligible, may be read in any work of Anglican apologetics, and he contributes but two items to the general condition of things. One is his statement that the famous Thirty-nine Articles were put forth as a peace-making platform. Unfortunately history will not bear out Dr. Hall's attempt to thus belittle the Articles, and their ultra-Protestantism and anti-Catholicism.

The second remark is hardly worthy of Dr. Hall, but of course in the heat of battle men will say strange things, especially if they feel the sting of approaching defeat. He sums up by saying that the substance of the matter is that Dr. Kinsman was temperamentally unfitted for the strain of the warfare between Catholic and Protestant, resulting from the peculiar position of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and so had fled from the field.

The *Churchman* is perhaps the most widely known of Anglican papers in this country. Its editor is a clergyman, the Rev. William G. Smith, and its position rather inclines towards the low church position. However, it does not lean heavily to any party, but tries to stand impartial towards all. On July 19, 1919, it published Dr. Kinsman's letter, under the title, "Bishop Kinsman's Apologia." In August two letters follow, one quoted from a Wilmington paper, averring respect for Dr. Kinsman, for his frankness, but saying that his statements are misleading and inaccurate. The second letter is one giving instances in support of Dr. Kinsman's contentions, such as a case of the denial of regeneration in baptism, and the Unitarian minister, an ex-Roman Catholic, who preached in a certain Episcopal church in Holy Week.

It is manifestly appropriate that such a book as *Salve*

Mater should be reviewed by one of Dr. Kinsman's former colleagues. Bishop Hall, of the small and moderately prosperous diocese of Vermont, does so for the *Churchman* of May 8th, in an article entitled "Vale and Salve Mater." The aged Bishop, once a member of the Society of St. John the Evangelist (Cowley Fathers), is peculiarly fitted for the task. Only a bishop, and a bishop of a diocese not too unlike Delaware in size and condition, could adequately cover all the points in Dr. Kinsman's book, from the Anglican point of view. Bishop Hall has for many years been a leader in the "Catholic wing" of Anglicanism, a prolific writer, and much beloved man. Until the last few years, Bishop Hall has been a valiant champion of Catholic principles: of late he has pained some of his friends by seeming to recede from his old positions, especially in regard to the nature of the Eucharist.

Bishop Hall considers Dr. Kinsman's episcopate as a rather continuous process of disillusionment. "Delaware, though he (Dr. Kinsman) speaks most appreciatively of the kindness he there received, seems to have exerted a most depressing influence. Doubtless he did not find as much response as he looked for to his teaching. Perhaps he might have thrown himself more thoroughly—and perseveringly—into the work of spiritual leadership, instead of allowing himself to be chilled by a complacent apathy. Instead of fighting irreligion, carelessness, and misbelief, he seems to have shrunk into an attitude of critical if not cynical aloofness, than which nothing can be more fatal to sanity of spiritual and intellectual judgment."

To one who remembers Dr. Kinsman as an Anglican chiefly for his courageous leadership, this hardly seems a fair judgment. And considering Bishop Johnson's article, quoted above, and that gentleman's own energetic disposition, still further question is possible.

Dr. Kinsman's remarks on the subject of the Sacrament of Penance and the Episcopal Church seem to Bishop Hall very unfair. To others they will seem most temperate, and to state the case with almost over-scrupulous charity. Most Anglicans who have adopted the practice of confession possess a stock of stories about their experiences in attempting to approach the sacrament away from their accustomed confessor. They range from many instances of flat and even indignant refusal

to incidents where the penitent longed to give the confessor pointers on the proprieties of the matter! And this latter in a case where the "priest" was ostensibly in the church for the purpose! In this matter, Bishop Hall is certainly not on as secure ground as Dr. Kinsman, who rightly says that "there is a degree of doubtfulness about a representative and official act, not officially provided for, but left to the individual agent's discretion or whim."

An odd condemnation, considering the actual state of affairs, is that in Dr. Kinsman's statement that he should have felt obliged to admit to ordination a man whose views he felt were doctrinally unsound. It is only a few weeks since one of the most prominent members of the Anglican episcopate said in a public address that he did not care in the least what a man's views were, that he would rather ordain a man who had no special beliefs, so long as "his heart was right." That is the sort of thing, of course, that Dr. Kinsman was "up against," like a brother of a western diocese who refused to admit to the diaconate a young man not only unsound in faith, but also doubtful in morals. The youth merely transferred his affections to another bishop, less nice in such matters.

At the end of his review, Bishop Hall sounds what every Anglican considers the most telling note in the whole defence—Is Rome right because there are some faults, even grave ones, in Anglicanism? The educated Anglican at this point will bring out a vast array of miscellaneous heresies claimed to have been held by all sorts of learned men, chiefly in the fourth and fifth centuries. The more sensible apologists rest their case upon what they term "modern abuses," like indulgences, infallibility, "mariolatry," and the "pagan cult of the Blessed Sacrament." Low churchmen will include celibacy of the clergy, and the Immaculate Conception. (A few still confound that with the Incarnation.) Probably also they will add confession, but the old horror of the "mutilated sacrament" has now to be laid aside, since the "Massachusetts use" has become so popular. Indeed, among the laity the common chalice has long been an object of fear and dread, so much so as to furnish an instructive comment on their real faith.

This type of argument is the court of last resort. It is invariable, and forms an *impasse* between the mind illuminated by faith, and the one still outside. Once that gift is

received, the force of such "proofs" disappears like dew before a July sun. For, of course, such considerations have little to do with the real fact of conversion. Those who use that kind of an argument on Anglicans who are beginning to seek the light are likely to defeat their own ends. Two wrongs never yet made a right, and the inquirer is going to say next, if that is all you can offer, I don't think your accusations in themselves can be worth much. As Father Maturin once said: "Nothing would justify one's leaving the English Church but a belief that it was no true part of the Church of Christ." And nothing ever does. But to this end, the facts about the Anglican Church are rightly used.

The editor of the *Churchman* sums this up to a nicety in the same number, when he says, in an editorial entitled "The Protestant Strand," that the most significant thing about Dr. Kinsman's defection "is not that we lost him through his lack of understanding our virtues; it is that he did understand them, but that they did not satisfy him. His temperament requires that non-ethical and magical view of grace which Rome is best fitted to serve.

"The Protestant Reformation did something to the Church of England. In Dr. Kinsman's estimation it maimed it for keeps. We think it saved it, and what saved it was not something imported from Germany. So much Protestantism as the church contains was evolved within the Church of England itself by the Holy Spirit. Those who accept this Protestant strand in Anglicanism are not made unhappy by the defection of Dr. Kinsman, nor do we trouble our minds greatly over his difficulties except by way of sympathy for those whose consciences bid them do hard things. His type of Christian cannot get what he wants in the Episcopal Church because the Episcopal Church does not teach that kind of Christianity. You cannot make it teach that kind of Christianity without fundamentally changing the nature of the church. The arguments needed to appease men of that type seem to the ordinary Episcopalian so metallic, so far-fetched in spiritual interest that he cannot bring himself to delve into ecclesiastical history for balms to sooth Dr. Kinsman's wounds. We really can't soothe them. He ought to go where his wounds can be permanently healed and not reopened again and again, as is bound to be the case in the Episcopal Church.

"Those who protest that we really are the kind of a catholic church which ought to have satisfied Dr. Kinsman may find comfort in the thought, but again and again they will see their theories bruised by facts—facts colored irrevocably by something that happened to the world during the Renaissance."

Is comment necessary, upon the condition which permitted these words and Bishop Hall's review to appear in the same number of the same paper?

The *Living Church* was the first paper to review *Salve Mater*, on April 17th, but for reasons which will be apparent, we have left it till the last. The editor is Mr. Frederic Morehouse, a layman, and a high churchman. His paper has been cordially disliked by the low and broad wings, not only because he represents the opposite points of view, but because he is a trenchant writer, and a well-armed combatant. To him Dr. Kinsman's loss was, of necessity, a personal matter. Hence probably the fact that all through his editorial he sounds the personal note. At the outset, therefore, he finds it "easy to sum up Dr. Kinsman's difficulty in a single sentence; Delaware church life did not illustrate to him the Catholic conception of the Church which he had taught in the seminary and accepted in the study."

The statement may seem somewhat invidious in regard to Delaware, and is still more so when it is noted that Dr. Kinsman was not the first "high" bishop of Delaware. He inherited the work and teachings of twenty years of Bishop Coleman's episcopate. Mr. Morehouse would not have to leave his own diocese, nay hardly his own city of Milwaukee, to find facts in support of each of Dr. Kinsman's experiences.

Mr. Morehouse admits the force of the argument from observations upon Anglicans, but insists it is false, nor will he admit that Dr. Kinsman proves any of his contentions. In fact, Mr. Morehouse goes so far as to call Dr. Kinsman's criticism of the ordinal preposterous, in spite of the fact that many of the Anglican clergy inclined to high pretensions studiously evade discussion upon the subject, and many writers, from the days of the Elizabethan settlement down, have denied any intention on the part of the church in her formularies to create "mass-priests." So grave is the doubt, indeed, that we have heard a suggestion seriously made that the Anglican Church

should seek a sort of uniat relation with the Roman Catholic Church on the basis of the conditional reordination of her clergy. And this, in the diocese of Milwaukee.

One phrase of Dr. Kinsman's especially catches Mr. Morehouse's eye. This is what might be called the myth of the superior education and learning of the Anglican clergy, especially as contrasted with the Roman Catholic. It is almost a dogma with Anglicans. He who is suspected of Romeward leanings is assailed by the subtle suggestion: "Oh, but the Roman priests are such dreadfully uneducated men." Newman, in his *Loss and Gain*, and Benson, in the *Papers of a Pariah*, refer to the same odd conception. Dr. Kinsman found how mistaken it was through the *Catholic Encyclopædia*.

The personal equation again appears in Mr. Morehouse's reference to Dr. Kinsman's introduction. He says of it: "'A life that has ended.' What a comment on what has gone before! . . . 'Received into the Communion of the Roman Catholic Church.' What is involved in the way of renunciation and repudiation Dr. Kinsman does not say. Perhaps again his intellect refused to do his bidding.

"Be that as it may, we desire to pay our tribute to him at the close of 'a life that has ended.' Bishop Kinsman was one of the finest characters that have adorned the American episcopate. With few of our fathers in God has the editor of the *Living Church* seemed to have so much in common. His leadership we always welcomed. His learning we always respected. Scarcely a person, withdrawing from the communion and fellowship in which he had played so fine a part, could administer such a blow as he, could wrench the ties of affection so effectively.

"We part with no word of condemnation, and with criticism only of the things he has written. The 'life that has ended' was a life of uniform beauty, of much service, of great promise for still greater opportunity."

But the most significant thing in Mr. Morehouse's review is not the pain in these words of farewell, which must be echoed in the breasts of thousands of other troubled and bewildered Protestant Episcopalians whose souls have caught glimpses of the Lord in His beauty. Rather it is this, a verity that many Catholic-minded Anglicans have found for themselves, and followed also to their peace. "Dr. Kinsman's fate

is that of a man who lives only among books, who is suddenly forced to live among men, and who finds, then, that he had not prepared himself for the actual world of people as they are."

Herein lies the sum and substance of the whole matter. As Dr. Kinsman himself says, most "Catholic" Anglicans consider that their ways and their party represents the truth of Anglicanism, and that the rest of the church is but a "low and lazy" lot towards whom he has missionary responsibilities. Brought up under a certain type of clergyman, devout rather than ritualistic, and choosing, on travels, only churches of the "high" type, a most sincere soul may easily never realize the truth about Anglicanism at all. Dreadful stories will come his way, of course, about wine remaining in a chalice after communion being turned back into a cruet, for why, no one can tell, since the rubrics distinctly direct otherwise; of Unitarian ministers assisting in the giving of communion, and so on, stories that may easily be put down to exaggeration, and careless retelling. But, by the mercy of the Holy Ghost, let such a soul be put into a situation where he must face the facts, and he is on the horns of the dilemma.

If the Anglican Church be Catholic, these people are guilty of the most horrible sacrilege, for they cannot be held, at least the clergy, to be ignorant of the law as expressed in the formularies of the church. Certainly the "priest" who does or permits such things does not discern the Lord's Body. On the other hand, such men are truly justified in their acts by their interpretation of the church and her formularies, which say, according to their view, that "the sacrifices of masses, in the which it was commonly said, that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables, and dangerous deceits." If the real Body and Blood of Christ be not present, then truly it is idolatry to pay such respect to the elements as Catholics do to the Sacred Species. But, if there is a real absence rather than a Real Presence, then it is no part of the Catholic Church, and the soul who believed itself to be in communion with the Catholic Church finds its faith vain. The facts have come full circle, and there is but one thing to do, accept the fact of the Protestantism of the church, or seek the True Fold at once, on the peril of one's salvation.

Dr. Kinsman faced these *facts*, as he says himself, not only in *Salve Mater*, but elsewhere, from the day of his consecration as bishop. As rector of a parish, under the real congregationalism prevailing, he had such control of conditions as would prevent mishaps. In his previous school experience, and later seminary teaching, he dealt with a world of his own choosing. It is easy, under such circumstances, being of a charitable nature, to believe the best of the rest of the world, and to hold things by no means so bad as they are painted. That he tried honestly, long and earnestly, to fulfill his episcopal oath, and square his theory with the facts he met, is much to his credit, as a man full of long-suffering, and profound love and loyalty to her whom he held for his spiritual mother. Is it any wonder that in his relief and gladness, and joy, that he should name his book in a very shout, *Salve Mater*?

Did Mr. Morehouse realize all he said when he wrote those words? The "ornaments rubric" is not the touchstone of faith, but these vital matters, of the substance of the faith itself.

Dr. Kinsman and his book have become indeed a touchstone for the Anglican Church. Bishop Hall calls it the best presentation of lax conditions and failures in the Anglican Church, in existence. Another reviewer calls it a mass of details. It is a book that no one but a man who had Dr. Kinsman's complete knowledge of the life of the Protestant Episcopal Church could have written. Yet there is really very little detail. It is a picture on a broad canvas, of masses of light and shade. And as Bishop Hall points out, it is a warning that the Protestant Episcopal Church can no longer drift. She must make up her mind.

That this opinion is by no means confined to Bishop Hall has been shown by an examination of the church papers since the announcement of Dr. Kinsman's resignation. One writer states in so many words that the church is in a state of upheaval. A plea by a prominent clergyman in the General Convention of 1919 that the church should incorporate into the Book of Common Prayer a statement of the principles for which it stands, was refused, on the ground that such attempts in the past to define doctrine and state principles had caused schism. The editor of the *Living Church* questions whether any such definition made by General Convention would have

power to bind the Protestant Episcopal Church. Here he is doing a bit of special pleading, for in the state of opinion represented in the General Conventions since that of 1910, any such definition would inevitably go against the "high" party. He is in perfect agreement with that militant "high" rector who, in September, 1916, on the eve of General Convention, told his parish that if, as many felt there was cause to fear, General Convention should declare the "Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament" to be illegal, they need not dread the loss of the presence of their Sacramental Lord among them, for the custom of the parish would be continued in spite of General Convention. Could Protestantism go further?

Another clergyman, writing on the rubrics, says that no one pretends to obey them all, and that the church must move in a direction of elasticity and broader tolerance and liberalization. The revision of the Prayer Book calls forth protests on account of alleged attempts on the part of the Commissioners to introduce sacerdotalism, and an episcopal member replies hotly that no such thing is intended, in fact that so long as confirmation is practiced, all are made priests.

The high churchmen have not lacked voices. The *Holy Cross Magazine* has been full of articles advocating and defending the adoption of Catholic practices. The Superior of the Order of the Holy Cross has drawn the wrath of many opponents upon his head, and has been frankly told to get out and go where he belongs. In fact, in the *Churchman* of December 27th, commenting on one of his articles, the statement is made that Reservation for the purpose of adoration is illegal in any branch of the Catholic Church.

Dr. Kinsman has not been the only leader of the "Catholic wing" to throw consternation into the ranks by his defection. Two others, influenced doubtless by his act, have declared themselves. But they have both been on the other side. The proposed Concordat with the Congregationalists has been fathered by the Rev. Dr. Manning, once willing to give up his place and power in many important posts in the Church, in order to bear witness to his indignation over the Panama Conference. He has also declared himself against the legality as well as the propriety and desirability of the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. Unfortunately, there is a measure of dubiety and disingenuity in his attempt to involve the Society

of St. John the Evangelist, through a letter written by an English member, for an English paper, but promptly repudiated by the Father Provincial in America, and by the Father Superior General in England; and in certain statements of practices in Dr. Manning's own parish and its many chapels. Dr. Manning is entitled to a change of opinion, as well as Dr. Kinsman, without such adventitious aids.

The second is the editor of the *Living Church* himself. He has not yet admitted it fully, and even expresses wonder at those who were amazed at his eleventh hour conversion to the Concordat. But the fact remains, that his trenchant pen has weakened, and he can no longer write as he once did. As he said in his review, Dr. Kinsman dealt him a personal blow, than whom no one could have dealt a heavier. And for his hurt there is but one healing. Neither he nor the editor of the *American Church Monthly* longer hope—or perhaps desire—the “change of name” to “American Catholic Church” for which both once fought. The best they can offer now as a way out of the hated “Protestant Episcopal” is “Protestant Catholic” church!

The truth, historically and actually, in the light of the present day, is that the Church of England-by-law-established, and her daughter, the American Protestant Episcopal Church, and other related bodies, is thoroughly Zwinglian and Congregational, dressed up in some old clothes adopted and inherited from various sources. The vast bulk of the laity and great majority of the clergy have always accepted this as fact, and do today, whatever a few writers like Laud and Pusey may have said. And official action has quite uniformly been on their side. Dr. Kinsman has done a great service in drawing the issues so clearly that the church must take pause to consider her ways, and even of more importance, that the clear of thought and devout of heart must see themselves at the cross-roads of faith, and ask, in humility of heart, “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?” God grant that neither pride nor prejudice may dull their hearts to His answer.

THE HOLY HOUSE.

BY ELIZABETH BARNETT ESLER.

If you can bring yourself to leave
Ancona by the sea,
Then go upon a fête day
The Holy House to see.

Be sure to take the white highroad
As 'twere a friendly hand,
'Twill lead you with a kindly grace
Through that most lovely land.

There will be pilgrims going
Up with you all the way,
Some gentle folk and peasants,
Grave priests and lovers gay.

You'll see the little children
And hear their calls of glee,
As they dance up from Ancona,
Ancona by the sea.

They'll be veiled and crowned with flowers
Like may-trees in a mist,
And the sweetness of their faces
Your heart can not resist.

White rings of bread they'll carry
To be from hunger free,
For it's far from Ancona,
Ancona by the sea.

That little house was never built
In the garden where it stands,
Nor was it brought from Palestine
By any human hands.

The holy angels carried it
At night time on their wings,
And now it's full as it can hold
Of many precious things.

It was Our Lord's first temple
Where he was worshipped free,
Mary the first adorer,
Her God upon her knee.

When they lived in old Nazareth
Down there in Galilee—
Far, far from fair Ancona
Upon her azure sea.

So enter now all chastely
And reverently see,
Pray first for your immortal soul,
But also pray for me.

Observe the holy quiet
Of the dim and sacred place,
And when you leave, may God bestow
Upon us all His Grace.

But I wish I might go with you,
Whoever you may be,
When you journey to Ancona,
Ancona by the sea.

THE BAPTISM.

BY L. MAC MANUS.



HE tinker's wife held the week-old baby under her shawl. She had youth, a face slashed red-brown by the winds, and hair whose weight and length made her desire at moments to tear it from her head. Her right hand clenched, was pressed against the child. The fingers clutched the shilling her husband had made.

He was on ahead with the tribe and the donkeys. And his command had begun and ended with an oath. She was to linger on the way; pass the counterfeit coin and bring him ten true minted coppers. As she walked she weighed her chances; it was night; shop-lights were dim; she could tell those easy to deceive. Other people were on the moonlit road; well-dressed groups, their faces set one way, all hastening to the Mission. She caught glimpses of prayer books; of serious expressions as if many had fixed their thought upon the soul-worlds and sins that hooked into the memory. Then one woman looked back, "That's likely to be a tinker's wife," she said.

To be labeled would have been nothing at another time to the tinker's wife. The words would have passed her ears as lightly as the wind. But there was the coin. If she and her tribe appeared to have no connection it would be easier to pass it across Pat Vahy's counter. She worked it up her palm till she got it between her finger and thumb. She could feel the rough edges of the letters; the English king's head. The touch gave her confidence. It had been made in a good mold and had the shining whiteness of silver; Teige was clever.

The child mewled under her arm: and at the sound she worked the coin back again to the palm, and tightened her clasp on the flannel-wrapped lump. On ahead she saw the spire of the church, standing among the lower stars, and the halves of the roof, white on one side and black on the other. Her eyes roamed among the groups. The women, in all the fashions, were going to the church in their pride, and the men

in suits that Teige could never have the like of—they were going, the lot, to listen to the missionaries, and hear the judgments. She felt a stirring like the hard flapping of wings within her.

The heat of the child's body seemed linked with the heat of her heart; and its wail a demand that a wide place should be made for it, too, in the world. For a minute the mother felt as if she could have torn the hats from the women's heads, the fine clothes from their bodies. Her unchristened child was to go ragged and barefoot, sleeping in the wind-bent hut, or beneath a cart if it rained, cursed and beaten, cursing and beating back again. Then her gusty rage passed. It was a grand free life after all, with fun in it and fresh air, not like the choking lodging houses, and good food and drink when the men had luck. And she herself was clever at getting a hen when the farmer's wives were not looking, and at snapping up a thing here and there. And the tinker lads had praised her hair when she was a *cailin*, and many had wanted her for a wife. She had had the choice of ten, and she had taken the best; a man in his strength; with the craft of a coiner. And it was she who came out first in the fights with the women. It was not a month since she had torn the hair from Nancy Ward!

Then again she seemed to feel the heat of the child's body kindling lights on its way to her heart. Little tapers of love; and the woman so near the earth as her soul walked along that dim path felt its immortality. Her soul met the child's soul. She looked once more towards the church. When she had passed the coin, she would have the baby baptized.

Pat Vahy's door was closed. But it went a little back as she touched it, and the opening widened to her pressure. A purple-faced man behind the counter was turning down the lamp. His best hat and coat were on. His hand paused on the screw at the sound of her entrance.

She went with a sidling step and eyes washed of their fire to the counter. "Would you give me a grain of salt, sir, twopence worth will do." Her voice was throaty as it sought among the strings of sound for a note polite and soft.

His protruding eyes fixed her for a moment. "I'm closing the shop. Be off now, I've no time to attend to you and your salt."

"It would not take you the half of a minute handing it down to me there from the shelf, sir. I've the money here ready to pay for it. I'm badly in need of the salt."

A woman with iron gray hair, a beaded velveteen cloak on her fat shoulders, a feather flat as a palm leaf in her bonnet, came in from the room behind the shop. "Hurry now, Pat, or we won't get a good place," she said.

The tinker's wife turned to her. "I'm going there myself, ma'am. They're grand, the missionaries. You'd be trembling to hear them, and there will be few drinking in the parish after them but those that must, the old and the weak. It's what I'm asking for a grain of salt, ma'am, for fear the shop will be closed on me when I get out of chapel, and I've a shilling here to pay for it."

"Ach! we can't be bothered with you, woman. Turn out the light, Pat, and let us be going. Father Dominick is preaching tonight, and there won't be a seat if we don't foot it now."

"Hurry out now, you woman!" Vahy ordered.

But the tinker's wife lingered. "Will you give me the change of a shilling?"

"Be off with you, I tell you!" His hand moved; the lamp went out. Upon the sudden darkness the moonlight leaped in through the doorway and window.

The woman poked a finger and thumb forward. "Here's the shilling. It won't take you but the counting of the coppers."

"Get out! or I'll make you!" Vahy roared.

"May the devil be in the same hurry with you when he's taking you to hell," she answered.

He put one leg across the counter. "Be out of that!" his voice was thick with threats.

"Get out of that, ye tinker's wife!" his wife cried.

Baffled, and cursing, the woman retreated. The few houses in the village were closed, and she moved on slowly by the edge of the church-going stream of people. The road wound a little before it reached the gateway to the church. On the footpath the row of booths by the wall were lit up by paraffin lamps, and she saw the traders, sober elderly women and sacristan-looking men, standing by their wares. She turned the shilling for luck, and smoothed her face. Hitching the baby closer to her breast, she walked on with blue predatory eyes.

She chose the last booth. There was a ditch she knew of where she could lie should the boothman's suspicion awake after she had passed the coin. He was busy with two girls who were buying beads. There was scent on their handkerchiefs, and their white necks in the lamplight had the whiteness of two white clouds, or the white breast of the sea-gull. She pressed in behind them, and stretched her hand across the shoulder of one.

"Give me change of a shilling, sir, I'm in a hurry into the chapel," she said.

"You'll get change at the door," the man answered. "Don't be pressing on the young ladies."

The mewl came again from the child. She drew back and lifting the shawl, shifted the child to her left arm. Its week-old face had the look of a skinned rabbit; its eyes were sealed like the young of a cat. The mother's gaze rested on it. "I'm going to give you a christened soul, *agra*," she muttered. "I'll have the door of heaven left open for you."

Sudden soul-emotions mingled with the instinct of the animal mother—hell, heaven and purgatory took the shapes of great commons in her mind, with the lights from the church windows thrown upon them and the missionaries giving passes to the souls. The hedges of heaven had the smell of the beautiful scent on the girl's handkerchiefs; and the fields of red heather were as soft as blankets; and the white angels went tripping by with closed wings, counting the children playing about. Out beyond was the black bog of hell, with fire-lights dancing over the bog-holes, and a mist of little unbaptized babies hanging by the dyke. She saw the edges of purgatory, gray like ashes, and many moving no thicker than shadows in a purple fog behind. The scent seemed to go to her head swifter than the whisky Teige had given her that day. She touched one of the girls.

"I have a little one here I want to christen," she said, "maybe you, or the other girl, would stand for him. I'll wait in the church till the Mission is over."

The girl drew aside. "I'll take these beads," she said to the man.

She wrapped her handkerchief around them, and the perfume went again to the woman's head. Her eyes dilated, and wandering through the wares of the booth, rested upon a pic-

ture of the Virgin and Child. The girl Mother walked lightly on the clouds, carrying her Boy. She wore a skirt and bodice of pink; a brown veil on her head; a blue mantle about her.

"What is the price of that picture of the Blessed Virgin, sir?" she asked in the treble that her voice took when drink was in her head.

The man was counting the change the girl had given. He looked up.

"It's a shilling," he said.

"Hand it down to me. Here's the shilling."

He took the picture from the canvas wall. She pushed Teige's coin among the silver on the counter, and he swept all the pieces into the till.

She turned away, and went along the path, and her feet seemed to go as lightly as the Virgin's over the clouds. The picture flapped in her hand in the speed of her pace. Then in a turn in the road she saw Teige. He stood with his back to the white wall, a young man with brute lines by the mouth, and the brow and eyes of an artist. The reek of stale tobacco, of recent drink, filled the air about him.

"Did you pass it?" he asked.

She stopped short as if a slough had opened in her path.

"Pat Vahy wouldn't change it," she answered.

"Did he look at it?"

"He did not. He closed the door on my face."

"May the devil take you. You weren't quick enough."

An oath sprang to her throat, reached her lips, and stayed there. "Sure, Teige, I haven't my strength yet. How could I keep him from shutting the door."

"Go back now with you and try the booths, or the men at the chapel door. There's a crowd passing in, and they wouldn't notice."

"I will not. It would be stealing from God."

He left the wall. "Get me the money," he said.

"It's gone from me. It's what I bought this picture with the shilling to bring luck to the child."

He came slowly off the grass. She looked up, saw his face, and accepted her chastisement. Admiration mixed with fear in a corner of her heart. His terrible eyes, like a blue corpse-light in the churchyard, gleaming under his tangled yellow hair, were the eyes of one fit to be the king of tinkers.

She gave a cry as he tore the picture from her hand, and at the first blow sank by the roadside.

When she raised her head she was alone. Her hands groped for the baby. Then she felt it warm at her breast. There was no life but her own and the child's on the moonlit road. Her eyes climbed up the shadow of the opposite bank, went vacantly between the stalks of the ragworth, and out to the misty reaches of the night. A good night for the dogs to catch rabbits, or overtake a hare. She listened for their cry; for the feet of the men. There were specks of light up and down, here and there, on the side of the Mountain of the Cairn. She could see the misty houses. A star rode on a trailing wisp of cloud, white as an old woman's hair stretched in the wind. It would be well for her if her own hair were as white and she had done with Teige.

She sat upright, and drew the shawl from the child's face. There were footsteps on the road, light steps that drew near. She looked up; a young country woman with a child in her arms stood beside her.

"Come with me," she said.

"And where would I be going, young woman, with you and the night growing on us?"

"To your child's baptism."

"And who will stand for my child? There's none to do it. And who are you, out walking the road with a baby in your arms?"

"My Son and I had to pass this way. Follow us."

The tinker woman rose and followed. The Child in front leaned over its mother's shoulder and stretched out its arms as if to the baby.

"It's a light load you're carrying, young girl," said the tinker's wife, "for your feet go like the wips of the *ceanawan* blown about the bog in the wind."

"I am carrying the greatest load in the world."

"See, now, young woman, light as my child is—a week old yesterday—light as it is, with the giddiness in my head from the blow, I feel it as heavy as with three stones in my arms."

"The weight of the world is on my arm."

And the young country woman went on quickly, going by the closed booths, in at the gate, up the porch steps, into the

church. The Mission was over; the crowd had gone. The candles on the altar were still alight; a priest stood by the chancel rail. A girl knelt at his feet.

"It was a tinker's wife and child," she sobbed.

The font, near the end of the nave, was in shadow. The young woman led the way to it. She signed to the tinker's wife to stand before it.

"Will the priest see me here, girl? Will he come? The light is weak."

"He will see you. He will come."

"Will yourself be back to tell him? And will that girl stand? She had the finest scent on her handkerchief."

"She will stand, for my Son spoke to her."

"Ah, *ma'ead*, young woman, and how could your Child speak. Would he be five months? But see now, they've seen us, and they are coming from the altar."

When the tinker's wife went into the moonlight again, carrying her baptized child, she paused on the path.

"*Agradh*," she called to the girl as she passed, "did you see where the young country-woman went with her Son that were in the church?"

"I saw no woman and child in the church but you and your baby," the girl answered.

"They were by the font, *agradh*, I seen them when the priest took my little boy."

"I saw no mother and child there but you and my godson."

The woman's knees trembled. She held up her baby to the skies. Her eyes ranged the stars. Then she knelt on the path.

THE SILVER MAPLE.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

I REMEMBER the silver maple. I never can forget it!
It grew on the sunset side of the old white house. (It grows
there still—

But that is my story—my story and the story of the silver maple.)

I remember the first time I saw it, and I but a boy—

Thrilled with the sight of it, hurt quickly in a way I could not
understand, by the beauty of it—

So touched, so hurt, that I never, never could forget!

A queer lad I must have been to be noticing such things, in such
a way,

And remembering them—

How the young tree seemed to tremble in the breeze,

And be shaken and turn pale in the wind,

Showing the silver underside of its leaves

As if the breath of a swoon were passing through it and over it.

Mostly when a storm was brewing,

And all the West grew thunderous black,

And the hush before rainfall made the air stand very still—

Mostly then did it seem alive, that tremulous silver maple,

So timid, so young, so slender,

Such a lovely sapling,

So unused to the rough fingers of the wind,

So afraid of the darkness of clouds in the West, or the whisper
of storm on the wind—

And always so full of bright wonder at the caress and music of
the new April air—

So young, so virginal, so beautiful!

But it was beautiful in the sunlight, too—

O, doubly beautiful in the sunlight!

On still mornings, when the dew was yet on the grass,

Or in the quiet evening,

It seemed to leap in the light like a silver fountain playing,

Whose waters rose irradiant in the air,

Yet never fell save to vanish on the wind

In veils of green invisible mist;

Or in the windy sunlight of bright Summer afternoons—

How all its being seemed to vibrate then with inner beauty,
inner light,
Flashing to its tips
As music and emotion flash and glow
Through human bodies halted in their running,
Naked and laughing in the light,
Speechless and lovely in the light!

I never forgot that tree,
Though years and distances and many wanderings
Swept me further from its ken
Than ever the wildest of its own leaves caught in the roving
wind;
No, though I went far,
I never, never forgot.
And then, one day, after many years had passed,
Long years away from home and all its familiar sights,
I returned to the old town, to the old house.
O, I cannot forget that day!
For, as I passed up the street,
The drowsing village street, with its wild, tall grass like a meadow,
Its paths and its flowery yards,
Marking how strangely, how uncannily unchanged seemed every-
thing, look where I might,
As if life had stood still there through all the passing years—
Suddenly I beheld the silver maple trees!
The silver maple—the one tree of my memory—the sapling—the
leafy fountain!—
A great gray-boled giant, topping the roofs,
Whose friendly shadow used to lean out in the morning to
shelter it;
A great knotty tree rising over the eaves,
Reaching gnarled arms above the old white house,
As if it would shield it from the stormy West,
Giving to its windows, for the darkness of clouds, the soft light
of its thousand silver breasts,
And for the sound of storm on the wind, or the sorry voice of rain,
The music of its tuneful leaves.
The silver maple!—the sapling gone—grown great, grown gray,
grown old!—
Yet beautiful, beautiful still, in the wind and sun;
Mighty and more beautiful than ever I had remembered it:
Beautiful, mirroring the soul of every passing air,
Arching the generations of the old white house,

Faithful and beautiful, lifting its million hands, its arms, its
body, its whole being
To God, to Heaven, to the skies, the stars;
Enduring storms, and in wind and weather growing mighty,
And from the very tempests that harrassed it wresting its
strength;
And for the sunlight of bright days and the still peace of moonlit
midnights
Giving back light and laughter, or the pure joy of trysting
shadows—
The silver maple, grown great, grown old, in its appointed place,
Faithful and beautiful!

And "O, the silver maple!"
Involuntarily I cried out!
"I remember when that tree was young;
I remember the day it was planted, a tender sapling trembling
in my father's hand;
I remember . . ."

Then suddenly the sunlight seemed to darken down the roofs,
And a shadow passed over the quiet street
And over the tall quiet tree,
The silver of its leaves suddenly flashing before me like a wave
of light,
Like light from some unseen height, some far off inaccessible
hilltop;
A shadow and a wind,
A wind that stirred the tree to its innermost secret leaf,
Yet left the hushed grass at its feet untouched, unstirred;
A wind whose swift invisible fingers swept through my being
Making a vast clamor in my heart,
Waking a thousand sleeping echoes in my soul . . .

And then I looked upon myself
To see what the years had done to me.

ON THE ABOLITION OF CRITICS.

BY JOHN BUNKER.



LATE one night my friend, the poet, dropped in. He looked somewhat excited, and as he usually talks well when in that condition, I was glad to see him and waved him towards the sitting-room, where there was a fire and an easy chair and a brand of tobacco I know he likes. However, you can never tell about these things—about poets, I mean. That is, you can never tell from a poet's appearance what is his spiritual temperature—he may look as bright as a dollar and be as dull as a piece of cheese, or on the contrary he may seem as flat as dish water and yet be in a high state of cerebral activity. As Francis Thompson says:

From stones and poets you may know
Nothing so active is as that which least seems so.

As to the present state of mind of my visitor I was not left long in uncertainty.

"Listen to this," he said as he slid into the easy chair and drew from his pocket an envelope, from the back of which he read: "It is the vice of lawyers as a class that they think in grooves, that they will never venture beyond precedent, and that all reforms of the law have come from without."

I had never known him to be interested in the law before, but I felt this was merely the peg for his coming discourse, so I simply said: "Well?"

"Well," he continued, "I ran across this statement in a book the other day and it set me to thinking. The question that occurred to me was, What about the law-givers, or rather the law-interpreters of literature? Couldn't the same accusation be leveled against them?"

"You mean," said I, "the critics?"

"Yes, the critics. Aren't they, too, upholders of a musty code and rigid advocates of worm-eaten tradition, believing that a rule is a rule 'and having been, must ever be?' Don't they also require a cataclysm, a stupendous outburst of natural

power, to give them new and enlarged views of the matter in hand? Isn't it likewise true of them that they are filled with a great wisdom after the event?"

"I suppose you have your instances," I interposed.

"Instances? Instances? Why, literature is full of instances. Blake, Wordsworth, Shelley, Whitman, whom you will—the record is running over with such cases of critical hindsight. Or take the matter of the critics' attitude toward a change in artistic method, in technique. Take, for example, the introduction of blank verse into non-dramatic poetry in *Paradise Lost*. Or consider the row kicked up at the very start of English literature when alliteration began to give place to rhyme. Or listen to the sagacious Gabriel Harvey laying down the law to his friend, Spenser, on the subject of English metrical rules."

"It seems to me," I replied, "that you are overlooking one or two. Where are our old friends, Gifford and Jeffrey? And I should feel much more comfortable if you would mention at once Dr. Johnson's dicta on the poetry of Gray or on the sonnets of Milton."

"Yes, and I might bring in whole droves of critical asses from the Augustan era on the works of one Shakespeare. But why stress the obvious? . . . You remember what Shelley said, 'as a bankrupt thief turns thief-taker in despair, so an unsuccessful author turns critic.'"

"And no doubt one might reverse the parallel and say that by the same token a successful author who does not turn critic is in much the same case as a prosperous thief, who laughs at all thief-takers."

He seemed lost in reflection.

"Here's another thing," he suddenly remarked. "Whence do critics derive that body of doctrine to which they are fond of referring as critical principles, and by which they profess to judge the work of art before them? To hear the critics talk one would think that these principles are a coherent set of rules, a philosophical system, which the critics had discovered and laboriously pieced together *ab initio*; whereas the truth is that it is the artist, the practitioner of an art, who makes the laws of that art, and all that the critic does is merely to formulate them."

"In other words," I said, "you hold that æsthetic laws are

simply the critics' more or less loosely ordered observations on the works of great authors."

"Precisely. The great author produces his great work, and then fifty or a hundred or five hundred years later, when the rough and blundering world has definitely placed its approving seal upon it, along comes the critic and from a diligent study of the masterpiece proceeds to tell us how the trick has been turned. The devil of it is that often he won't rest there, but goes on and with perfect assurance proceeds to tell us how the trick shall be turned again."

"There," I replied, "you have hit upon the root of the quarrel between critics and authors. I'm afraid it must be admitted that your typical critic is a bit hide-bound. From much dwelling among established forms he is habitually averse to any other kind or manner. He looks with a crooked eye on all innovation, and the mere fact that the poem, the play, the story, the essay, is different from what went before is apt to be with him a presumption against it, and of course the greater the difference, that is, the more the work is original and the less a reflex of an earlier mode, the greater and more powerful his presumption."

"Yes," he responded, "that is the hard part of it. The misery is that he *is* the typical critic. And consider the sequel. Before this tribunal comes the original mind, the creative intelligence, shaken by a new idea, dazzled by a fresh vision, and thrilled with a certain divine power of which neither he nor another can tell the secret. In joy and desire, in travail and stress, with weariness often and often with despair, he brings back his tidings, his glimpse into the great mystery. No need to tell him—no man knows better!—how inadequate his report and how fragmentary his evidence. The fact is that his realization of this is, as Keats pointed out, the artist's fiercest hell—his keenest sorrow, his most intimate pain. The important thing is that his feet have explored strange paths and his eye known remote wonders. Lucky for him if he be not reminded that his ways are not as those of other writers, and if his wanderings in unfamiliar places be not accounted the very head and front of his offending."

This I thought was rather a large gesture on my friend's part, somewhat in the Cambyses' vein; but then I saw he had in his mind's eye an exalted figure.

"Of course," he went on, "I am thinking of the transcendent, the really great writer. Nevertheless, the fact remains that high or low, minor or great, every imaginative worker has passed each in his degree through a unique experience. The question is, can one who has not passed through that experience rightly interpret it, actually apprehend it, authoritatively judge it? Can a primary mind ever be understood, grasped in its instinctive and characteristic movements, by a secondary mind? Is it not true that for the ultimate comprehension of a primary mind a primary mind is required—deep answering unto deep?"

"Well," I replied, "that is a question. But I suppose discrimination should be practised even with critics. Of course, one would prefer Coleridge on Shakespeare, or De Quincey on Wordsworth, or Francis Thompson on Shelley, or even Chesterton on Shaw; but when it comes to throwing down the critical bars to all comers, why, think of the flood of rubbish. . . ."

"No," he rejoined, "not perhaps exactly that. But there is an aspect . . . I have been thinking . . . let us get down to fundamentals. What after all is an author? and what, pray, is a critic? An author, let us say, is one who writes books; a critic is one who writes about them. Thus we see at once that there is necessarily about the work of the latter a sort of clinging-vine, parasitical quality. Whatever of his own the critic may bring to his task, in the last analysis, his work has its roots in alien soil—in fact, isn't the very seed furnished him?—and drapes itself about an independent existence. Remove the original work, and the very life of the critic is withered up and destroyed; whereas the author may have a vigorous existence with reference to critics or criticism."

"Except," I interjected, "self-criticism."

"Yes, of course, always excepting that. But this is the conclusive argument against criticism as an independent form, as an art—that being neither self-generated nor self-sufficient it lacks the two chief elements of artistic life."

"It seems to me," I said, "that you are rather hard and intolerant; you would almost confine the critic's functions to the making of exclamation marks, with here and there perhaps a curley-cue to denote a question. I think the critics deserve better than that. They have rendered some good serv-

ice in their time. Take your own province of poetry. Consider in our own day, for instance, the long years of loving labor that went to the making of Colvin's *Life of Keats*."

"That's just it," he rejoined brusquely. "That's just what I was referring to before. Now that Keats' reputation is established every critic brings forward his meed of superfluous regard, whereas when Keats was alive there was a far different story to tell. On the other hand it would be a much more significant action and of much more benefit to letters, if the critics gave similar intelligent appreciation to contemporary movements in art and to the men and women behind them; if they would only approach living art and artists with one-half the critical judgment and one-half the openness of mind which they lavish on authors who are dead and gone. But that is precisely what the critics won't—or can't—do."

"What have you in mind?" I asked, "—free verse? Do you want Colvin's dissertation on Carl Sandburg, or Edmund Gosse on James Oppenheim, or perhaps Georg Brandes on the genial Edgard Lee Masters?"

"Exactly! and a much more lively, and living, thing criticism would become as a result. However, it's idle to look for these things. Anything like wise appreciation of vital and contemporary literary movements has never been a characteristic of criticism, and that is a sufficient reason with critics why it never should be."

"In spite of *Spoon River*," I ventured, "there are still some of us who dare to think—or to hope—that the art of poetry in these States has not yet been fully mastered."

"Living poets," he observed sadly, "have never yet had their deserts and no doubt they never will."

"Well," I replied, "I don't know about that. They seem to be getting a rather fair measure of attention these days. There is, for example, the annual *Necrology of Magazine Verse*. Moreover, in spite of all you can say about them, the critics are, as a matter of fact, standing pretty thickly about, each eager to exercise his power and indeed actually exercising it."

"As to that," he said, "authors must make the best of a bad world. Happy the author who realizes the definite limits of that power which, as you say, the critics are so eager to exercise. For after all what can the critic do? Can he, for in-

stance, breathe life into a dead thing—galvanize, not into specious activity, but into actual, palpitating existence a work which does not already and of itself possess the vital principle? And, on the other hand, is the critic, whether by means of abuse or contempt or by any process of judicial condemnation, or even by silence, able to withhold recognition from a work which has the real root of the matter in it? Let the records of literature bear witness.”

“And yet,” I said, “I suppose you will hardly deny that critics have considerable capabilities for mischief. Think of Keats. They can certainly irritate, certainly annoy—if not worse.”

“Pooh! Mere temporary tricks, a flash in the pan, antics to amuse the passing hour. Time has a way of disposing of such gear. As for Keats languishing away under critical disfavor, that legend has been exploded long ago. He had too much pluck. Moreover, Keats knew very well the work he was given to do, and he knew also that that work, independent of all external aids or props whatsoever, must stand or fall by its own intrinsic quality. Nature is too economical a hand not to provide for such contingencies. There is a certain protective law of an artist’s being in these things; and one of the very first signs of a writer of original genius is a healthy disregard of critical opinion.”

“Well,” I said, “I suppose that about finishes the critics. There doesn’t seem anything more to be said.”

“Only this, that despite all the noise and fuss, the critics make among themselves, the world at large has its own method with them—and the judgment of the world, as the critics themselves will tell you, is not only final, but correct. ‘*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*’ The judgment of the world may be safely relied upon. Things are eventually put in their proper places, and here, too, we have an instance of natural economy at work; so that in their lifetimes for one who reads the critic, ten, or ten times ten, will read the author; and after they have both died and gone to the worms, as compared with the author that critic is rare indeed who survives and has influence.”

“That,” I replied, “must be a consoling thought—for the author. But what is your conclusion? What would you have critics do?”

“There are many things I would have them do,” he said

slowly, "but perhaps the first would be that they take themselves a little less seriously. I would commend to them the practice of a virtue ill observed in these days—humility. For humility is not only the last step in the spiritual life but, as Socrates showed, the first step in the intellectual career as well. Nor should it be a virtue difficult to acquire—not, at any rate, by a critic at all acquainted with the history of his trade."

"*Medice, cura te ipsum*," I murmured to myself as he arose.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," I replied; "I was only thinking what a pleasant evening we have had."

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

BY JANE C. CROWELL.

"Who went to meet death singing" (*Thomas of Celano*).

He went to meet death singing—
That saint of bygone years,
Who held the purest laughter
As much divine as tears.

He went to meet death singing—
And all the way he trod
Proved courtesy unchanging
A quality of God.

He went to meet death singing—
His life of joy outrun
Whom Dante for his fervor
Did liken to the sun.

He went to meet death singing—
And to the blessed throng
He soared with Christ triumphant,
Himself a soul of song.

He went to meet death singing—
And still his voice today
Rings down across the ages
To gladden those who pray.

THE LOYALIST.

BY JAMES FRANCIS BARRETT.

CHAPTER IX.



“COME!” said Stephen in response to the soft knock upon his door. “Just a minute.”

He rose from his knees beside his bed.

“Come in!” he repeated as he slipped back the bolt and opened the door. “Oh! Good morning! You’re out early. How are you?”

He shook the hands of his early morning visitors warmly.

“Fine morning!” replied Mr. Allison. “Sorry to have disturbed you, but Jim was around early and desired to see you.”

“No disturbance at all, I assure you. I was on the point of leaving for breakfast.”

“Go right ahead. Please don’t delay on our account. We can wait. Go ahead,” expostulated Mr. Allison.

“We want’d t’ be sure an’ git ye, thet wuz all,” remarked Jim. “Eat first. We’ll be here when y’ git back.”

“Sit down and make yourselves comfortable, then.” He arranged several chairs about the room. “I overslept, I fear. Last night taxed me.”

“You did justice to yourself and to us last night. The splend did result was your reward.”

They were seated, Jim by the window, Mr. Allison at Stephen’s desk. Disorder was apparent in the room, the furniture disarranged, and clothing, bed covering, wearing apparel, towels, piled or thrown carelessly about. No one seemed to mind it, however.

“It wuz a big night. Tell us, how did ye git along with ’em?” asked Jim.

“Much better than I had anticipated,” Stephen replied. “I thought that Anderson’s talk had won them entirely, but when I asked for the floor, I saw at once that many were with me. Had you instructed them?” This question was directed towards Jim.

“I did. I saw a doz’n at least. You know they had no use fur th’ thing and were glad o’ th’ chance. I made a big secret out o’ it, and they watch’d fur my ol’ clothes.”

“I thought I felt their glances. They stuck true, you may be

assured. I knew, too, that I possessed a reserve blow in the affair of the *Isis*. The mention of Arnold's name inflamed them."

"I am sorry to have missed that," Mr. Allison said.

"How did they avoid you?" Stephen asked.

"I don't know. I was never approached, although I had been acquainted with the rumors of the thing right along. I suppose they figured that I would threaten them with exposure. They knew where I stood; and then again they knew they could not threaten me with debts. For some reason or other they thought best to avoid me."

"I guess we killed it for good."

"Kill'd it?" exclaimed Jim. "It's deader 'n a six day corpse. An' there's great talk goin' on t'day on all th' corners. We're right wid th' peepul y' kin bet, and they're ready t' eat Arnold."

"Have you noticed any agitation?"

"There has been a little disturbance," Mr. Allison admitted, "but no violence. It has been talk more than anything. Many are wondering who you are and how you obtained your information. Others are considerably taken back by the unveiling of Anderson. The greatest of respect is being shown to us on the street, and congratulations are being offered to us from all sides."

"I am glad the sentiment has changed. It now looks like the dawn of a better day. We should be spurred on, however, to greater endeavor in the manifestation of our loyalty, especially among the minority Tory element."

Outside, the street was beginning to feel the pulse of life. Over across, the buildings shone with the brightness of the morning sun which was reflected mildly from the glassy windows. There was a silent composure about it all, with no sound save the footfalls of the passing horse or the rattle of the business wagon. Somewhere across the street the man with the violin continued his fiddling.

"Does that keep up all day?"

"Almost! It is amusing to hear Griff swearing at him. The humorous part of it is that he plays but one tune, 'Yankee Doodle.'"

"Can't ye steal it some night?" asked Jim, "an' bust it over 's head."

"I don't care," laughed Stephen, "he doesn't bother me."

The door opened and shut. Sergeant Griffin entered, saluted Stephen and took the hands of the visitors.

"Well, what do you think of the boy?"

"I alwa's said he wuz a good boy."

"The fun hasn't begun yet," announced the Sergeant. "I

have just learned that the City Council has met and is about to issue formal charges against General Arnold."

Stephen whistled.

"They are glad of this opportunity," he announced quietly.

"Reed never got on with him, not from the first day," declared Mr. Allison.

"Well, if Reed gits after 'im he'll make the fur fly. He's a bad man when he gits goin'."

"Did you say they had met?" Stephen inquired.

"I understand they have. The affair of last night is being talked of freely on the street. And they are talking about you most of all and wonder if you had been sent by Washington to uncover this. One thing is certain: Arnold is in disgrace and the sooner he gets out of here the better it will be for him."

"The General likes 'im and p'rhaps 'll give 'im a transf'r."

"By the way!" interrupted Mr. Allison. "My daughter wants to see you."

"See me?" Stephen quickly repeated.

"She told me on leaving to tell you."

"Very well. Is it urgent?"

"No. I guess not. She didn't speak as if it were."

"Tell her for me, I shall go as soon as I can."

"What's th' next thin' t' do?" asked Jim.

"Matters will take care of themselves for awhile," Stephen replied. "Anderson, I suppose, has left town together with Clifton and the others. If the City Council has met to publish charges against Arnold, there is nothing to do but await the result of these. The people, I presume, are of one mind now, and if they are not, they will soon be converted once the news of last night's affair has reached their ears."

"Are you going to remain here?" asked Mr. Allison.

"I am going to take some breakfast, first; then I shall busy myself with a report. I may be busy for several days away from the city. In the meantime I would advise that the whole affair be aired as much as possible. There is nothing like supplying the public mind with food. Meet me, Jim, at the Coffee House; or are you coming with me?"

"Guess I'll go. This man wants t' eat."

The City Council did meet, and immediately published charges against David Franks, the father of the aid-de-camp of the Military Governor, charging him with being in correspondence with his brother in London, who was holding the office of Commissary for British prisoners. He was ordered to be placed under

immediate arrest. At the same time formal charges, partly of a military nature, partly of a civil, were preferred against the Military Governor. Copies of the indictment were laid before Congress and before the Governors of the States, who were asked to communicate them to their respective legislatures.

The press became wildly excited. Great headlines announced the startling news to the amazement of the country. For, it must be remembered, Philadelphia was the centre of government and colonial life, and the eyes of the infant nation were turned continually in its direction. General Arnold's name soon became a subject for conversation on every side.

None took the news more to heart than the General. He sat in his great drawing-room with a copy of the evening's news sheet before him. Being of an imaginative, impulsive nature it was natural for him to worry, but tonight there was the added feature of the revelation of his guilt. Reed had always pursued him relentlessly. Now the public announcement of his participation in the attempt to form this detestable regiment had furnished the President of the Council with the opening he had so long desired. He re-read the charges preferred against him, his name across the front in big bold type. In substance they were as follows:

First: That the Military Governor had issued a pass for a vessel employed by the enemy, to come into port without the knowledge of the State authorities or of the Commander-in-Chief.

Second: That upon taking possession of the city he had closed the shops and stores, preventing the public from purchasing, while at the same time, "as was believed," he had made considerable purchases for his own benefit.

Third: That he imposed menial offices upon the militia when called into service.

Fourth: That in a dispute over the capture of a prize brought in by a state privateer, he had purchased the suit at a low and inadequate price.

Fifth: That he had devoted the wagons of the state to transporting the private property of Tories.

Sixth: That, contrary to law, he had given a pass to an unworthy person to go within the enemy's lines.

Seventh: That the Council had been met with a disrespectful refusal when they asked him to explain the subject-matter of the fifth charge.

Eighth: That the patriotic authorities, both civil and military, were treated coldly and neglectfully, in a manner entirely different from his line of conduct towards the adherents of the king.

A further account of the Council meeting was then given, wherein it was stated that a motion had been made to suspend General Arnold from all command during the time of the inquiry into these accusations, but it had been voted down. Congress was asked, the story went on, to decide on the value of these charges and refer them to the proper tribunal, the necessary evidence being promised at the proper time.

"The fools!" he muttered. "They think that these can hold water." Holding the paper at a distance from him, he gazed at it. "What a shame! Every paper in the country will have this story before the week is out. I'm disgraced."

His brows contracted, his eyes closed, his face flushed indicating the tumult that surged within him. His mind was engaged in a long process of thought, beginning with the memories of his early campaigns down to the present moment. There was no decision, no constancy of resolution; no determination; just worry, apprehension, solicitude, and the loud, rapid beatings of his temple against his hand.

"Suspend me! I'll forestall them, d— 'em. I'll resign first."

He wondered where Anderson had gone or what fortune he had met with. The morning brought the first report of the disruption of the meeting, and of the unknown person who single-handed had accomplished it. There must be a traitor somewhere, for no one save Anderson and himself had been initiated into the secret. Margaret knew, of course, but she could be trusted. Perhaps after all the man had escaped that night. Perhaps it was he who had created the furore at the meeting. Who was he? How did he get in? Why were proper steps not taken to safeguard the room against all possibilities of this nature? Bah! Anderson had bungled the thing from the start. He was a boy sent on a man's errand.

The regiment was defunct. To speculate further on that subject would be futile. It never had existed as far as he could see except on paper, and there it remained, a mere potentiality. The single-handed disruption of it proved how utterly it lacked cohesion and organization. That one man, alone and in disguise, could have acquainted himself thoroughly with the whole proceeding, could have found his way with no attempt at interference into the meeting place, and, with a few well-chosen words, could have moved an entire audience to espouse the very contrary of their original purpose, indicated the stability and the temper of the assembly. To coerce men is a useless endeavor. Even the Almighty does not so interfere with man's power of choice.

They might be led or enticed or cajoled; but to force them, or intimidate them, or overwhelm them is an idle and unavailable adventure.

Anderson had failed miserably, and his conspiracy had perished with him. Not a prominent Catholic had been reached in the first place; not a member of the poorest class would now leave the city. The affair with its awful disclosures only added strength to their position, for whatever aspersions might have been cast upon their loyalty in the event of the successful deportation of the company, were now turned like a boomerang against the very ones who had engineered the scheme. The community would respect the Catholics more. They would profit by his undoing. They would be valued for the test that their patriotism had stood.

There was another consideration, however, which wore a graver complexion and tormented him beyond endurance. This was solicitude for his own safety. The people had hated him for years, and had proceeded to invent stories about him to justify their anger. It had been a satisfaction for him to reflect that, for the most part, these stories had not been the causes, but rather the effects of public indignation. But what answer could he make now, what apology could be made for this late transaction, this conspiracy at once so evident and palpable? As far as the question of his guilt was concerned there would be little conjecture about that. Ten or twenty accounts of the venture would be circulated simultaneously. Of that he had no doubt. People would neither know nor care about the evidence. It was enough that he had been implicated.

He would ask for a court-martial. That, of course. Through no other tribunal could a just and a satisfactory decision be reached, and it was paramount that another verdict, besides that pronounced by public opinion, be obtained. Unquestionably, he would be acquitted. His past service, his influence, his character would prove themselves determining factors during his trial. Fully one-half of the charges were ridiculous and would be thrown out of court, and of the remainder only one would find him technically culpable. Still it were better for a court to decide upon these matters, and to that end he decided to request a general court-martial.

"You have removed your uniform?" Peggy asked in surprise as she beheld him entering the doorway of the drawing-room.

"Yes," was the solemn reply. "I am no longer a confederate of France."

He limped slowly across the room, leaning on his cane. He

had laid aside his buff and blue uniform, with the epaulets and sword knots, and was clad in a suit of silken black. His hose and shoes were of the same color, against which his blouse, cuffs and periwig were emphasized, a pale white.

"But you are still a Major-General," she corrected.

"I was; but am no longer. I have resigned."

She started at the announcement. Obviously she had not anticipated this move.

"You have resigned? When?"

"I wrote the letter a short time ago. I precluded their designs."

He sat in his great chair, and reaching for his stool placed his foot upon it.

"But . . . I . . . I don't understand."

"I do perfectly. I shall be tried by court-martial, of course; they have moved already to suspend me pending the course of my trial. I want to anticipate any such possibility, that is all."

"But you will be reinstated?"

"I don't know—nor care," he added.

"And what about us, our home, our life here," she asked with a marked concern.

"Oh! That will go on. This is your house, remember, if it comes to the worst, you are mistress here. This is your home."

"If it comes to the worst? To what?"

"Well, if I should be found guilty . . . and . . . sentenced."

"I should not stay here a minute," she cried, stamping her foot. "Not one minute after the trial! In this town? With that element? Not for an hour!"

"Well!" he exclaimed, making a gesture with both hands together with a slight shrug of the shoulders.

"Where is Anderson?" she asked quickly.

"In New York, I presume, ere this. I have not seen him."

"Fled?"

"The only proper thing. It's a great wonder to me that he escaped at all. I should have expected him to be torn to pieces by that mob."

"A bungled piece of business. I imagined that he was assured of success. A sorry spectacle to allow them to slip from his grasp so easily."

"Margaret, you do not understand a mob. They are as fickle as a weather-cock. The least attraction sways them."

"Who did it? Have you learned?"

"No. A bedraggled loafer who was gifted with more talk than occupation. He was acquainted with the whole scheme from

beginning to end, and worked upon their feelings with evidences of treason. The sudden mention of my name in connection with the plot threw cold water on the whole business. They were on their feet in an instant."

"You are quite popular," was the taunt.

"Evidently. The pass inspired them. It would defeat any purpose, and Anderson must have sensed it and taken his hurried departure. No one has since heard or seen aught of him."

"He was a fool to drag you into this, and you were as great a fool to allow it."

"Margaret, don't chide me in that manner. I did what I thought best. But I'm through now with these cursed Catholics and with France."

"You are a free man now," she murmured.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that this court-martial relieves you of any further obligation to the Colonies," was the answer.

"But I may still be second in command."

She paused to regard him. Did he continue to cherish ambitions of this nature; or was he attempting to jest with her?

"You seem to forget Gates and the Congress," she said with manifest derision.

"No. In spite of them."

She lost all patience.

"Listen! Don't flatter yourself any longer. Your cause is hopeless, as hopeless as the cause for which the stupid Colonists are contending. You are now free to put an end to this strife. Go over to the enemy and persuade Washington and the leaders of the revolt to discuss terms."

"Impossible!"

"What is impossible? Simply announce your defection; accept the terms of His Majesty's Government; and invite Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton and Washington to meet you. There is the assurance of all save complete independence."

"I shall wait."

"For what? The court-martial will be against you from the start. Mark my words. You will be found guilty, if not actually, at least technically. They are determined upon revenge, and they are going to get it. You saw the paper?"

"I did."

"You read the list of charges?"

He did not answer. He had sunk into his chair and his hands were clasped before him.

"How many of them were artificial? Except for the first,

that about the pass, none are worth the reading, and the first can never be proved. They have no evidence apart from the fanatical ravings of a drunken Catholic. But wait! You shall be adjudged guilty in the end. See if I am not correct."

"I have the right to question the composition of the court."

"What matter! You know the people detest you. They have hated you from the moment you set foot in this city. Every issue of the paper found some new grievance against you. And when you married me the bomb was exploded. You yourself know that it was the mere fact of your participation in this scheme that quelled it. They loathe you, I tell you. They hate you."

Silence reigned in the room as she finished. His eyes were closed, and he gave every appearance of having fallen into a deep sleep. His mind was keenly alert, however, and digested every word she uttered. At length he arose and limped to the window at the further end of the room.

"I shall ask for a new command," he said quietly, "and we shall be removed for all time from this accursed place. I shall do service again."

"Better to await developments. Attend to your trial first. Plan for the future later."

"I shall obey the wishes of the people."

"The people! A motley collection of fools! They have eyes and ears, but no more. They know everything and can do nothing."

"I don't know what to do. I—"

"I told you what to do," she interrupted his thought and finished it for him. "I told you to join Anderson. I told you to go to New York and make overtures to General Clinton. That's what you should do. Seek respect and power and honor for your old age."

"That I shall not do. Washington loves me, and my people will not desert me to my enemies. The court-martial is the thing."

"As you say. But remember my prophecy."

He turned and again sought his chair. She arose to assist him into it.

"I wonder who that fellow could be! He knew it all."

"Did you not hear?"

"No. I have seen no one who could report to me. The details were missing.

"Did you ever stop to think of the spy in the garden?"

"I did."

"That was the man, I am sure. You know his body has not

been found, and if I am not mistaken, it was present at that meeting hall."

"We shall learn of his identity. We shall learn."

"Too late! Too late!"

He again dozed off while she watched him. For several minutes they sat in this manner until she stole out of the room and left him alone. Sometime later she aroused him.

CHAPTER X.

A fortnight later Sergeant Griffin came to the Allison home on a message from Stephen. He appeared at the doorway as the shroud of eventide enfolded the landscape, changing its hues of green and gray to the sombre blue or purple; an hour when the indoor view of things is brightened only by the beams of the tallow and dip.

"Hail!" he said; "I have business with Matthew Allison."

"From Stephen?" Marjorie asked with evident interest.

He shook his head.

"The trial—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Marjorie. Plainly she was relieved at the nature of the message. Then she turned.

"Father!" she called.

"I am coming directly," cried Mr. Allison from the rear.

She had forgotten to invite the Sergeant into the room, so absorbed was she in knowing his business. With the sudden and delightful lessening of her anxiety, she bethought herself.

"Won't you come in? It was stupid of me not to have asked you before."

The Sergeant acted promptly. Marjorie followed at a little distance, but had no sooner entered the room herself than her father came through the other door.

"What news? Arnold?"

"Found guilty," was the response.

"The court-martial has come to an end?" asked the girl.

"Yes, Miss. And he has been found guilty," he repeated.

"I thought so," muttered Mr. Allison.

They were seated now in the parlor, the two men at opposite ends of the table, the girl at the side of the room.

"They met at Morristown?" asked Mr. Allison.

"Yes. At Norris' Tavern. General Howe was chairman of the court. Only four charges were pressed for trial; the matter of the pass; the affair of the wagons; the shops; and the imposition upon the militia."

"And Arnold?"

"He managed his own trial, and conducted his own cross-examination. He made an imposing spectacle as he limped before the court. The sword knots of Washington were about his waist, and he took pains to allude to them several times during the defence. It was astonishing to hear his remarkable flow of language and his display of knowledge of military law. He created a wonderful impression."

"He was found guilty, you say?" interposed Mr. Allison.

"Technically guilty of one charge and imprudent in another," was the deliberate reply.

"And sentenced?"

"To receive a reprimand from the Commander-in-Chief."

Mr. Allison assented by a move of his head.

"How did he take it?" he then asked. "I cannot imagine his proud nature to yield readily to rebuke."

The visitor thought for a moment.

"His face was ashen pale; there was a haggard look upon it; the eyes were marked with deep circles and his step faltered as he turned on his heel and, without a word, made his way from the court room."

"Were you present at the trial?" Marjorie inquired.

"Yes, Miss Allison."

"Was Stephen?"

"No." The Sergeant answered mildly, smiling as he did so.

Marjorie smiled, too.

"Tell me," Mr. Allison asked. "Was the evidence conclusive?"

"The *Isis* occupied the court to some length. It was contended that General Arnold had issued the pass with evil intent. The affair of the regiment was referred to in connection with this, but no great stress was brought to bear upon it because of the fear of arousing a possible prejudice in the minds of the court. That fact was introduced solely as a motive."

Allison shook his head again.

"It was proved," the Sergeant continued, "that the *Isis* was a Philadelphia schooner, manned by Philadelphia men, and engaged in the coastwise trade. The pass itself was introduced as an exhibit, to support the contention that the General, while Military Governor, had given military permission for the vessel to leave the harbor of Philadelphia for the port of New York, then in possession of the enemy."

"That was proved?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was the regiment alluded to?"

"Yes. But at no great length."

"And the pass?"

"It was there. The regiment was the motive for the pass. The affair of the recruiting was scarcely mentioned."

There was an abrupt silence.

"What was the next charge?" Mr. Allison asked.

"That of the wagons."

"Yes."

"The prosecution made a strong point. Jesse Jordan was introduced. Testimony was given by him to the effect that he himself had drawn back a train of twelve wagons loaded with stores from Egg Harbor."

"Where?"

"Egg Harbor. Where the traffic between the British Army and the Tories of the city was carried on."

"Was this sustained?"

"The General denied most of the accusations, but he was found imprudent in his actions. In regard to the other two charges, that of the shops and that of the militia, absolute acquittal was decided. The verdict was announced the following morning, and the sentence was published immediately after adjournment."

"He was sentenced to be reprimanded, you tell me?"

"Yes. By General Washington."

"That will break Arnold's heart. He will never endure it."

"Others were obliged to endure it," sounded a soft voice.

"Yes, I know," replied the father of the girl. "But you do not know General Arnold. Undoubtedly the city has the news."

"Yes," said the Sergeant. "I have told several. All know it ere this."

"It is precisely that which I fear most," Mr. Allison said. "If he carried less the public favor, little or naught would come of it, and the reprimand would end the case. But you know Arnold is a conceited man; one who carries his head high. Better to deprive him of life itself than to apply vinegar and gall to his taste."

"His return will be hard," Sergeant Griffin observed. He, too, knew the character of the man.

"I doubt if he will return. He has resigned, you know, and may dislike the sight of the city which witnessed his misfortune. Still this is his home, and a man's heart is in his home regardless of its environment."

"Do not forget Peggy," Marjorie reminded them. "I know

she will never consent to live in the city. I know it. Dear me! The shame of it all would confuse her."

"She might become accustomed to it," replied her father. "All school themselves to the obstacles of life."

"Not Peggy. I know her. She will not forgive. Why, I recall quite vividly the violence of her temper and the terror of her wrath. Her own aunt, with whom she was staying for a brief space, took occasion once to reprove her for a slight indiscretion. Peggy resented the correction fiercely and, leaving the house, vowed she would never set foot into it again. That was seven years ago. She has, to my knowledge, never violated that pledge."

Her father shook his head.

"I see it all quite clearly," continued Marjorie. "The General will resent the wrong; Peggy will nurture a fierce indignation. Whatever thoughts of revenge will come to his mind she will ably promote. Have a care for her; her wrath will know no mitigation."

"He never expected the verdict," the Sergeant remarked.

"How did he appear?" asked Mr. Allison.

"Splendid. As he entered the court he laughed and jested with several officers with all the self-possession of one of the eye-witnesses. Flashes of the old-time energy and courage were manifest at intervals. There was jubilation displayed on his every feature."

"Was Peggy with him?"

"No, indeed. It was not permitted. She awaited him outside."

"And he maintained his composure throughout."

"He seemed to take delight in relating the resolutions of Congress, its thanks, its gifts, for the many campaigns and the brilliant services rendered his country. His promotions, his horse, his sword, his epaulets and sword-knots, all were recounted and recited enthusiastically."

Mr. Allison looked at Marjorie and smiled.

"Only once did he lose his self-possession. Near the end of his plea he forgot himself and called his accusers a lot of 'women.' This produced a smile throughout the court room; then he regained his composure."

He paused.

"That was all?" asked Mr. Allison.

"I think so. The court adjourned for the day. On the following morning the verdict was announced. I came here direct."

When he had finished he sat quite still. It was growing late

and he had overstayed his leave. Still, the gravity of the occasion required it.

Thoughts of the future, far more than poignancy of grief respecting General Arnold and his misfortune, were uppermost with this small group. It seemed to them that these events were fraught with grave and serious consequences. General Arnold was a man of prominence and renown. To lead such a figure to the bar of justice and to examine and determine there, in a definite manner, his guilt before the whole world was a solemn piece of business. It meant that the new Republic was fearless in its denunciation of wrong; that it was intent upon the exercise of those precepts of justice and equity which were written into the bill of rights. The violation of these by a foreign power had constituted its true grievances; and it was actuated by a solemn resolution never to permit, within its borders, the wrongs it had staked its life and consecrated its purpose as a nation to destroy. General Arnold was a big man, generous in service to his country, honored as one of its foremost sons, but he was no bigger than the institution he was helping to rear. The chastisement inflicted upon him was a reflection upon the State; but it also was a medication for its own internal disorders.

The fact that the ruling powers of the city were bitterly opposed to the Military Governor, was not wholly indicative of the pulse of the people. General Arnold was ever regarded with the highest esteem by the army. A successful leader, a brave soldier, a genial comrade, he was easily the most beloved general after General Washington. With the citizen body of Philadelphia he was on fairly good terms—popular during the early days of his administration, although somewhat offensive of late because of his indiscretion and impetuosity. Still he was not without his following, and while his manner of life and of command had made himself odious to a great number of people, there were a greater number ready to condone his faults out of regard for his brilliant services in the past.

Would he overcome his enemies by retrieving the past and put to shame their vulgar enthusiasm by rising to heights of newer and greater glory? Or would he yield to the more natural propensities of retaliation or despair? A man is no greater than the least of his virtues; but he who has acquired self-control has inherited many.

With thoughts of this nature were the trio occupied. For several minutes no one spoke. Mr. Allison leaned against the table, his right arm extended along its side, played with a bodkin that lay within reach; the Sergeant seated in silence, watched the

face of his entertainer, while Marjorie leaned back in her great chair, with eyes downcast. At length Sergeant Griffin made as if to go. Marjorie arose at once to bade him adieu.

"You said you came direct?" she reminded him.

"Yes, Miss Allison."

"You saw—" she hesitated, but quickly added, "Captain Meagher."

She nearly said "Stephen," but bethought herself in time.

"No, Miss. Not since the trial."

"He was not present?"

"No. He is with His Excellency. Several days ago I saw him and he bade me come here with the report of the finding."

"That was all?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Thank you. We can never repay your kindness."

"Its performance was my greatest delight."

"Thank you. Good night!"

She withdrew into the hall.

CHAPTER XI.

More sin is attributable to the ruling passion of a man than to the forbidden pleasures of the world, or the violent assaults of the Evil One. Under its domination and tyranny the soul suffers shipwreck and destruction on the rocks of despair and final impenitence. It frequently lies buried beneath the most imperturbable countenance, manifesting itself only at times, often on the occasion of some unusual joy or sadness. It responds to one antidote; but the antidote requires a man of courage for its self-administration.

In this respect General Arnold was not a strong man. If he had acted upon himself wholly from without, he would have stifled his pangs of wounded pride and self love and emerged a victor over himself in the contest. But he did not. Instead, he gave way at once to violent anger. Feelings of revenge, of the most acrid nature, fermented within him. His self love had been crushed before the eyes of a garrulous world. His vanity and his prestige had been ground in the dust. No consideration weighed with him save determination for an immediate and effectual revenge.

"Don't worry, my dear," Peggy had whispered to him on the way home. "Try not to think of it."

"Think of it? . . . I'll show them. They'll pay for this."

Apart from that he had not spoken to her during the entire journey. Morose, sullen, brutal, he had nursed his anger until his countenance fairly burned. He slammed the door with violence; he tore the epaulets from his shoulders and threw them beyond the bed; he ripped his coat and kicked it across the floor. No! He would not eat. He wanted to be alone. Alone with himself, alone with his wrath, alone with his designs for revenge.

"The cowards! And I trusted them."

He could not understand his guilt. There was no guilt, only the insatiable lust on the part of his enemies for vengeance. The execution came first, then the trial. There was no accusation; he had been condemned from the start. The public at whose hands he had long suffered, who reviled and oppressed him with equal vehemence, who had elevated him to the topmost niche of glory and as promptly undermined the column beneath his feet and allowed him to crash to the ground, now gloated over their ruined and heart-broken victim. They were on destruction bent; he was the victim of their stupid spite.

If he could not understand his culpability, neither could he apprehend fully and vividly the meaning of his sentence. To be reprimanded by the Commander-in-Chief! Better to be found guilty by the court and inflicted with the usual military discipline. His great sense of pride could not, would not suffer him to be thus humiliated at the hands of him from whom he had previously been rewarded with favors, and in whom he had lodged his most complete esteem and veneration. He could not endure it, that was all; and what was more, he would not.

He decided to leave the city forever. The howl of contumely could not pursue him; it would grow faint with distance. He was no longer Military Governor, and never would he resume that thankless burden.

His wife had been correct in her prognostications. The court, like the public mind, which it only feebly reflected, had been prejudiced against him from the start. The disgust he felt for the French Alliance was only intensified by the recent proceedings of Congress. Perhaps he might listen more attentively now to her persuasions to go over to the British side. He would be indemnified, of course; but it was revenge he was seeking; on this account he would not become an ordinary deserter. He had been accustomed to playing heroic rôles; he would not become a mere villain at this important juncture. This blundering Congress would be overwhelmed by the part he would play in his new career, and he would carry back in triumph his country to its old allegiance.

Gradually his anger resolved itself into vindictive machinations, which grew in intensity. He might obtain the command of the right wing of the American Army, and at one stroke accomplish what George Monk had achieved for Charles II. It was not so heinous a crime to change sides in a civil war, and history has rewarded the memory of those who performed such daring and desperate exploits. His country would benefit by his signal effort and his enemies be routed at the same time. He would open negotiations with Sir Henry Clinton over an assumed name to test the value of his proposals.

"They'll pay me before I am through. I shall endure in history, with the Dukes of Albermarle and Marlborough."

As he mused over the condition of affairs and the possibilities of the situation, he wandered into the great room, where he saw two letters lying on the centre table. Picking them up, he saw that one was addressed to Mrs. Arnold, the other to himself. He tore open his letter and read the signature. It bore the name of John Anderson.

The writer went on to say that he had arrived in safety in the city of New York, after a hurried and forced departure from Philadelphia. The meeting terminated in a tumult because of the deliberate and fortunate appeal of an awkward mountebank, who, possessed of a fund of information, fed it to the crowd both skillfully and methodically; and by successfully coupling the name of General Arnold with the proposed plot, had overwhelmed the minds of the assembly completely.

He revealed the fact that the members of the court had already bound themselves in honor to prefer charges against General Arnold in order to placate the powerful Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. He did not know the result of the trial, but predicted that there will be but one verdict, and that utterly regardless of the evidence.

"Hm!" muttered Arnold to himself.

The British Government, he added, was already in communication with the American Generals, with the exception of Washington, and was desirous of opening correspondence with General Arnold. Everyone knew that he was the bravest and the most deserving of the American leaders, and should be the second in command of the rebel forces. The British knew, too, of the indignities which had been heaped upon him by an unappreciative and suspicious people, and they recommended that some heroic deed be performed by him in the hope of bringing this unnecessary and bloody contest to a close.

Seven thousand pounds would be offered at once, together

with an equal command, in the army of His Majesty, and with a peerage in the realm. In return he would be asked to exert his influence in favor of amicable adjustment of the difficulties between the Colonies and the mother country. General Clinton was ready to begin negotiations after the advice and under the conditions proposed by General Arnold. These might be interchanged by means of a correspondence maintained with ambiguity.

"Egad!" He set his lips; then he turned to the beginning of the paragraph. The offer was interesting.

Anderson then went on to relate what already had been suggested to him during the night of their conversation in the park at his magnificent home, the exigencies of the country, the opportunity for a master stroke by a courageous man, who would unite His Majesty's people under a common banner, and who might command thereby the highest honors of life.

He reminded him that it was possible to obtain a command of the right wing of the American Army, a post only commensurate with his ability, which command might be turned against the rebel forces in the hope of putting an immediate end to the fratricidal war. There would be no humiliating peace terms. There would be no indemnities, no reprisals, no annexations nor disavowals. The principles for which the Colonists contended would be granted, with the sole exception of complete independence. They would have their own Parliament; they would be responsible for their own laws, their own taxes, their own trade. It would be a consummation devoutly wished by both parties, and the highest reward and honor awaited the American General who bound himself to the effectual realization of these views.

"Announce your defection, return to the royal cause, agree to the terms which His Majesty's peace commissioners will make, and earn the everlasting gratitude of your countrymen, like Monk and Churchill."

So the letter concluded with the humble respects, and obediences of John Anderson. Arnold did not fold it, but continued to stare at it for several minutes, as if trying to decide upon some definite course of action in regard to it. At length he arose and limped to the desk and, drawing out from its small drawer several sheets of paper, began his reply.

But he did not conclude it. Hearing footfalls in the hallway, he hastily folded the several papers, Anderson's letter included, and stuck them into his breast pocket. He sat motionless, with the pen poised in his hand, as Peggy entered.

"You here?" she asked.

He did not reply, nor make any movement.

"Another resignation? or applying for a new command?"

He now turned full about and faced her.

"No. I was just thinking."

"Of what?"

She stood before him, her arms akimbo.

"Of many things. First of all, we must leave here."

"When?"

"I don't know."

"Well, then, where?"

"To New York."

"Do you mean it?"

Now she sat down, pulling a chair near to him that she might converse the more readily.

"I am thinking of writing for a new command in the army."

He thought best not to tell her of his original purpose in writing, nor of the letter which he had received from Anderson. Whatever foul schemes he might concoct, he did not desire to acquaint her with their full nature. Enough for her to know that he intended to defect without being a party to the plot.

"Did I interrupt you? Pardon me!" she made as if to go.

"Stay. That can wait. You were right. They were against me."

"I felt it all the time. You know yourself how they despise you."

"But I never thought—"

"What?" was the interruption. "You never thought? You did, but you were not man enough to realize it. Reed would stop at nothing, and if the Colonists gain complete independence, the Catholic population will give you no peace. That you already know. You have persecuted them."

"What are they? A bare twenty or twenty-five thousand out of a population of, let us say, three million."

"No matter. They will grow strong after the war. Unfortunately they have stuck true to the cause."

"Bah! I despise them. It is the others, the Congress, Lincoln, Gates, Lee, Wayne. They will acquire the honors. Washington will be king."

"And you?"

"I'm going to change my post."

She smiled complacently, and folded her arms.

"Under Washington?"

She knew better, but she made no attempt to conceal her feigned simplicity.

He looked at her without comment.

Whether he shrunk from unfolding to her the sickening details of his despicable plan; or whether he judged it sufficient for her to know only the foul beginnings of his treason without being initiated into its wretched consummation; whether it was due to any of these reasons or simply to plain indifference or perhaps to both, he became unusually silent on this subject from this moment onward. It was enough for her to know that he had been shabbily treated by the Congress and by the people, that he had long considered the American cause hopeless and had abandoned his interest in it on account of the recent alliance with the government of France. In her eyes he thought it would be heroic for him to resign his command and even to defect to the side of the enemy on these grounds—on the strength of steadfastly adhering to his ancient principles. He knew well that she had counseled such a step and was enthusiastic in urging its completion, nevertheless he sensed that the enormity and the depravity of his base design was too revolting, too shocking for even her ears. He would not even acquaint her with Anderson's letter nor with the purpose he had of concurring with the proposition it contained.

"Did you receive a letter from Anderson?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes. He wrote to inform me that he had escaped in safety and is now in New York."

"No more?"

"No. He did comment on the frustration of the plot, and expressed a desire to learn the identity of the disturber."

"You will tell him?"

"Later. Not now."

There was a pause.

"Do you intend to take active part in the coming campaigns? You know your leg will prevent you from leading a strenuous life in the field. Why not ask for some other post, or retire to private life? I want to get out of this city."

"I am about to write for a new command. I have one friend left in the person of His Excellency, and he will not leave me 'naked to mine enemies,' as the great Wolsey once said."

"But he is to reprimand you," she reminded him.

"No matter. That is his duty. I blame the people and the court which was enslaved to them for my humiliation. They shall pay for it, however."

"Let us leave together. Announce your desire of joining arms with the British, and let us set out at once for New York.

Mr. Anderson will take care of the details. You know his address?"

"Yes."

"You have fought the war alone; end it alone. Settle your claims with the government and let us sell our house."

"Our house? This is yours, Margaret, and they shall not deprive you of it. No! We shall not sell our house. This is yours for life, and our children's."

"Well, we can rent it for the present. For if you go, I am going, too."

"Very well. We shall see what the future holds out for us. Give me that stool."

He pointed to the small chair over against her. She arose at once and set it before him. He placed his foot upon it.

"When I think of what I have done for them and then compare their gratitude. Congress must owe me at least six or seven thousand pounds, not to mention my life's blood which never can be replaced. I have been a fool, a fool who does not know his own mind."

"Didn't I predict what the outcome would be? I felt this from the moment Anderson left. And what were you charged with? A technical violation of the code of war. There was no actual guilt nor any evidence in support of the charge. Were the least shadow of a fault in evidence, you may be assured that it would have been readily found. You were innocent of the charge. But you were technically guilty that they might plead excuse for their hate."

"I know it, girl . . . I know it . . . I see it all now. I tried hard to disbelieve it." He seemed sad, as he muttered his reply, and slowly shook his head.

He sat for a moment, and then sat suddenly upright.

"But by . . . !"

It was surprising how quickly he could pass from mood to mood. Now the old-time fire gleamed in his eyes. Now the unrestrained, impetuous, passionate General, the intrepid, fearless leader of Quebec, Ridgefield, Saratoga, revealed himself with all his old-time energy and determination of purpose.

"By G—!" he repeated with his hand high in the air, his fist clenched. "They shall pay me double for every humiliation, for every calumny, for every insult I have had to endure. They sought cause against me, they shall find it."

"Hush! My dear," cautioned Peggy, "not so loud. The servants will overhear you."

"The world shall overhear me before another month. Re-

venge knows no limit and is a sweet consolation to a brave man. I shall shame this profligate Congress, and overwhelm my enemies with no mean accomplishment, but with an achievement worthy of my dignity and power. They shall pay me. Ha! they shall; they shall."

Peggy rose at his violent outbreak, fearing lest she might excite him the more. It was useless to talk further, for he was enraged to a point beyond all endurance. She would leave him alone, hoping he would recover his normal state again.

She walked to the window as if to look out. Then she turned and vanished through the doorway into the hall.

Several days later a courier rode up to the door and summoned General Arnold before him, into whose care he delivered a letter from the Headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief. Strangely excited, the General failed to perceive the identity of the messenger as he saluted and made the usual brief inquiries. Only after the courier was well down the road did the memory of his strangely familiar face recur to him. But he was too pre-occupied with the document to give him any more attention. Breaking the seal he scanned the introductory addresses and read his reprimand from his Commander-in-Chief, a reprimand couched in the tenderest language, a duty performed with the rarest delicacy and tact.

"Our profession is the chastest of all," it read. "Even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. The least inadvertence may rob us of the public favor so hard to be acquired. I reprimand you for having forgotten that, in proportion as you have rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment towards your fellow-citizens. Exhibit anew those noble qualities which have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I myself will furnish you, as far as it may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your country."

Slipping it again into its envelope, he slammed the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

New Books.

JACOPONE DA TODI, POET AND MYSTIC. By Evelyn Underhill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$6.00.

Jacopone da Todi, that remarkable Italian mystical poet, was born soon after the death of St. Francis of Assisi, about 1228 or 1230, while Dante was yet in the prime of his manhood. Living in the world until he was forty, a shrewd lawyer, a man of vivid temperament, of wide culture and refined tastes, he received at that age his first religious call. For the next ten years he wandered about as a missionary hermit and in 1278, being then about fifty, he became a Franciscan lay brother.

In the spiritual biography here under notice, Miss Evelyn Underhill has set forth with discernment the late conversion, the painful purification and the rapid growth of an ardent soul. As a life story it might well be called "The Ordering of Love." For, from first to last, Jacopone was a lover and a pursuer of Beauty, first as he saw it in the many things that change and pass, and finally in the One that ever remains. The stages of this "ordering" are put before us by St. Augustine in a chapter of his *City of God*. "The body's peace," he says, "is an orderly disposal of the parts thereof: the unreasonable soul's, a good temperature of the appetites thereof: the reasonable soul's a true harmony between knowledge and performance. But the peace of the body and soul alike is a temperate and undiseased habit of nature established throughout the whole creature." And Jacopone's spiritual history is the history of just such a progressive ordering of his whole nature. Indeed, he has summed it up himself in one of his most beautiful poems written in the form of a dialogue between the soul and Christ Himself.

Our Lord speaks as follows:

Order this love, O thou who lovest Me,
For without order virtue comes to naught;
And since thou seekest Me so ardently,
That virtue may be ruler in thy thought
And in thy love—summon that charity
Whose fervors are by gentle Order taught:
A tree to proof is brought
By ordered fruit;
Bole, branch, and root,
All thrive in Order's grove.

For see, with number and with measure fit,
All things I have ordered in this world that are:
From end to end fair Order ruleth it,
That all may move in peace, and not in war;
Should not, then, Love in ordered sweetness sit?
Love of her nature steadfast as a star?
Thy frenzy sore doth mar
The fervor of thy soul,
And brings thee dole;
Thou hast not curbed thy love.

Here then was Jacopone's spiritual life work, this ardent soul of almost frenzied passion had God's call to the discipline thereof. As he himself writes in another place:

First you must be in God's own order set,
And then from Him the rule of love must get.

Miss Underhill's book is divided into two parts of about equal length. The first is devoted to Jacopone's life, set in its proper historical environment, in which we see him as a youth, a penitent, a Franciscan friar, as one involved in constitutional and spiritual development of the Franciscans, and finally as a poet and a mystic who loses and finds himself again in God.

In the remaining part of the book Miss Underhill gives us a chronological selection from his mystical poems, so well known as the *Laude*, accompanied in the fellow page by an excellent English translation (also into poetry) by Mrs. Theodore Beck.

We recommend the book without hesitation to all who would learn of the vivid life of the Italy of that time, and more intimately of the struggles of a vivid soul who came at last to "peace, silence, stillness, unity, and rest"—in God.

THE CREDENTIALS OF CHRISTIANITY. By Martin J. Scott, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.50.

The present age is prepossessed by historical research. Metaphysical and philosophical proofs are ruled out of court by unreasoned prejudices; but an historical inquiry will win an easy hearing. To those imbued—consciously or no—with this spirit, Father Scott offers a treatise that is in no wise metaphysical, whose only philosophy is that of common sense. He takes as his theme Augustine's saying: either Christianity proved itself by miracles, or she is herself a greater miracle than any she claims. Under Father Scott's able treatment, this is seen to be more than an epigram. History knows nothing to balance, even remotely, the birth and undying growth of an institution which is fated to perish, according to every human means of judgment.

The best pages are those that contrast pagan and Christian life—the world before Christ and after. Father Scott offers no generalities, no broad assertions. His statements are detailed, and taken from contemporary writers of Greece and Rome. No one can refuse to see how absolute was the change introduced. More than this. Our non-Catholic writers often prate of civilization, of the indefinite progress of the race. It were a valuable lesson if they could be shown, as Father Scott shows, how their best ideals and the finest parts of social life are not a human evolution, but are purely and solely borrowed from Christianity. Despite the best efforts of atheists, deists and agnostics, our civilization, our lives, our thoughts are Christian deep-dyed.

Father Scott notes the present-day movement to naturalism, and the denial of the supernatural. He notes too that this movement is bringing back the worst problems of the old pagan world. It is time to reassert strongly the supernatural element in Christianity. *The Credentials of Christianity* is a valuable champion in the warfare.

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL AND ITS ARCHITECT. By Winefride l'Hopital. Two volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$12.00.

A full account of John Francis Bentley and his great cathedral was a need which nobody, perhaps, could supply so well as Mrs. de l'Hopital, the architect's daughter. For though her literary style is frequently clumsy and never particularly good, she had the necessary facts at her disposal and upon the whole has used them well. A more skilled biographer would have given us more of Bentley. Mrs. de l'Hopital has allowed her father to live—as he would have wished—in the immortal bricks of Westminster. For though one, the second of the two volumes, is concerned with Bentley, it is entitled "The Making of the Architect"—and in it his private life is almost entirely neglected. He is from start to finish the maker of Westminster Cathedral.

English Catholics owe a great debt to the willingness of Cardinal Vaughan and Bentley to come to a compromise. The one wanted an Italian Basilica; the other a Gothic building. The Cardinal ruled out the architect's suggestion of a cathedral which would have to compete with Westminster Abbey; and the architect (who had hitherto been a Gothic man) succeeded in persuading the Cardinal to forego the Italian and to accept the Byzantine—on the principle that if they could not be frankly English, they had better be frankly international.

Bentley accordingly went off to Italy to study Byzantine art,

and returned without any sketches or written notes—it was never his habit to make either—but with the cathedral he meant to build already vividly present in his mind. The final result, achieved after some further compromise and modification, is the finest architectural conception of this generation and the noblest piece of brick work existing in the world.

The unfinished interior is so splendid a thing, that it seems a pity that the plain bricks should have to be covered with problematical mosaics—for now that there is no Bentley to supervise the decoration, there is a danger that the Cathedral may be spoiled by marble whose merit lies mainly in its expense. Mrs. de l'Hopital does not disguise her annoyance that the Stations of the Cross are sculptured panels instead of the intended *opus sectile*. In point of artistic value, however, Mr. Eric Gill's Stations are not only excellent (if somewhat eccentric) examples of bas relief: they are in keeping with the harmony of the Cathedral. Bentley and Gill are alike in their method of working in their material.

What Westminster Cathedral will be upon its completion is a subject for speculation tinged with anxiety. For as Professor Lethaby has said: "Everything added, which is not up to the height of Bentley's work, will really count as a subtraction, however costly it may be."

The publishers have put out a book worthy of its content—paper, print, illustrations and binding are all of the best.

THE AMERICAN ARMY IN THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT. By Col. de Chambrun and Captain de Marenches. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.00 net.

This is the story of America's participation in the Great War, told from a new point of view. Most of the volumes that have been placed before American readers are dedicated to the task of memorializing the deeds of some particular unit or describing some particular phase of the fighting. This volume is the record of the organization of the American forces in France as seen by two French officers who were attached to General Pershing's staff, and who knew intimately and comprehensively the task accomplished by the American Army. They speak, therefore, from personal observation and, while their valuation of the services rendered their country by America is, of course, friendly, it is none the less critical and may be taken at its face value, which is very high.

The book is of special value in that it gives perhaps the best account of the organization of the American troops in France. When General Pershing landed in France, he was at the head of a

ridiculously small army. Under tremendous pressure, he was compelled, within a few months, to create an army of over two million men, to clothe and feed them, but more important still, to whip them into shape for efficient warfare. The authors of this book assisted in this great accomplishment, and the outline they give of the vast organization accords the reader a splendid insight into a magnificent achievement. Were it merely for the organization that he built, General Pershing should receive lasting credit, not to speak at all of the smashing victories that his troops won. These, too, are vividly pictured by the French officers, and their recital is one to make any American feel proud.

The authors also review the work done by the auxiliary organizations, such as the Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army, the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association.

The value of the book and the quality that makes it of permanent worth, lies in the dispassionate exposition of the work done by the American Army as seen by military experts, who, by training and experience, are well qualified to express their judgment. They have subscribed to a record of achievements never surpassed in the history of warfare.

THEOLOGIA MORALIS. Aertyns-Damen. Editio decima. Tomus I. and Tomus II. Buscoduci: Teulings Editorum Societas.

For forty years Father Aertyns taught Moral Theology and published manuals and articles which won for him, not only in Holland, but all over the world, the reputation of being one of the greatest moralists of his time. At his death, in 1915, his best known text-book had reached its eighth edition. The appearance of the new Code of Canon Law necessitated many changes, which were effected in the ninth edition under the editorship of Father Damen. That edition was quickly exhausted, and the present edition, called for to supply an urgent need of the schools, is practically a reprint of its predecessor. Volume I. comprises the basic treatises on Human Acts, Laws, and Conscience; the Theological virtues; the Commandments and Precepts of the Church; and the Duties of various states in life. Volume II. treats of the Sacraments; Censures, and Indulgences, and adds a chapter dealing with condemned propositions. The arrangement is even better than the earlier editions of Father Aertyns' well-known work. The rapidity with which the ninth edition was exhausted indicates that this established work will continue to hold a high place among the best manuals of Moral Theology.

THE FOUNDATION OF TRUE MORALITY. By Thomas Slater, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25.

Father Slater's latest contribution to moral science is an eighty-eight page apologetic booklet. It aims at showing the desirability and the trueness of the Catholic ethical standard and moral norm over Protestant ethics. ("Desirability" is used here in the pragmatic sense; Father Slater is willing to prove Catholic Morals' claim to universal acceptance on that ground.) Father Slater accomplishes the task he sets himself well enough. He contrasts the high places in Catholic moral teaching with the high places in Protestant moral teaching, especially with that of Luther. The contrast results in what must seem, even to the average Protestant layman who holds ideals of right living close to his heart, as very nearly a *reductio ad absurdum* for the Protestant case (in so far as Luther's moral teaching is concerned at any rate). But we wonder how many average Protestant laymen accept Luther's moral *theory*?

Father Slater gives special chapters to "Legalism" and to "Casuistry" as parts of moral science. He rightly insists on the absolute necessity of the former from Christ's own teaching and bravely defends the wisdom of the latter, while admitting (and condemning) its occasional abuses.

The book will not likely find a large audience. Priests should find it of value for many non-Catholics undergoing courses of instruction in preparation for baptism.

THE STORY OF MODERN PROGRESS. By William Mason West. New York: Allyn & Bacon. \$2.00.

Has there ever been a time when the party that sets the world's pace has doubted its progress? This present *Story of Modern Progress* is consoling in a measure, but also provoking. The writer has some straight views, then again, the three-hundred-year-old tradition enfolds him. He states the Catholic doctrine correctly, but he blames Tetzels unjustly; he has only one good word for Spain—her conflict with the Turks at Lepanto; he is fair to the Jesuits, and just; but not to the Inquisition; German ambitions and plans he sensed long before the War—Bismarck he disapproved. We cannot, however, praise his use of cartoons. Caricature is not history: and to single out one victim is invidious.

When the writer comes to treat of England he lapses at once into the tone of one who has a theory and must prove or defend it against all comers. Admiration of England's democratic institutions ought not to entail approval of all she has done. Yet the only blame apportioned is for the extermination of the Australian

aborigines, and for the episode known as the Bulgarian atrocities. Even the American Revolution does not stir Mr. West to indignation.

It is quite the way in England and America to admire revolution and revolutionary ideas in foreign countries, but to view them askance when they come home. On page 424 Mr. West chronicles quite jubilantly a fact he would not so approve had it taken place in America. Yet success does not always make wrong right in his volume. The religious wars of France and Germany are fairly dealt with: so, too, in a measure, is the French Revolution, but his quotation of Jowett's extravagant estimate of Voltaire is surprising—we had thought better things of Jowett. Lowell's appreciation contains a far truer, saner thought: "We owe half our liberty to that leering old mocker."

Mr. West's own conclusions may be quoted. He is speaking of those watchwords of the French Revolution—Equality, Liberty, Fraternity.

"Equality before the law is achieved . . . towards Liberty much progress has been made . . . Fraternity has not yet been achieved in any land." But Fraternity postulates Paternity, and men would seem by common consent to have agreed to leave God out of His own creation.

Hilaire Belloc truly says that "the only key to the understanding of the history of Christendom, is the religion from which Christendom takes its name;" and we may add that the only road to successful reconstruction is the way of the Ten Commandments, or if you like better, the two in one, to which Christ Himself reduces them—love of God and our neighbor. So long as this world will have none of God or His Christ, so long will peace fail to take up its abode on earth.

WORTH. By Rev. Robert Kane, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.25 net.

All of our manifold human relations are kindred, and when one sets to himself to single out one phase of life for a full and thorough examination, he must necessarily consider all phases in relation to it. Hence, Father Kane, though he limits his title to *Worth*, cannot limit the scope of his book. He needs must draw upon all philosophy, and so there is much more of logic, of psychology and of ethics than one would imagine. His work has been well done: his mature years and the affliction, which sits so gracefully upon him, for in his preface he calls himself "an old, blind man," lend him an acute vision and a sound appreciation of what real, true worth is.

The six opening lectures, delivered some years ago, and now revised, are clear and precise expositions of the general principles of worth. They are lucid and solid, but the reasoning is sometimes too keen and prolonged and requires too much thought for the average reader. The concluding lecture of this series, "St. Patrick: A Type of Worth," is a brilliant application of the abstract principles of the preceding chapters. The succeeding lectures on the "Worth of Patriotism" treat of these same principles in relation to the nations, at the time of delivery, locked in war. The concluding lectures on "Personal Worth" are written in Father Kane's best style, and recall the charming pages of his *Sermon of the Sea*. In these, he considers the evolution of man, with all his faculties, according to the principles of true worth, until he approximates that greatest of all types of worth, the Christ. The book is replete with sound logic, sterling ideals and old-fashioned common sense; there are so many passages worth remembering and referring to, that it is to be regretted that an index has been omitted.

THE MEMORIAL VOLUMES FOR SIR WILLIAM OSLER. Contributions to Medical and Biological Research dedicated to Sir William Osler, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., in honor of his seventieth birthday, July 12, 1919, by his pupils and co-workers. Volumes one and two. Limited edition. New York: Paul B. Hoeber. \$20.00.

Last year, July, 1919, Professor Osler celebrated his seventieth birthday. He had taught medicine in Canada in the seventies and eighties, and at the University of Pennsylvania in the later eighties, and then at Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, in the nineties and the beginning of the present century until he came to be looked upon as probably the greatest clinical physician in the world, when he was drafted to Oxford to spend the last ten years of his life as Regius Professor of Medicine there. In anticipation of his coming to three score and ten, a committee of his personal friends in the medical profession and in the sciences related to medicine had arranged for the issue of a volume of contributions to medicine to be published in honor of that event. Such memorials are customary, but probably never was there a more enthusiastic response. What was planned to be a single volume of modest size developed by pressure of material into two distinctly large ones, and still many contributions had to be refused.

These two memorial volumes are full of important contributions to the scientific medicine and the medical education of

today. Unfortunately Professor Osler died before the end of the year, but not before he had a chance to see their completion, and could appreciate their cordial tribute to him from the physicians of the English-speaking world.

A century hence the reader of these pages will obtain a good idea of what interests the physicians in this day and age, especially those who teach medicine, yet he will learn comparatively little of the treatment of disease as now practised. That is probably as it should be, for Professor Osler in his last serious contribution to medical literature, the chapter on "The Treatment of Disease" in *The Oxford Medicine*, quotes with approval Benjamin Franklin's shrewd remark that "he is the best doctor who knows the worthlessness of most medicine." Osler believed in drugs, but thought many of them had been sadly abused. He quoted with approval that expression of old Dr. Parry of Bath: "It is much more important to know what sort of an individual has a disease than what sort of a disease the individual has."

These volumes reflect the many sidedness of Osler's interests. They will stand, too, as a memorial of his genius for friendship: as a tribute to the genial gentleman who could give men the feeling that he was personally interested in them even though they were just beginning their career and had never been under his influence, but had only shown him by some contribution to medical literature that they were capable of thinking for themselves. There is not another such a monument in the whole history of medicine and surely this one, because of the noble human elements in it, will be *aere perennius*.

THE INTERCHURCH AND THE CATHOLIC IDEA. By the Rev. A. M. Skelly, O.P. Tacoma, Washington: Dominican Sisters' Publication Society. Cloth, \$1.35; paper, 95 cents.

Father Skelly takes as his sub-title "A Polemical Discussion." The Inter-Church World Movement—now proven a failure—gave rise to a controversy in the public press of Seattle concerning the Catholic and the non-Catholic concepts of Church unity and organization. An Episcopal Bishop-elect fired the opening gun. An Episcopal minister came to the defence of his superior, and thereafter a Lutheran pastor and a Methodist missionary joined the encounter. Father Skelly's articles, regarded as polemics, are able, courteous, fair, yet exact, logically constructed, firm and authoritative. They meet successfully all the difficulties of an always difficult situation.

The book is of even greater value to apologetics. The letters of the non-Catholic protagonists are quoted in full, and thus es-

tablish clearly the nature of the principles and the arguments which a Catholic must meet in this our day and country. There are, indeed, the stock-worn historical and Scriptural difficulties, which crop up still as if they had not been a thousand times answered. There are too *ad hominem* objections drawn from present-day circumstances. All these Father Skelly handles with vigor and skill. But one vital fundamental fact rises to challenge attention. The statements and arguments of the Protestant divines are ample proof of Father Skelly's bold claim, that "the Protestant religion, of whatever brand, is a religion of pure reason, and in no way touches the supernatural. For just as rivers cannot rise above their sources, so neither can institutions or systems rise above their principles." Catholic writers and speakers, whether lay or clerical, must needs be vividly aware of this unspoken rejection of the supernatural. It is the touchstone for all difficulties. Upon the truth or the falsity of the supernatural, non-Catholic claims fall or stand.

In another field of controversy, the concluding chapter on the notorious "Ballinger Baby Case" is timely and pointed.

THE NEW WARNING. Poems by Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.35 net.

If a new volume of poems by Alfred Noyes is no longer the event it might have been considered five years ago, it is still an episode of distinction in the world of letters. It is even of particular significance when it happens to bring together all the verse written by so important a poet since 1914. To be sure, this significance is in the main a negative one, since Mr. Noyes' war poems are neither comparable with his own best work nor with the best written in England during the Great War. Not much of it is likely to be treasured in the memory of mankind. Yet it is verse written by a tried craftsman, by a man of high ideals obviously intent upon making his lyric gift "do its bit." It is conscientious poetry—but it lacks, in Hopkins' word, "the one rapture of an inspiration." Some of the verses are, in fact, rather too patently propagandist in intention—as the lines which laud George Washington as the "Englishman who fought the German king!"—and nearly all shine with that determined optimism, that belief in world-amity and world-peace which was one of the finest illusions of post-armistice days.

Mr. Noyes is all "on the side of the angels:" and for his uniform reverence, his hold upon sane ideals of life and such spiritual phenomena as prayer, he deserves our thanks in these troublous times.

WITH OTHER EYES. By Norma Lorimer. New York: Brentano's. \$1.90 net.

Miss Lorimer has done much good work in this novel of uneven merit. The opening action takes place at Glastonbury, where, in the summer of 1914, Evangeline Sarsfield gives her heart to young Dr. Allan Fairclough. The love story so auspiciously staged takes an unexpected turn when it develops that Allan has no mind to represent in person the surrounding traditions of chivalry and valor. He frankly states that he must be unhampered in carving out a career for himself, thus allowing ambition to make him a laggard at both love and war. This is well handled, and the manner in which Evangeline meets the painful situation establishes her in the reader's good graces. The story proceeds along lines that remain unhackneyed, even when the book becomes, virtually, a war novel. Time brings its strange revenges to Evangeline, and the War, new vision, with experiences that try and test her character, leaving her the gainer in depth and sweetness.

It is a grave, thoughtful piece of work that does the author credit. Charmingly as she describes the Arthurian country, it is far more fiction than guide-book. Its principal defect rises from an error in judgment, which seeks to divide interest and space almost equally with a secondary story. The latter is in itself all very well; but the prominence given it mars continuity and strains the attention.

IN AN INDIAN ABBEY: SOME PLAIN TALKING ON THEOLOGY.

By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.40.

A mythical abbey in India, founded in the year 2020 for the purpose of oral discussion of difficulties in religion, is the imaginary scene of ten dialogues that gather up just the problems upon which reflective minds would fain have more light than they can glean from the ordinary sources of instruction at their command. To these dialogues Father Rickaby has brought the clearness of thought, the erudition, and the grace of style that invest his writings with perennial freshness. The solutions offered for some of the difficulties are, as the author makes plain, theological hypotheses; but in every case they show originality and a disposition to meet the problem fairly. Whether he discusses the antiquity of the human race, or the difficult notion of creation, or St. Augustine's thorny theory of Original Sin, or pragmatism, or predestination, or scandals in the Church, Father Rickaby faces the issue squarely.

Besides the solutions offered to questions that always vex the

theological mind, the epigrammatic sayings sprinkled through the pages of the book provoke thought and keep the reader on the alert. To only one class of these sayings we draw attention—those that are evidently the fruit of a lifetime of controversy. “At Oxford I learnt no better lesson than this—that there is a great deal to say against every truth; and the deeper and more precious the truth, the more it is assailable; but the truth remains true for all that; and he is a fool who shifts his intellectual course for every wind of opposition. Truth comes out under manifold aspects under manifold attacks; it is not swept away, but expanded by contradiction. . . . The truth that is most valuable to man, moral, social, and religious truth, appeals to the whole man, to the entirety of human nature; and not, like the truths of number and dimension, to the intellect only. . . . There is such a thing as satiety of argument, and consequent distrust of it in those who are most proficient in its use.”

THE SCIENCE OF LABOR. By Dr. Josefa Ioteyko. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.60.

This is “a study of physical fitness for work, in which the human being is considered as a motor, with certain chemical and electrical energy applied. A scientific analysis is made, based upon the most modern researches of the world’s experts in such investigations, of the forces contributing to the successful stimulation and control of the human machine for efficient labor.” Although it all sounds extremely callous and cold-blooded, it is not unlikely that students of industrial psycho-physiology will derive profit from the results of the researches of this Belgian investigator. The book consists of articles reprinted by the author from the *Revue Philosophique*, the *Revue Scientifique* and the *Revue Générale des Sciences*.

PAGES OF PEACE FROM DARTMOOR. By Beatrice Chase. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

These “Pages” are not only peaceful; they are, in spots, soporific. They belong to a series with which the reader is presumed to be familiar. Here and there are paragraphs with a claim to beauty, but for the most part the short chapters—and they are none too short—deal either with trifling domestic affairs, the humor of which is undiscernible to the non-British mind, or with reflections of a quasi-pious nature which confirm one in the opinion once expressed by a greater man than the reviewer, viz., that no woman has any business dabbling in theology! On the whole, it is difficult to square the purchase price of the book with what one finds between its covers.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. By James I. Osborn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5.00.

This is the first adequate critical biography of Clough, friend of Matthew Arnold and of Emerson, and most eminent of Victorian "minor" poets. There is much in this study which the student of mid-Victorian poetry and intellectual life will find useful and suggestive. Especially interesting is the account of Clough's later experiences in America. But Mr. Osborn's work has little charm of style, and fails to render Clough attractive to the reader.

HOME—THEN WHAT? By James L. Small. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50.

In May, 1919, to stimulate self-expression among the men, at the suggestion of Captain Leon Schwarz, U. S. Army, three prizes were offered of 500, 250 and 100 francs, respectively, for the three best essays on the topic "Home—Then What?" the subject having been selected by Chaplain H. C. Frazer, U. S. Army. Although only a brief time could be given for the writing of these papers owing to the rapid movement of our troops in America, several hundred were sent into the judges of the competition. This volume contains a selection of the best, and in the opinion of J. Kendrick Bangs, who writes the introduction, presents the best symposium of soldier thought in existence today. The papers have been edited and arranged by Mr. James L. Small, who was with the American troops as K. of C. Secretary.

SWINBURNE AS I KNEW HIM. By Coulson Kernahan. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.25.

This little book is of considerable value as a supplement to Gosse's *Life* of the poet and the collection of *Letters* edited by his biographer in collaboration with T. J. Wise. There are several new and enjoyable Swinburne "stories" and letters, and a thoroughly diverting account of how Watts-Dunton induced the poet to abjure brandy and, proceeding by easy stages through port, burgundy, and claret, to decline upon the lower range of bottled beer.

TALKS TO NURSES: *The Ethics of Nursing.* By Henry S. Spalding, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50.

Father Spalding's book is very valuable for nurses; it is hardly less valuable for doctors, seminarians, and even the general public. This is high praise, but richly deserved. Not that there is anything astounding or anything of discovery in the book; it is

only a solid moral primer, a sound Catholic presentation of true ethical viewpoints on sociological questions which come within the special purview of nurses (and doctors and priests); this is its aim and it fulfills it generously. The presentation is clean-cut, forceful and pointed; its reading is exceedingly easy. Of the book's ten chapters, the last five are most intimately connected with the practical duties of nurses, in training and after training. The first half of the book, however, is worth while reading for any adult; it sums up fundamental Catholic ethic and pays special attention to the application of Catholic principles to Euthanasia, Birth Control and the Rights of the Unborn Child. These latter questions are treated plainly, but never so as to offend. There is constant insistence on the fundamental principle *that one innocent person may not be killed to save another innocent person*, and there are proofs enough given of the truth of this principle to convince any right-minded man or woman.

Father Spalding has made a valuable contribution to the spread, where it is most needed, of the kind of moral teaching which alone can save this world of ours from its own folly.

THE RELEASE OF THE SOUL. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.75 net.

Mr. Cannan does not define what he understands by the "soul." But for certain he does not mean that vital spark of heavenly flame, which our Faith teaches us, is only a little lower than the angels. He seems rather to mean some vague power outside us, perhaps some emanation of the Pantheists, or maybe of the Neo-Platonists. Moreover, the tone of the book is rhapsodical; its sentences are so desultory; and even the illustrations drawn here and there from history, art and literature are so loose, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to decide at times what he exactly does mean.

On every other page high-sounding words occur: life, the soul, love, God, religion, humanity. But these words do not connote for the author what they do for the ordinary man. There is a haze of mistiness about them, a kind of oracular mirage, so that they may mean almost anything.

Pages seventy-seven to eighty-five describe what seems to us a very simple nervous exaltation. Mr. Cannan magnifies the phenomenon hugely, and his grandiloquent description verges on the ludicrous. Later he charitably informs us that journalists, novelists, politicians, and the clergy lie to the people. We shall not impute such turpitude to him. But neither shall we affirm that he has not attempted to befog the people.

LIFE OF THE VEN. ANNE MADELEINE REMUZAT. By the Sisters of the Visitation of Harrow. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Sons.

Marseilles owes to this holy Visitation nun the glory of having been the first city dedicated to the Sacred Heart. After the plague which decimated the city in 1720 and 1721, from her cloister she effected the complete conversion of the people and persuaded them to consecrate themselves and their successors by a yearly festival, which lasts to the present day, to the Most Sacred Heart. In this work, she was the chosen instrument of God to carry on the apostolate begun by her canonized sister, St. Margaret Mary Alacoque. Like her, Anne Madeleine Remuzat was an obscure soul through whom God willed to show His power. The recital of her life is an enigma to all save the elect, and God's dealings with her are mysterious and almost weird to our dull comprehension. From her earliest years she was singled out as the divine "victim." At fifteen, she entered the Visitation Monastery of Marseilles, and from that time till her death at the mystic age of thirty-three, she became as clay in His hands. She was tormented by extreme physical and mental pain, at the same time that her soul was inundated with sublime love and consolation. Physical signs, an enlarged form of a heart, the sacred name, manifestations that could not be explained by the medical profession, were found upon her body. Through her were revealed the secret thoughts of the heart and future events that were fulfilled. Favored as she was by God in so many ways, she retained her own sweet natural disposition and throughout the book we see her working as one with and under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

FATHER TOM. Life and Lectures of Rev. T. P. McLoughlin (1859-1913). By Peter P. McLoughlin. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.60.

The subject character of this volume, while a priest in the New York diocese, was an active enthusiast in music. In the twenty years referred to, he had prepared and often given a number of musical lectures which he illustrated with many songs. The work is divided about equally between the biographical material and a reproduction of the lectures. These lectures lean toward the poetic side, therefore do not contain a great deal of technical material, yet they constitute very creditable studies. It is especially noteworthy that the priest, as early as 1898, was upholding the innate power of the Stephen Foster melodies. Now musical authorities are corroborating his opinion on every hand. Of the other lectures, those on Scottish and Irish music lent

themselves particularly well to his temper and his Celtic blood. Everywhere he emphasized the value of the poems which inspired the songs of the different countries, and it has been a happy thought of the biographer to reproduce those in the present volume.

THE STORY OF OUR NATIONAL BALLADS. By C. A. Browne.
New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$2.00.

We all pretend to know our national ballads, but those of us who really know their history are few. In this book the author tells us how these songs came into existence, the political circumstances from which some of them arose; anecdotes and the various factors that have entered into their making being given in full detail. The material is so arranged, as to make it splendid reading for both musician and layman. We learn such facts, as that "Yankee Doodle" was first used by the British against our ragged Colonial troops, as a term of derision, only to be promptly taken up by the Yankees themselves, and finally played in triumph when Cornwallis surrendered. We learn again of the story of old John Brown, and we are told that the marching song resulted in Mrs. Howe's majestic battle hymn. The final chapters are devoted to the songs of the Spanish War, and the terrible World War, through which we have just passed.

THE MODERN BOOK OF FRENCH VERSE. Edited by Albert Boni. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.

Mr. Boni's admirable compilation of English translations of the best French poetry makes a delectable volume. It is not, as the title might mistakenly be read, a collection merely of *modern* French verse: it includes fragments from the *Chanson de Roland*, from Marie de France, and many beguiling mediæval songs, and it brings the tale down to our own contemporaries, Francis Jammes and Jules Romains.

Moreover, the translations are not "made to order" for the present volume, but are nearly all culled from sources that have already become classic—from Chaucer, Swinburne, Rossetti, Francis Thompson, Andrew Lang, Ernest Dowson, Wilde, the voluminous and sympathetic Arthur Symonds, Jethro Bithell, Austin Dobson, etc. There are very few false notes in this varied chorus (one of them, alas! is Ezra Pound's calamitous turning of Charles d'Orléans' "*Dieu, qu'il la fait bon regarder!*") and there is more sheer beauty than most of us would have thought possible in a storehouse of wholly borrowed jewels—a "loan collection," so to speak.

FROM DUST TO GLORY. By M. J. Phelan, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75 net.

This sequel to Father Phelan's book, *The Straight Path*, fully justifies its title, for it carries a man through the full span of existence, from the dust that he is, to the glory that is his. In its general plan, the book follows the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius. Too often the solid principles of religious life fail to make much impression, since they are presented in their philosophic aspect and couched in dull, prosaic language. In this book, however, the same deep truths that have formed and inspired saints are again presented, but in a new and charming dress. They have been passed through a vivid Celtic imagination and expressed in simple, direct appeals. Their simplicity makes them lose nothing in greatness; while the vivacity, the vivid word-pictures and the apt, copious illustrations with which the author has adorned them, give them a driving force and a most cogent appeal.

SYLVIA AND MICHAEL. By Compton Mackensie. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.60.

In this second instalment of the amazing adventures of his erratic but always delightful heroine, Sylvia Scarlett, the author involves her in difficulties and entanglements galore, physical and spiritual, in various remote parts of Europe and Asia. Nothing, however, daunts this irrepressible young woman, and she rises magnificently superior to every situation, finding happiness (or rather appearing to have found it—for one never knows what is going to befall Sylvia from hour to hour!) at the end, in the love of Michael Fane, an old friend of Mr. Mackensie's readers. As in all the author's later novels there is here both wit and wisdom: "I made friends," says Sylvia, during the marvelous confession she whispered into the priest's ear at Bucharest—"with an English priest—not a Catholic—but half a Catholic—it's impossible to explain it to a foreigner. I don't think anybody would understand the Church of England out of England, and very few people can there . . ."

A SHORT GRAMMAR OF ATTIC GREEK. By Rev. F. M. Connel, S.J. New York: Allyn & Bacon. \$1.40.

The author of *A Short Grammar of Attic Greek* presents in a clear and simple manner the essentials of Greek necessary for the translation of ordinary Greek prose. Irregular forms and Homeric peculiarities have been omitted, the book offering the grammatical information most necessary and useful to the pupil studying Greek in high school.

DEBS: HIS AUTHORIZED LIFE AND LETTERS. From Woodstock Prison to Atlanta. By David Karsner. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.50 net.

The author of this book is an ardent Socialist and a fervent disciple of the imprisoned Socialist leader. The book was authorized by Debs, now serving a ten-year sentence in the Atlanta prison for violation of the Espionage Act. It is complete in its presentation of the incidents of the Socialist leader's life, and gives a very vivid presentation, though, of course, a highly colored one, of the acts, speeches and writings of the Socialist standard bearer. One is compelled to admire the zeal of the disciple in the warm appreciation that he shows for his beloved teacher.

While the book is entirely Socialistic propaganda, it serves a useful purpose in giving a full delineation, from the Socialist point of view, of the make-up of this man, his ideas and the things for which he stands. For this reason, it is a useful contribution to the literature of the day. It is the kind of work that one would expect under the circumstances.

DAISY ASHFORD: HER BOOK. By the Author of *The Young Visitors*. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

This time it is Mr. Irvin S. Cobb who writes the preface to Miss Ashford's book, taking occasion to explain that he is especially gratified at having this task assigned to him since he claims "the distinction" of being the first person in America, except the publisher, to read the manuscript of *The Young Visitors* and advise its publication.

The book is a collection of the remaining novels of Daisy Ashford, four in number, accompanied by a novel from the pen of her eight-year-old sister, Angela. At the same age was written "Short Story of Love and Marriage." What has been said of *The Young Visitors* is all applicable to the present volume, and there is nothing to be added.

THE PRINCIPLES OF MUSIC. By Orpha F. Deveaux. Montreal: 149 Pie IX, Boulevard.

Teachers of music will find in this work an excellent presentation of the rudiments of music to very young beginners. The author gives a very clear statement, presents the matter in attractive form, and shows an intimate acquaintance with the mode of presentation of the first principles of music to young children. It is well graded, taking up one difficulty at a time and dwelling on this difficulty until the pupil has it within his grasp. The work is also provided with questions for review.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND SERIES. *British and Anglo-Saxon Period.* By Rev. Ernest R. Hull, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents.

This is a most interesting book. Its purpose is to point out wherein much present-day history is not real history. The preface emphasizes the fact that there is abundant need of such a work. This effort, the author modestly avers, is merely a "stop-gap, a 'pioneer.'" The book is well worth the attentive perusal of both Protestants and Catholics. But Father Hull impresses the fact that prejudice and a traditional Protestant view has led to much of the falsification of history, coupled with an innocent reliance on Protestant historians. He is charitable to blunderers, and only re-states to those who willfully misstate.

THE annual volume of *Historical Records and Studies* of the United States Catholic Historical Society contains, as usual, useful studies on many interesting topics. Rev. Gerald Treacy, S.J., gives an account of "Father John Bapst, S.J., and the 'Ellsworth Outrage,'" "Know Nothingism in Rochester, New York" is treated by Rev. Frederick J. Swierlein, D.Sc., M.H.; Father Laurence Kenny, S.J., tells the history of the famous Mullanphy family of St. Louis, and Mrs. Margaret B. Downing of Major L'Enfant's interesting papers to be found in the James Dudley Morgan Collection at Washington, D. C.; the account of "The Mission to Liberia" is taken from the Diary of the Rev. John Kelly, and that of "The Jesuits in South America" is contributed by the Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C. The Record of the Society's transactions and the essay on "Catholic Day," which won the prize in the Second Intercollegiate Historical Contest, add to the interest of the volume.

YOUR OWN HEART, by Father Garesché, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25 net), gathers together another series of articles which Father Garesché tells us in the preface "are meant to minister in some degree to our desire for self-knowledge and self-betterment." *Your Own Heart* thus becomes a companion to the other works of the same author, and if the ideas are not new, at least Father Garesché's presentation of them will be helpful to his readers.

A VERY complete bibliography of Irish life and character as portrayed in "Irish novels, tales, romances and folk-lore" will be found in *Ireland in Fiction*, by Stephen J. Brown, S.J. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$3.75 net). Infinite patience and

care has been given to the compilation of this volume. The books are so classified and listed as to facilitate the work of the inquirer.

OUTDOORS AND IN, by J. F. Crowell (Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$1.50 net). The author of these verses is obviously a faithful and diligent observer of nature in all its moods, and there is hardly a page in this book that is without its exactness of descriptive epithet. Skilled though he be in verse forms, Mr. Crowell is nevertheless far from being a poet, and no discriminating reader will ever suspect him of it. One comes with a start of surprise upon so obvious an example of the sincerest form of flattery as the lines entitled "Snow," which begin:

I think that I shall never know
A truer beauty than the snow.

SPIRITISM has been much to the fore these days, though they say it is now on the wane. A collection of stories dealing with this subject is published by Boni & Liveright, under the title, *The Best Psychic Stories* (\$1.75 net). The most definite thing we can say about Spiritism is that it is indefinite. *The Best Psychic Stories* add no light to the situation.

LEAVES ON THE WIND, by Rev. D. A. Casey (Toronto: McClelland & Stewart. \$1.25), is a pleasant collection of songs and lyrics and poetical meditations, some of them on sacred and patriotic subjects, by the well-known Canadian poet-priest. There is an appreciative foreword by Father Dollard, himself a poet of distinction.

EVERYONE who loves dogs, and most of us do, should read *The Story of Jack*, a tale of the North, and the "Other Fascinating Dog Stories," by J. Horace Lytle, contained in the same volume. The scene of the title story is laid in the Klondike land in the Klondike days. Jack is a real dog, and a great one, who will win straight to the heart of every reader. While his story is in every sense the leading one, the others are close seconds and no one will take the book up without seeing it to a finish. These are stories of live people and live dogs told in a live way. (Dayton, Ohio: The Pettibone-McLean Co.)

THE HOUSE OF LOVE, by Will D. Muse (Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.25). The verses beginning "Dear Old Sunny Tennessee Say! it's good enough for me" are by no means the worst of a collection which, frankly, is not good enough to win the present reviewer's benison.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

PIERRE TÉQUI, Paris:

Le Bon Esprit au Collège, by Monseigneur Tissier, who holds the first place among the Bishops of France who, during the course of the terrible war, have proved themselves Leaders and Pastors in every sense of the word. No one is ignorant today of the name and works of the Bishop of Châlons. But the Bishop does not let us forget the brilliant, sagacious and original educator that he formerly was and will always remain. Monseigneur Tissier knows the soul and the character of the young man, what cord to vibrate in order to elevate him ever higher toward an ideal always more beautiful, more noble, more delicate. To cite only one chapter, read the one entitled "The Spirit of Sacrifice," or the chapter added to this book, "The Spirit of Patriotism," the service of the Fatherland after the War, and you will fully admire with us this beautiful book which is a splendid achievement.

En Marge Des Combats, by Gabriel Joly, is a Novena of Thanksgiving in honor of our Lady of Lourdes.

Vers la Victoire is a volume made up of sermons and pastoral letters which Monseigneur Julien, the now Bishop of Arras, pronounced during the War, first as Arch Priest of Notre Dame, Havre, and afterwards as Bishop. These pronouncements have lost their timeliness.

Le Renouveau Catholique: Les Jeunes Pendant La Guerre, by Abbé Rouzie, is the second volume in the triptych which the author devotes to the renaissance of Catholic life amongst the French youth of today. On reading this book one would imagine that all France had suddenly become sincerely and devoutly Catholic. It seems overdrawn and is without lasting interest except for Frenchmen, yet some of the letters written by the boys at the front and reproduced in this volume, are worthy of living forever.

Retraite de Première Communion Solennelle, by Chanoine Millot. Canon Millot has written much for children. Up to the present he has not written a retreat which was specially destined for them. This volume fills this gap, and will be very useful for priests and others preparing children for their First Communion. In a very well arranged appendix preachers will find numerous stories suitable for reading to the children in the interval between the exercises.

Le Prédicateur Des Retraites De Première Communion, by two Missionaries, is a work on the same order as the above. It contains ten different retreats with seven instructions for each one, followed by twenty-five instructions for the Great Day. Those who look for fully developed sermons will be disappointed in this volume, as the instructions are, for the most part, merely outlined—not developed. This work is well known in France and has already gone through six editions.

La Novice Parfaite, by Chanoine Emile Thevenot, is a very brief work made up of spiritual counsels and canonical legislation for the Postulate, Novitiate, and Profession of Sisters with simple vows.

Le Christ Vie De L'Ame, by Dom Columba Marmion. The conferences which compose the present work are the fruit of several years of reflection and prayer. They were given in very varied circumstances to very diverse audiences. The first part comprises a general exposé of the economy of Divine Providence, wherein the author tries to show the plan followed by God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost to make us participate in the Divine Life in Jesus Christ. In the second part he shows how the soul can and ought to adapt itself to the divine plan and assimilate the Divine Life brought on earth by Christ. Faith in the Divinity of Jesus is the first attitude of the soul and baptism the first sacrament.

He then borrows from St. Paul the fundamental doctrine according to which this sacrament of Christian initiation impresses on the entire life of the disciples of Jesus Christ a double meaning: "Death to Sin," and "Life for God." He then exposes in detail how this double character should be found in the entire development of Christian life.

Most of the conferences contain the matter of several sermons, whence the length of some of them. Rather than multiply chapters, the Editor has preferred to group around a subject all that relates to it in order to safeguard the homogeneity of the ideas.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:

La Parole Educatrice, by Abbé F. Delerue du clergé de Paris, is a very timely little work, useful alike for the pastor, the mother and the voluntary catechist. It is a cycle of short dogmatic and moral exhortations which the author preached to the children of his parish preparing for first Communion. There are very few such works in any language, and for this reason the book should have a good sale.

Les Grand Blessés du Lieutenant Kessler, by M. Albert Boulicaut (4 frs. 50), describes the working of a successful agricultural school for French soldiers at Sainte Ann d'Auray. Over two hundred and fifty pages of the book are devoted to a practical course of agriculture, which follows the same lines as the schools of our State Universities.

Recent Events.

The victorious advance of the Bolshevik armies against the Poles continued throughout the month, and the Polish volunteer army under General Haller has been shattered. The Poles have fallen back on Warsaw, where a last desperate defence is planned and where a concentration and re-grouping of the Polish forces for a great counter-stroke on the entire Warsaw front, the centre of the Bolshevik lines, is in process.

According to late dispatches, bitter fighting is going on north-east and east of the capital. The Bolshevik army, despite repeated efforts, has failed to get a firm footing on the west bank of the river Bug in the region of Brest-Litovsk, though they succeeded earlier in the month in capturing the east bank from the forces of General Haller. In the northeastern sector the situation is more threatening. Russian cavalry has been reported conducting raiding operations over a wide territory and drawing closer and closer to Warsaw. On the southern front, before Lemberg, the battle line is deadlocked and the Russians are unable to make progress.

The present situation at Warsaw is most critical and the fall of the capital seems imminent. The Russian plan of campaign, which is proving most effective, consists of delivering successive blows at different points along the front line, which tend to disorganize the Polish defence, compelling the Polish staff to rush reserves to widely separated points. The Bolshevik Northern forces have been reinforced heavily and pushed to within striking distance of the capital. Russian cavalry, driving westward from Przasnysz, has occupied Chor, which is within a day's riding distance of the Warsaw-Danzig Railroad, which is expected to be reached either at Miawa or Ciechanow, according to advices reaching the French Foreign Office. The Russians are occupying a stretch of twenty-four miles of the direct railway line between Warsaw and Danzig, and a large force is pushing across the Danzig corridor to cut the remaining railroad.

In the south the activity of the Bolshevik General, Budenny, is causing a new danger. Budenny has two alternatives, the success of either of which would prove serious to the Poles. He can either push northward between the Bug and Vistula Rivers and hamper the concentrations and movements of the Polish reserves, or move southwestward and turn the Polish defences on the east

Galician rivers, swoop down upon Lemberg, and eventually Prezemysl and the line of the San River.

The Polish forces seem to be in a bad state of disorganization. Every third man of the Polish army of the north is reported without shoes, and there is hardly one with complete field equipment. In one instance the artillery support for three full divisions of infantry amounted to only fifteen artillery pieces, and these were of small calibre. Yet the divisions are in positions which are vital to the defence of Warsaw. Rations seldom reach the soldiers, so practically they are forced to live off the country through which they are fighting. Provisions for the care of the wounded are of the most elementary kind. There is still a splendid patriotic spirit in the population, and an heroic effort is being made to defend the city; but it is believed it cannot hold out more than a few hours after the final attack begins.

To turn from the military to the diplomatic situation is to find an equally tragic cast of affairs, and on which threatens even wider and more serious consequences to the world than does defeat of the Poles, namely, a complete break between the two chief Allies, Great Britain and France. The situation, as described in last month's notes, was this: that the Allies dispatched to the Moscow Government a note demanding the granting of an armistice to the Poles on condition that the latter withdrew to the boundary lines laid down for them by the Treaty of Versailles. On the failure of the Bolshevik Government to grant this armistice, the Allies declared they would give full assistance to the Polish armies.

The Bolshevik reply to the Allied demand was the suggestion of a peace parley between themselves and the Poles, which was held at Baranovitchi, but proved a failure. Later a second meeting was proposed at Minsk, and this has not yet been concluded. To the general situation thus created the attitude of the Allies, as expressed by the British Premier, who had been conducting negotiations for trade resumption with Soviet representatives in London, was one of aloofness, the position being taken that the Bolsheviks as the victors had the right to impose terms and that Poland, who was considered to have acted aggressively and against the advice of the Allies, must accept the terms or continue to oppose the Bolsheviks alone. In this stand Great Britain was joined by Italy, who also was desirous of trade resumption with Russia, and apparently also by France.

At this juncture, however, the French, who from the first have been bitterly opposed to anything in the nature of negotiations with the Soviet and strongly in favor of armed intervention

on behalf of the Poles, suddenly and without any indication of a change in policy, gave official recognition to General Wrangel, the anti-Bolshevik Commander, as chief of the *de facto* Government in Southern Russia, and decided also to send military aid to the Poles. This action of France followed immediately on the receipt of a note of the United States Government to the Italian Ambassador in Washington declaring America's unwillingness to participate in a proposed general conference at London which, in all probability, so the note declared, would involve two results to which America was opposed, namely, recognition of the Bolshevik régime, and a settlement of the Russian problem upon a basis of the dismemberment of Russia.

Marshal Foch and the entire French General Staff have been placed at the full disposal of General Wrangel, as also have been the immense supplies of American and French munitions at the railheads and on the dumps of former battlefields. Meanwhile General Weygand, head of the French mission to Warsaw, has been appointed to supreme command of the Polish armies, and the reorganization of the six hundred thousand Polish troops is, at present writing, being conducted with feverish haste. Efforts are under way to enlist the support of Rumania and Hungary with a view to the initiation of a tremendous push, which Marshal Foch believes would sweep across Russia from the Black Sea to the Baltic and from Finland to Siberia, eradicating Bolshevism from the entire country.

The diplomatic viewpoint of the situation is that an extremely serious break in the Franco-British *entente cordiale* is coolly contemplated by the French Foreign Office, which states that France will not back down on her intended war plans. French relations with Italy also are strained, France charging Italy with the responsibility for Poland's plight, owing to the withdrawal of the Italian troops which policed the Allenstein district at the very moment when armed resistance was necessary to prevent the Bolshevik Army from cutting the Danzig-Warsaw communications.

On the British side Premier Lloyd George has given to M. Krassin and M. Kameneff, Bolshevik emissaries in London, an unequivocal assurance that he will not stand back of the French recognition of General Wrangel as the *de facto* Government in Southern Russia. He intends soon to make a public statement to that effect, condemning the French movement as gravely imperilling the impending peace between Poland and Russia, inasmuch as it is likely to mislead the Poles into believing that the Allies secretly are bent on an anti-Soviet policy.

According to recent dispatches dealing with the Russian in-

ternal situation, starvation has cast its shadow over the country from the Far East to the Finnish frontier—four thousand miles of undisputed territory. Everywhere the cry is raised for food and clothing, and in consequence there is spreading a spirit of revolt which threatens the iron control of the enormous Bolshevik military organization. Indeed, the Bolsheviks hold their present great power chiefly because of the impression they have created that they are fighting a purely defensive war against external aggression, with the result that many patriotic men, really hostile to Bolshevism, are serving in the Bolshevik armies from pure love of country. Coal supplies are virtually exhausted, and the few factories still in operation are forced to use wood for fuel. The so-called “labor armies” have been found useful only in rough work, but fail completely in the more skilled occupations. Lenin himself, according to the accepted report in Moscow, admits that the Russian people cannot pass through another winter like the last and that some relief is an absolute necessity.

France.

The outstanding event in France during the past month has been the decision to support General Wrangel, the anti-Bolshevik Commander in the south of Russia, and also to give military aid to the Poles, as described above. A further result of the French action in Russian affairs is its attitude toward Germany. France, acting alone if necessary, has decided to send a stern note to the German Government informing it that France will act instantly and vigorously to enforce the Treaty of Versailles in its provisions for Eastern Europe as well as for the West, and that France can properly take coercive action along the Rhine. The French Government is declared to be convinced that Germany is plotting with the Soviets to nullify the Polish boundaries created by the Allies last year, and is hampering all Allied efforts to aid the new Republic during the critical period.

There is some internal opposition in France to further interference with the Russian situation, and according to resolutions recently adopted railroad men throughout the country threaten to strike if called upon to transport troops to Poland. Indeed, a direct appeal by the Soviets to French labor not to permit France to make war on Russia has been published in the French Socialist press. Louis Frossard, Secretary-General of the French Socialist party, has stated that the French workers will fight side by side with English labor, who have also declared against interference with Russian internal affairs, and thus render the decision of the French Government futile.

The Senate has adopted a law regulating the price of wheat, the rate fixed being one hundred francs a quintal. The law carries amendments requiring approval by the Chamber of Deputies. The Government expects control of wheat to cease to be necessary at the end of the year, but refused to include a pledge to this effect in the law. It is intended to continue eighty per cent milling and adulteration of flour to avoid heavy importations.

By a decree which revoked the decree of April 23d forbidding the importation of certain articles, the chief American products affected by the original decree—automobiles, dental supplies, silk goods, cameras and films—will now be permitted to enter the country under former conditions. The customs duties will remain the same, automobiles, for example, paying a tax of forty-five per cent.

Turkey, the last Power to remain in a state of war with the Entente, signed the Treaty on August 10th and is now officially at peace. Serbia and Hedjaz, alone of the nations interested, refused to sign.

The movement against carrying out the
Germany. Spa undertaking by the German Govern-
ment to seize arms in unlawful possession

of civilians, is assuming serious proportions. It has been instigated by extremists of the Left, who contend that the necessary powers the Government is asking the Reichstag to confer upon it constitute a disguised "campaign against the proletariat." These opponents having already succeeded in delaying the passage of the bill through the Reichstag, recently called their supporters into the streets to demonstrate against what they call "the new penal servitude law." One very disquieting feature of this attempt to sabotage the Spa decisions is that, while the initiative came from the Communists, it is backed up by the Independent Socialists and the Berlin Trade Union Congress, who for the first time have joined forces.

The German Government, according to late dispatches, is awaiting the arrival in Berlin of Wigdor Kopp, Soviet Representative to Germany from Moscow. He is known to be bringing important communications, and perhaps history-making decisions by the Soviet Government. With his return to Berlin the Russo-German relations will become defined more clearly, with all indications pointing to their entering on a distinctly new stage. What that stage will be and how much of it will become public will depend on the conversations between Premier Lloyd George and Premier Millerand on the one hand and the attitude of the French

toward Germany on the other. In spite of dangers attendant on the numerous points of high tension in the last ten days and the uncertainties, there is for the first time since the armistice something like a feeling of satisfaction in Germany, due to the assurance that her position is strong, is getting stronger daily, and that she is still in the European political ring.

A dispatch to the London *Times* from Brussels reports the arrival in Louvain of the first consignment of ten thousand books from Germany, for the Library of Louvain University, in accordance with the terms of the Peace Treaty. The dispatch adds that representatives of the Reparations Commission are searching Germany for books stolen from Louvain during the War.

Radical workers of Bolshevik tendencies recently seized control of Zittau, Saxony, a city of between twenty-five and thirty thousand population, where serious labor troubles have been occurring. The police withdrew, and a committee of fifteen, composed of Independent Socialists, Communists and Syndicalists, assumed control over the city. The Saxon Government at once declared a state of siege in the districts of Zittau and also of Lobau, about twenty miles northwest of Zittau. The terrorists are reported to be under the leadership of two fugitives from justice from the Ruhr region. The German Government hoped that the population would help restore order, but at last accounts the situation was not very favorable.

Recent reports from Cologne show a greater increase there of business in commercial and trade circles than in the other large German cities. This is owing to the business transacted with England and Holland. The Dutch merchants are sending all the foodstuffs they can lay hands upon into Germany, which keeps the prices very high in their own country and is causing strong protests to be made by the working classes in Rotterdam, Amsterdam and other cities. The goods are brought from Holland to Dusseldorf and Cologne by freight steamboats. There is considerable activity in the factories in Aachen, Dusseldorf and Cologne. The people in these centres are paying attention to their business, and are more optimistic in regard to the outlook than the Germans in Berlin, Hamburg, and Frankfort.

At the present time, according to an expert English military observer, Germany could put a well-equipped army of six hundred thousand officers and men into the field if they could be organized to fight together. The major part of this force is the army of the Baltic and the smaller bodies of troops who have not yet been disbanded. The ordinary German workman, however, according to the same authority, seems to have had more than

enough of war and soldiering, and desires to live with his family and pursue his trade peacefully. The French military leaders do not agree with this view in regard to the Germans, and believe that they are secretly organizing to avenge their defeat. The officers, especially the Prussians of the old régime, would no doubt like to do this, as fighting is their trade, but the rank and file, according to the English view, would probably refuse to follow them into the field.

The Germans still have plenty of airplanes, arms and ammunition. Out of twenty-eight thousand field guns they possessed when the armistice was signed, they have destroyed only two thousand so far. It is very difficult to get the German Government to carry out the conditions of the Peace Treaty, which demand that these guns should be destroyed, and that the forts and strategic railways constructed in the course of the War should be demolished. The claim is put forth by the Germans that all this work would occupy a long time, and would be unproductive and expensive to the Government, which has no funds to meet it. Judging from the slow manner in which things have been done so far, it appears that it will be years before these conditions are fulfilled, if ever.

Pressure by the big agrarian interests has forced the German Food Ministry to consent to a sharp advance in the wholesale prices for this year's grain crop. It has been officially announced that the price of rye would be 1,400 marks per ton (about \$1.19 a bushel at present exchange rates), while wheat would bring 1,540 marks and oats 1,350. Then there are extra payments for early deliveries, etc., all of which bring the rates up to about fifty per cent more than the spring estimates and to more than twice as much as last year's prices. This has brought earnest protests from nearly all the German papers, with the exception of the organs of the Junkers, as it is noted that the Government's action is calculated to strengthen, rather than to weaken, the vicious circle of rising prices and wages, which was shaken some months ago by stagnation in the retail trade, but now seems in full swing again.

The Association of German Cities, in a memorandum submitted to the Food Minister, protests against the minimum price of twenty-five marks, with a premium of five marks, per "zentner" (110 pounds), fixed for the potatoes which the municipalities are expected to store up for their inhabitants this fall to insure them against a potato famine next winter. It is declared that the cities may be caught with large quantities of these potatoes on their hands because of the activities of independent traders who may

undersell them, if the plan of allowing free trade in potatoes, after the municipal supply is put in, be carried out.

As the result of the boycott declared on beer in wide German circles early this season, the Berlin Brewery Association has given out a statement to the effect that the brewers were planning to increase the malt content of their product and at the same time to lower the price. To enable the brewers to keep this promise, pressure is to be brought upon the Government to increase the allowance of barley for brewing purposes.

Under a decision made by a board of arbitration the city of Leipsic will have to pay 282,000 marks more per month to its employees, whose weekly wages are to range from 145 to 230 marks, according to skill, length of service and age.

According to the preliminary report of the German National Insurance Office, there were 574,840 industrial accidents in Germany in 1919, resulting in the payment of 204,321,817 marks to 104,502 persons. In 1918 the number of accidents was 657,277, involving the payment of 192,467,301 marks to 107,275 persons.

In order to purchase the minimum rations necessary to sustain a family consisting of two adults and two children in Berlin during the month of June, it was necessary to spend 295 marks weekly, according to data compiled by the director of the Statistical Bureau of Schoenberg. A single person could keep alive on 146 marks a week. In June, 1914, the respective figures were 28.70 and 16.65 marks.

The Italian attitude toward Soviet Russia
Italy. was made plain on August 6th in a speech
to the Chamber of Deputies by Count

Sforza, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Making a strong plea in favor of allowing Russia to develop her Government along her own lines without foreign interference, he declared that this formed the basis of the Italian policy in admitting a Russian representative to Italy and the sending of an Italian emissary to Russia. After expressing hope for speedy peace between Russia and Poland and an independent Poland in accordance with the Versailles Treaty, Count Sforza deprecated the employment either of what Premier Clémenceau called "a barbed wire cordon" or of the blockade against Russia. He declared the former had failed, while the latter gave the Bolsheviki moral advantages which far outweighed any material damages they suffered. As a matter of fact Italy's commercial relations with Russia are now in full swing, \$50,000,000 worth of merchandise and raw material already having been exchanged via Trieste.

An agreement has finally been reached between Greece and Italy on the question of the disposition of the Dodecanese Islands that has been holding up the signing of the Peace Treaty with Turkey. The agreement provides for the transfer of the twelve small islands of the group to Greek sovereignty, and for the postponement of the plebiscite on the Island of Rhodes for a period of from five to fifteen years, to be determined. The agreement carries no stipulation concerning the Smyrna district, where the Greeks are in charge.

According to trustworthy reports, Italy is making much more rapid progress toward recovery than is commonly supposed and, in approaching its problems of reconstruction and readjustment, is showing more intelligence and energy than many of the other European countries. She has not been free from the uncertainties of radical political action, but there is every evidence that these are on the decline. Italy's wealth in hydro-electric especially is being developed at a rapid rate. The current for industrial purposes, while absorbed as quickly as it is produced, is extremely cheap, and in a few years it will be abundant. The whole country is being interlaced with electric lines.

On the other hand, grave statements concerning Italy's food situation were recently made in the Chamber by Signor Soleri, Food Commissioner. The harvest was disappointing, he reported, and despite requisitioning there would be only 12,000,000 instead of the 40,000,000 quintals of wheat it had been hoped to obtain. To meet the needs of the population, the Commissioner explained, Italy would be required to purchase abroad about 30,000,000 quintals. He added that as Argentina and India had placed embargoes on wheat exports, it was very doubtful whether Italy could obtain her requirements.

Italy has decided to abandon Avlona to the Albanians, according to reports printed by the *Giornale d'Italia* and the *Corriere d'Italia*. These newspapers say that an Italo-Albanian agreement has virtually been reached on a basis involving, in addition to the abandonment of Avlona by the Italians, the immediate cessation of hostilities, exchange of prisoners, the garrisoning by Italy of certain points constituting the defence of Avlona in the event of its being attacked by sea, and recognition by Italy of the independence of Albania according to the frontiers established by the Conference of London in 1913.

August 17, 1920.

With Our Readers

THE CATHOLIC WORLD has made an uninterrupted monthly appearance since April, 1864. It is one of the oldest of all American magazines.

From the first years of its publication, throughout its history, the Paulist Fathers, who publish and edit it, have sought to give capable expression, a worthy dress to contemporary Catholic thought. Its purpose in the highest sense of the word has been missionary. The printed word is the most efficient and effective organ of truth. To be the defender and expositor of Catholic truth: to show in its expression that it deserves, lends itself to, and commands the highest beauty of literary expression has been the aim of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The cost of its printing and publication have always been comparatively heavy. In view of its high purpose the price of its subscription has been kept as low as possible.

Everyone knows that the price of production, of raw material, of labor of every kind has advanced rapidly during the past few years. Through these years THE CATHOLIC WORLD has borne heavy losses in the hope that the conditions of raw paper, of labor, of material would grow easier.

Instead they are growing more exacting. The print paper for body and cover has increased over two hundred per cent: wages have increased sixty per cent: and this increase has characterized every department of the business. Indeed, it is almost impossible to procure print paper at any cost. Many journals have been forced to suspend publication. "The Red Cross Magazine" has just issued such an announcement. THE CATHOLIC WORLD is therefore compelled to raise its price from three to four dollars a year, and from twenty-five cents to forty cents a copy.

Our readers and subscribers will, we feel, appreciate the fact that we have postponed doing this for a long time with great loss to ourselves. We do it now owing to the conviction that prices of production and material will remain where they are and will even increase.

The advance price will take effect with the publication of the October, 1920, issue.

We are grateful for the long continued support of the Catholic public of the United States.

The need of a Catholic monthly which will give reasoned thought and careful expression to the questions of the day is more and more evident. The radicalism of the proletariat so called may be ignorant and emotional, but at the bottom, or rather at the head, it is intellectual: founded upon a false philosophy of life, of society, of human responsibility. It postulates necessarily a denial of religious belief. To meet it we must be intelligently armed: mentally strengthened, able to defend the philosophy of the Christian religion, the faith of Holy Church. THE CATHOLIC WORLD will endeavor to continue faithfully on its mission: and it feels certain in the future, as in the past, of the generous, loyal support of American Catholics.

IN view of centralizing tendencies, we need just now an intensive campaign of education among our people on the real dangers that accompany such a movement. Individual responsibility is being shirked more and more habitually. Corporations shirk it: labor unions repudiate it: the individual excuses himself from it because he concludes he is the servant of forces quite beyond his control. The newspapers, the daily mental and emotional food of the people, shirk it and claim that they have the absolute right to print the news, and the news is what they may interpret as such. Our standards are being formed by others—who the “others” are we do not know and seldom ask—but in a spineless way, we conclude that we must conform.

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THE lack of this conscience is making of us a well-fed indolent people, interested in our immediate surroundings, taking our pleasure and our recreation and our reading matter as they come to us from the hands of “others,” led and fashioned by a minority, who are active, zealous, watchful for the doctrines, the policies, which they profess and which bring to them fame or power or money—or all three. Indifference, a lax conscience, an easy interpretation of personal responsibility not only beget weak individuals: they beget a weak nation. Recently in an address to Catholic women, on the subject of dress, Cardinal Mercier said: “No: no: tyranny, no matter where it comes from, is an attack upon liberty and liberty was given to man not to suppress virtue, but to promote it.” “Collective enthusiasm,” the great prelate declared, “can never justify any excess.”

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IT profits little to say there are many evils in the social body that ought to be cured. It profits much to be vigilant and intelligent. Following the habit of refusing to recognize individual responsibility, there follows the other habit of shifting the cure and the care to some one else—again not to an individual, because we've forgotten that moral truth—but to an entity that we call the State, and that we delude ourselves into thinking can do all things. We have got into the habit of centralizing—let the Government do it. Ills grow: evils increase because the individual citizen forgets or neglects his duty. Instead of curing the evil when it should be cured, he transfers it to a Government, which, if it accepts, must accept with all the ill that difficulty has already incurred through the neglect of the individual or the local body that had it in charge. The individual is negligent, the individual defies the law, and an evil results and it is turned over to the city government for cure. The individuals of the city government grow neglectful and the evil increases. It is then handed over to the particular State. The individuals of the State government show themselves faithless—and the evil shows itself greater, even far reaching, and then it is handed over to the national Government.

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THE habit is growing on the American people. Government can do much; centralization has its necessity and its place, but the excess of every right thing is evil and the greater the excess the greater the evil. Government can do much but it can eventually do nothing, unless there is an individual sense of moral responsibility, of personal obligation among its citizens. In proportion as they are weakened, the Government is weakened. And unless there is a revival of religious and moral responsibility among the individual citizens of our nation, our nation will not live.

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THE principle ought to be borne in mind in certain matters that seem altogether political but which, to any one who knows the genius of our Government, are fundamentally united with the very character of our existence as a free and independent people. One of them is the matter of education. Our constitution has granted to the people liberty of education: our States, when accepting the Union, were guaranteed the right to themselves of the control of their education.

We have spoken frequently of the dangers from the point of view of our national life of the various attempts to federalize

education. It would be one of the strongest contributions to radicalism that we know of. For if it were opposed to radicalism, it would lay the national Government open to the charge that by federal control we have tyrannized over the thought of the nation: if it were not opposed to radicalism, it would make the Federal Government an agent of its own destruction.

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AT the recent convention of the Catholic Educational Association held in New York, the well-known constitutional authority, Mr. William D. Guthrie, presented an address on the Federal Government and Education, which is of exceptional value. He quotes the statement of former Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, that "federal control of schools would be a curse, because the inevitable effect of federal control is to standardize." And in the judgment of the American Council on Education:

"The power to establish standards would unquestionably be the most influential prerogative of a Department of Education. Under the Smith-Towner Bill the Department is implicitly given this power. Through its ability to withhold appropriations unless State plans meet with its approval, the Department can establish minimum standards in some of the principal fields of educational effort. It is this implied power to coerce through shutting off supplies that constitutes in the minds of critics of the bill one of its principal dangers. Standards formulated in the serene seclusion of Washington may be imposed without debate or appeal upon institutions in all parts of the United States. Nothing is more likely to foster bureaucratic tendencies."

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MR. GUTHRIE continues: "Interference by Congress in the matter of education would gravely challenge the future integrity, independence and autonomy of the States. Nothing is more essential to the perpetuity of our present system of government than the federal principle of Nation and State, each supreme and independent within its allotted sphere, and the preservation to the States of their right to local self-government and the actual practice of that right. Our Federal Constitution contemplates and assumes the continuance of the States as autonomous, independent, self-governing communities, and this is an inseparable incident to the republican form of dual government intended to be established by the Founders of the Republic. Such a vital principle ought not to be now in any way or degree bargained away and sacrificed by the States because of a temporary

need and crisis, or because of the desire for subsidies of federal funds to meet the increased cost of education. The States should be jealous of their right to control a matter affecting them so vitally, and not experiment with federal control, which under federalization would be centred in Washington and readily develop into the tyranny and irresponsibility of bureaucratic government. . . .

"It is of paramount importance that the American people should now appreciate and face the fact that under the decision of the Supreme Court upholding the Eighteenth Amendment, there is, perhaps, no state function that cannot be usurped by the Federal Government under the power to amend the Constitution, and that the only protection lies in an informed, patriotic and vigilant public opinion. If these questions involving the perpetuity of local self-government and the right of each State to regulate education within its own borders be submitted to the people with adequate explanation and full discussion of the merits, the verdict will probably be a wise and just one. Catholics, for example, have nothing to fear from an informed Protestant or Jewish public opinion, for patriotic Protestants and Jews alike are just as much interested and concerned in preserving our institutions. The American spirit ought to lead to a sound, provident and just conclusion. True Americans, who understand the real issue, will never barter away the heritage of local self-government simply to secure a few millions of federal funds in aid of education. Nor will they abdicate their duties and responsibilities to their children and the children of their neighbors. They will not vote, as I confidently believe, to transfer the education of their children, a matter of as vital concern to them as their religion, to a bureaucracy functioning in Washington and controlled, it may possibly be, by obscure and irresponsible politicians. I have no apprehension as to the result, if those who believe in our present form of republican government will only practice vigilance, unite and defend their right to local self-government, and not allow this great and vital issue to go by default.

"It should, in my judgment, be impressed upon the members of the Catholic Educational Association of the United States that the proposed nationalization of education presents not so much a religious or Catholic question as a fundamental political and patriotic issue which should be of profound and vital concern to every American of whatever denomination—Catholic, Protestant, or Jew."

IN THE CATHOLIC WORLD for February, 1919, we reviewed briefly the Russian Soviet Constitution. Apparently that document granted the broadest kind of liberty: made the people absolutely free and was the last word in republicanism. It was so greeted by many reputable journals in this country and our Government was criticized because, as the father of liberty throughout the world, it did not approve and support enthusiastically this latest endeavor of a people to clothe themselves with the mantle of freedom.

In the summary given in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, we stated that this Constitution far from giving freedom to the Russian people would saddle them with an autocratic and tyrannical government; that the All-Russian Congress could be but a general convention without the opportunity of deliberative power; that it would be "dominated by the Executive Committee in whose hands would be all the machinery of government." We stated further that "the numerical strength of this Committee would weaken its corporate strength and would place the ruling power in a few, strong, active men." "The necessary checks in truly representative government are absolutely lacking, nor is there personal responsibility of particular members of the government to a real legislative body."

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BERTRAND RUSSELL, one of the most radical men of present-day England, went to Russia last June, quite in sympathy with Soviet rule, expecting to study an interesting experiment in a new form of representative government. This sympathetic radical was thoroughly disappointed. He found in Russia that the Soviet government had degenerated into just what THE CATHOLIC WORLD had foretold over a year before. The All-Russian Soviet Congress is moribund. The Moscow Soviet, nominally supreme in Moscow, is, in words of Bertrand Russell, "only a body of electors who choose the Executive Committee out of which in turn is chosen the Presidium, consisting of nine men, who meet daily and have all the power."

"It is easy for the Government to exercise pressure over the election of the Executive Committee and again over the election of the Presidium. It must be remembered that effective protest is impossible owing to the absolutely complete suppression of free speech and free press."

Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, are not known. It is impossible for the people to express their will. In fact, Russell was not able to make any study of the Soviet system, because there is no such system: in his own words, it is moribund.

If there were a Soviet system, a true liberty of voting, there would, in the words of this radical, be no majority of Communists in either town or country.

"No conceivable system of free election would give majorities to the Communists in either town or country. Various methods are therefore adopted for giving the victory to Government candidates. In the first place, the voting is by show of hands, so that all who vote against the Government are marked men. In the second place, no candidate who is not a Communist can have any printing done, the printing works being all in the hands of the State. In the third place, he cannot address any meeting, because the halls all belong to the State. The whole of the press is of course official; no independent daily is permitted."

"All real power is in the hands of the Communist Party, who number about 600,000 in a population of about 120,000,000. I never came across a Communist by chance; the people whom I met in the streets or in the village, when I could get into conversation with them, almost invariably said they were of no party."

Of the bureaucracy that makes up the existing government among the majority are "young *arrivistes*, who are enthusiastic Bolsheviki because of the material success of Bolshevism. With them must be reckoned the army of policemen, spies and secret agents, largely inherited from the Tsarist times, who make their profit out of the fact that no one can live except by breaking the law. This aspect of Bolshevism is exemplified by the Extraordinary Commission, a body practically independent of the Government, possessing its own regiments which are better fed than the Red Army. This body has the power of imprisoning any man or woman without trial on such charges as speculation or counter-revolutionary activity. It has shot thousands without trial, and though now it has nominally lost the power of inflicting the death penalty, it is by no means certain that it has altogether lost it in fact. It has spies everywhere, and ordinary mortals live in terror of it."

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REVIEWING the accepted estimate of Bolshevism held by some of its supporters outside of Russia, Bertrand Russell states:

"Friends of Russia think of the dictatorship of the proletariat as merely a new form of representative government, in which only working men and women have votes and the constituencies are partly occupational, not geographical. They think that 'proletariat' means 'proletariat,' but 'dictatorship' does not quite mean 'dictatorship.' This is the opposite of the truth. When a Russian

Communist speaks of dictatorship, he means the word literally, but when he speaks of the proletariat he uses the word in a Pickwickian sense. He means the 'class-conscious' part of the proletariat—i. e., the Communist Party. He includes people by no means proletarian (such as Lenine and Chicherin) who have the right opinions, and he excludes such wage-earners as have not the right opinions, whom he classifies as lackeys of the bourgeoisie.

"Marx has taught that communism is fatally predestined to come about; this fits in with the Oriental traits in the Russian character and produces a state of mind not unlike that of the early successors of Mohammed. Opposition is crushed without mercy, and without shrinking from the methods of the Tsarist police, many of whom are still employed at their old work. Since all evils are due to private property, the evils of the Bolshevik régime, while it has to fight private property, will automatically cease as soon as it has succeeded.

"Bolshevism is internally aristocratic and externally militant. The Communists have all the good and bad traits of an aristocracy which is young and vital. They are courageous, energetic, capable of command, always ready to serve the state; on the other hand, they are dictatorial, lacking in ordinary consideration for the plebs, such as their servants, whom they overwork, or the people in the streets, whose lives they endanger by extraordinarily reckless motoring. They are practically the sole possessors of power, and they enjoy innumerable advantages in consequence. Most of them, though far from luxurious, have better food than other people. Only people of some political importance can obtain motor cars or telephones. Permits for railway journeys, for making purchases at the Soviet stores (where prices are about one-fiftieth of what they are in the market), for going to the theatre, and so on, are of course easier to obtain for the friends of those in power than for ordinary mortals. In a thousand ways the Communists have a life which is happier than that of the rest of the community. Above all, they are less exposed to the unwelcome attentions of the police and the Extraordinary Commission.

"The Communist theory of international affairs is exceedingly simple. The revolution foretold by Marx, which is to abolish capitalism throughout the world, happened to begin in Russia, though Marxian theory would seem to demand that it should begin in America. In countries where the revolution has not yet broken out, the sole duty of a Communist is to hasten its advent. Agreements with capitalist states can only be makeshifts, and

can never amount on either side to a sincere peace. No real good can come to any country without a bloody revolution; English labor men may fancy that a peaceful evolution is possible, but they will find their mistake."

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THE recent note of our own Government to the Italian Government on the Russian-Polish situation reviews the friendship of the United States for Russia, its sympathy with its national aspirations for freedom, and adds that for these very reasons we held its present government unrepresentative "whose only sanction is brute force." The note continues; and we reprint this lengthy extract, because it is vitally necessary that every American bring home to himself what Bolshevism is: what it means, and combat it whenever and wherever found:

"That the present rulers of Russia do not rule by the will or the consent of any considerable proportion of the Russian people is an incontestable fact. Although nearly two and a half years have passed since they seized the machinery of government, promising to protect the Constituent Assembly against alleged conspiracies against it, they have not yet permitted anything in the nature of a popular election. At the moment when the work of creating a popular representative government, based upon universal suffrage, was nearing completion the Bolsheviki, although in number an inconsiderable minority of the people, by force and cunning seized the powers and machinery of government, and have continued to use them with savage oppression to maintain themselves in power.

"Without any desire to interfere in the internal affairs of the Russian people, or to suggest what kind of government they should have; the Government of the United States does express the hope that they will soon find a way to set up a government representing their free will and purpose. When that time comes the United States will consider the measures of practical assistance which can be taken to promote the restoration of Russia, provided Russia has not taken itself wholly out of the pale of the friendly interest of other nations by the pillage and oppression of the Poles.

"It is not possible for the Government of the United States to recognize the present rulers of Russia as a Government with which the relations common to friendly governments can be maintained. This conviction has nothing to do with any particular political or social structure which the Russian people themselves may see fit to embrace. It rests upon a wholly different set of facts. These facts, which none disputes, have convinced

the Government of the United States, against its will, that the existing régime in Russia is based upon the negation of every principle of honor and good faith, and every usage and convention, underlying the whole structure of international law, the negation, in short, of every principle upon which it is possible to base harmonious and trustful relations, whether of nations or of individuals.

"The responsible leaders of the régime have frequently and openly boasted that they are willing to sign agreements and undertakings with foreign powers while not having the slightest intention of observing such undertakings or carrying out such agreements. This attitude of disregard of obligations voluntarily entered into, they base upon the theory that no compact or agreement made with a non-Bolshevist government can have any moral force for them. They have not only avowed this as a doctrine, but have exemplified it in practice.

"Indeed, upon numerous occasions the responsible spokesmen of this power, and its official agencies, have declared that it is their understanding that the very existence of Bolshevism in Russia, the maintenance of their own rule, depends, and must continue to depend, upon the occurrence of revolutions in all other great civilized nations, including the United States, which will overthrow and destroy their governments and set up Bolshevik rule in their stead. They have made it quite plain that they intend to use every means, including, of course, diplomatic agencies, to promote such revolutionary movements in other countries.

"It is true that they have in various ways expressed their willingness to give 'assurances,' and 'guarantees' that they will not abuse the privileges and immunities of diplomatic agencies by using them for this purpose. In view of their own declarations, already referred to, such assurances and guarantees cannot be very seriously regarded.

"Moreover, it is within the knowledge of the Government of the United States that the Bolshevik Government is itself subject to the control of a political faction with extensive international ramifications through the Third Internationale, and that this body, which is heavily subsidized by the Bolshevik Government from the public revenues of Russia, has for its openly avowed aim the promotion of Bolshevik revolutions throughout the world. The leaders of the Bolsheviks have boasted that their promises of non-interference with other nations would in no wise bind the agents of this body.

"There is no room for reasonable doubt that such agents

would receive the support and protection of any diplomatic agencies the Bolsheviki might have in other countries. Inevitably, therefore, the diplomatic service of the Bolshevik Government would become a channel for intrigues and the propaganda of revolt against the institutions and laws of countries, with which it was at peace, which would be an abuse of friendship to which enlightened Governments cannot subject themselves.

"In the view of this Government, there cannot be any common ground upon which it can stand with a power whose conceptions of international relations are so entirely alien to its own, so utterly repugnant to its moral sense. There can be no mutual confidence or trust, no respect even, if pledges are to be given and agreements made with a cynical repudiation of their obligations already in the mind of one of the parties. We cannot recognize, hold official relations with, or give friendly reception to the agents of a Government which is determined and bound to conspire against our institutions; whose diplomats will be the agitators of dangerous revolt; whose spokesmen say that they sign agreements with no intention of keeping them."

THE fact that the English Government fails to govern Ireland and why the Irish people have set up their own republican government, has been made still more evident by the passing of the so-called Irish Force Bill. No wonder that Mr. Carlisle, a Belfast Irishman, declared before the House of Lords, as they also were about to pass it: "My lords, if you pass this bill, you may kill England, not Ireland." The text of the bill is as follows:

"(1) Where it appears to His Majesty in Council that owing to the existence of a state of disorder in Ireland the ordinary law is inadequate for the prevention and punishment of crime or the maintenance of order, His Majesty in Council may issue regulations under the Defence of the Realm consolidation act, 1914 (hereinafter referred to as the principal act), for securing the restoration and maintenance of order in Ireland and as to the powers and duties for that purpose of the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary and of members of His Majesty's forces and other persons acting in His Majesty's behalf, and in particular regulations for the special purpose hereinafter mentioned.

"(2) The provisions of the principal act with respect to the trial by courts-martial or courts of summary jurisdiction and punishment of persons committing offences against the Defence of the Realm regulations, shall extend to the trial and punishment of persons who have committed crime in Ireland whether before or

after the passing of this act, including persons committed for trial against whom indictments have been found, so, however, that:

“(A) Any crime when so tried shall be punishable with the punishment assigned to the crime by statute or common law.

“(B) A court-martial when trying a person charged with a crime punishable by death shall include as a member of the court one person (who need not be an officer) nominated by the Lord Lieutenant, being a person certified by the Lord Chancellor of Ireland or the Lord Chief Justice of England to be a person of legal knowledge and experience, and regulations under the principal act may be made accordingly.

“(3) Regulations so made may also:

“(A) Provide that a court of summary jurisdiction when trying a person charged with a crime or with an offence against the regulations when hearing and determining any application with respect to a recognizance shall, except in the Dublin metropolitan police district, be constituted of two or more resident magistrates, and that a court of quarter sessions when hearing and determining an appeal against a conviction of a court of summary jurisdiction for any such crime or offence shall be constituted of the recorder or county judge sitting alone.

“(B) Confer on a court-martial the powers and jurisdiction exercisable by justices or any other civil court for binding persons to keep the peace or be of good behavior for estreating the enforcing recognizance and for compelling persons to give evidence and to produce documents before the court.

“(C) Confer on persons authorized to summon witnesses before a court-martial the power of issuing warrants for compelling persons to attend as witnesses, and any warrant so issued shall have the like effect and be executed in the like manner as if issued by a justice of court of summary jurisdiction having jurisdiction in the place in which it is executed or sought to be executed.

“(D) Authorize the imposition by courts-martial of fines in addition to or in substitution for any other punishments for offences against the regulations, as well as for crimes, and providing for the manner in which such fines are to be enforced.

“(E) Authorize the conveyance to and detention in any of His Majesty's prisons in any part of the United Kingdom of any persons upon whom a sentence of imprisonment has been passed in Ireland, whether before or after the passing of this act.

“(F) Provide for any of the duties of a coroner or any coroner's jury being performed by a court of inquiry constituted under the army act instead of by the coroner and jury.

"(G) Provide that where the court house or other building in which any court has been usually held is destroyed or rendered unfit for the purpose, the court may be held in such other court house or building as may be designated by the Lord Lieutenant.

"(H) Authorize the trial without jury of any action, counter claim, civil bill, issue, cause or matter in the high court or a county court in Ireland which, apart from this provision, would be triable with a jury.

"(I) Provide for the retention of sums payable to any local authority from the local taxation (Ireland) account or from any Parliamentary grant or from any fund administered by any Government department or public body where the local authority has in any respect refused or failed to perform its duties, or for the purpose of discharging amounts awarded against the local authority in respect of compensation for criminal injuries or either liabilities of the local authorities and for the application of the sums so retained in or toward the purpose aforesaid.

"(4) Any such regulation may apply either generally to the whole of Ireland or to any party thereof and may be issued at any time, whether before or after the termination of the present war, and the principal act shall continue in force as far as may be necessary for that purpose, and the regulations may contain such incidental, supplemental, and consequential provisions as may be necessary for carrying out the purposes of this act and shall have effect as if enacted in this act.

"(5) In this act, unless the context otherwise requires, the expression 'crime' means any treason, felony, misdemeanor or other offence punishable, whether by indictment or, on summary conviction, by imprisonment, or by any greater punishment, and other offences against the Defence of the Realm regulations. The expression 'persons committed for trial' shall include a person who has entered into recognizance conditions to appear and plead to an indictment, or to take his trial upon any criminal charge, or who has been committed to prison, there to await his trial for any crime."

THE Report of The Society of the Propagation of the Faith shows that, in 1919, \$1,471,648.53 was collected in this country. This gives American Catholics first place in the list of contributors. France, which so long held the lead, is now second. All honor to her that, despite her financial exhaustion, she still ably supports Foreign Missions. The total amount collected in the world last year was about eight millions of francs. But as rates of exchange

differ in every country, and vary all the time, it is impossible to obtain a correct idea of the relative contributions of each country.

The letter from the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda to Monsignor Fréri will be gratifying reading for the American contributors to this "pre-eminently Catholic work:"

"RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR:

"The report of the receipts of the American Branch of the Propagation of the Faith in 1919 you have sent me has been a source of great consolation. I admire the success obtained by your organization, which is certainly favored with the blessings of Heaven. Even before the Holy Father raised His august voice in behalf of the missions through the Encyclical Letter *'Maximum Illud,'* American Catholics understood that your Society was in need of more generous assistance; they gave it willingly, showing thereby their appreciation of this pre-eminently Catholic work and placing themselves at the head of its supporters.

"Accept for yourself, your co-workers, associates and benefactors my sincere thanks for the help given to the missions, and my best wishes that the sacrifices made for the diffusion of our Holy Faith be rewarded by Heaven's choicest blessings. I ask Our Lord to give you the means to continue and develop more and more The Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

"G. CARDINAL VAN ROSSUM."

IT is surprisingly strange that Bertrand Russell should state that the cultivation of art and belief in the Catholic faith are incompatible. Shortly after meeting with that surprise, we read the words of a French poilu, who, because of his artistic ability, was taken from the front trenches and directed to put into lasting form his idea of the faithful soldier. This same poilu sculptor, M. Peyre, has recently visited New York. Passing down Fifth Avenue and beholding St. Patrick's Cathedral, he said: "It's a Gothic church inspired by the beautiful Gothic cathedrals of France. In the Gothic cathedrals of the Middle Ages, the bricklayers, the carpenters, the stone workers, the architect, all these had faith, and their churches bespoke that faith. That's why these works are capable of giving so much inspiration."

WE have been eager for the past few months to summarize in these pages the proceedings of the French Government and the Vatican with regard to a renewal of diplomatic relations. The difficulties and delays are known to our readers through the items in the daily press. When a definite result is reached, THE CATHOLIC WORLD will treat of it at length.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AMERICAN BOOK Co., New York:

The Story of Liberty. By J. Baldwin. *Essentials of English.* By H. C. Pearson and M. F. Kirchwey. *History of the United States for Catholic Schools.* By C. H. McCarthy, Ph.D. *Everyday Chemistry.* By A. Vivian. *Animal Handicraft.* By J. L. Tormey, B.S.A., and R. C. Lawry, B.S.A. *New Champion Spelling Book.* By W. E. Hicks. *Sailing the Seas: The Log of Tim Drake.* By J. Baldwin and W. W. Livengood. *Psychology for Teachers.* By D. W. La Rue, Ph.D. *The Classroom Teacher.* By G. D. Strayer and N. L. Engelhardt. *Sociology and Modern School Problems.* By C. A. Ellwood, Ph.D. *Essentials of Latin for Beginners.* By H. C. Pearson.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:

Leerie. By Ruth Sawyer. \$1.75 net. *All-Wool Morrison.* By the author of "The Rider of King Log," etc. \$1.90 net. *"The Greatest Failure in All History."* By J. Spargo. \$2.50 net.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

The History of Africa South of the Zambesi. By G. McCall Theal, LL.D. Vol. I.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

America and the New Era. Edited by E. M. Friedman. \$6.00 net. *Political Summary of the United States, 1789-1920.* By E. F. Clymer. \$1.00.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Jesus' Principles of Living. By C. F. Kent, Ph.D., and J. W. Jenks, LL.D. \$1.25. *The Girl, a Horse, and a Dog.* By F. Lynde. \$2.00. *The Chinese Coal.* By J. Lee. \$1.75. *The United States in Our Own Times, 1865-1920.* By P. L. Haworth, Ph.D.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Beck of Beckford. By M. E. Francis. \$2.00. *The Story of Hildebrand.* By E. W. Buxton, F.R.H.S. \$1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Missionary Survey as an Aid to Intelligent Coöperation in Foreign Missions. By R. A. Allen, M.A., and I. T. Cochrane, M.B. \$2.40 net. *The Problem of Reunion.* By L. J. Walker, S.J. \$4.50 net. *The Faith of the New Testament.* By Rev. A. Nairne, D.D. \$2.25 net. *A History of Penance.* By O. D. Watkins, M.A. Two volumes, \$16.00 net. *The Way of Beauty.* By Sister A. Mason. \$1.75 net. *The Odes and Psalms of Solomon.* Vol. II. Edited by R. Harris and A. Mingana. \$7.50 net. *The Problem of Evil.* By Rev. P. Green, M. A. \$3.25.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

The Advancing Hour. By Norman Hapgood.

FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., New York:

Heart Troubles: Their Prevention and Relief. By L. F. Bishop, Se.D. \$3.50 net.

THE SENTINEL PRESS, New York:

A Eucharistic Manual. Cloth, 27 cents; paper, 17 cents.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:

The Logie of Lourdes. By Rev. J. J. Clifford, S.J. \$1.00.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR Co., New York:

What's the Matter with Ireland? By Ruth Russell. \$1.75 net.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:

The Cairn of Stars. Poems by Francis Carlin.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

The Eve of Pascua. By R. Dehan. *Young Hearts.* By J. E. Buckrose. "Queen Lucia." By E. F. Benson.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

Native Cemeteries and Forms of Burial East of the Mississippi. By D. I. Bushnell, Jr.

MATRE & Co., Chicago:

The Brides of Christ. By Mother Mary Potter. \$1.25.

ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL LIBRARY, Springfield:

Illinois Constitutions. Edited by E. J. Verlie.

B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:

Father Tim's Talks. By C. D. McEnniry, C.S.S.B. \$1.50 net.

CHURCH BOOK RACK PRINTING AND PUBLISHING Co., Denver, Col.:

Seven False Facts or Seven Times Naught is Naught. By Professor C. W. Meyers.

THE EXTENSION PRESS, Toronto, Canada:

The Bells of Old Quebec, and Other Poems of New France. By J. B. Dollard, Litt.D.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, London:

The Anonymous Poet of Poland, Zygmunt Krasiński. By M. M. Gardner. 12 s. 6 d.

P. S. KING & Co., LTD., London:

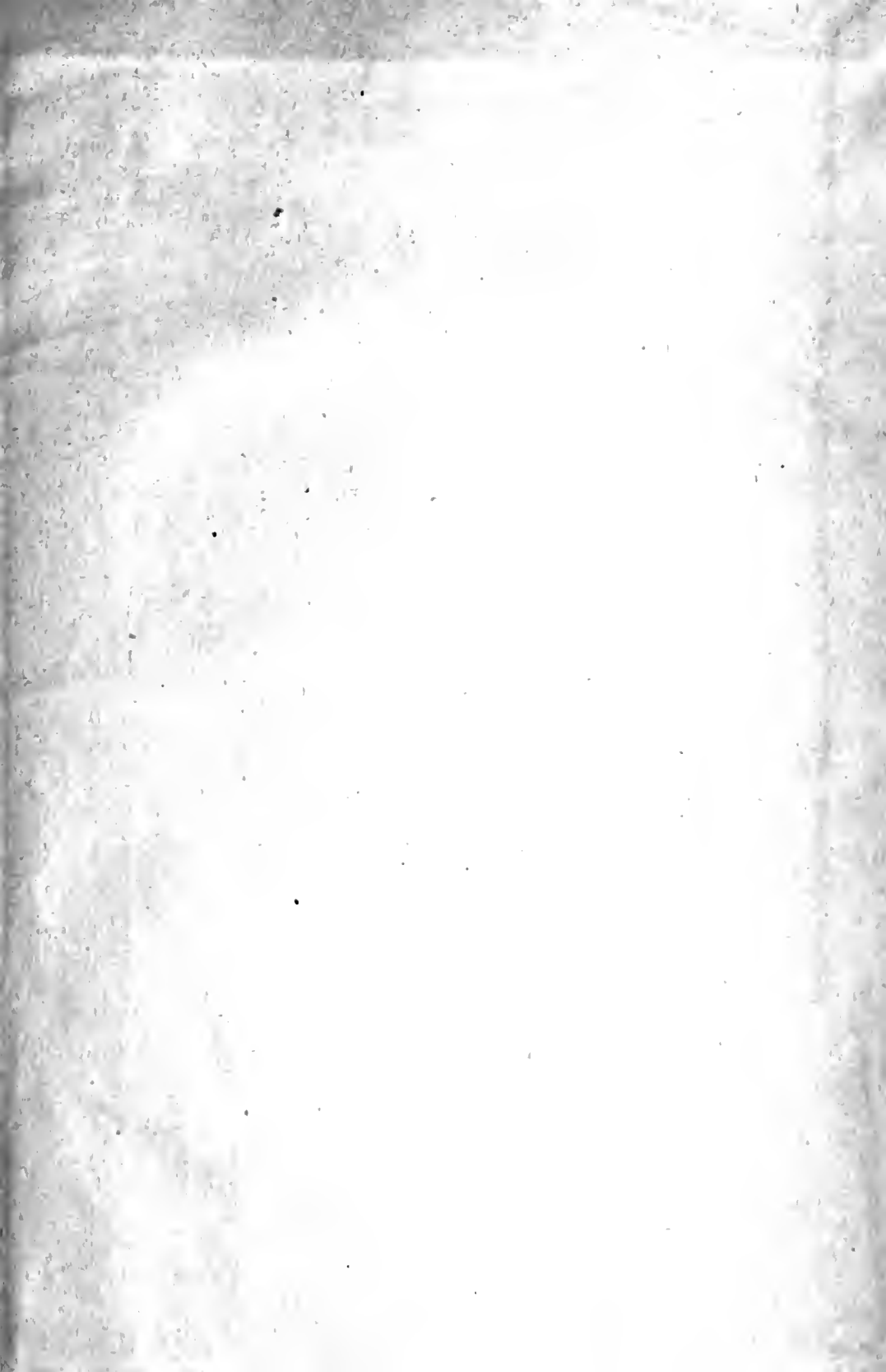
The Making of America. By F. C. de Sundcrast. 6 s.

M. H. GILL & SON, Dublin:

The Divine Office. By Rev. E. J. Quigley. 7 s. 6 d.

PIERRE TÉQUI, Paris:

L'Autre Vie. Par É. Méric. Tomes I, II. 10 fr. each. *Les Sources.* Par Monseigneur Tissier. 5 fr. *Éléments de Philosophie.* Par J. Maritain. 5 fr.





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